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N. W. CUNNINGHAM.

OVER THE SEAS WITH ME

THE STORY OF A TRIP
AROUND THE WORLD

The Pacific Coast, Pacific Ocean, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Macao, Singapore, Johore, Java, The Malay States, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, France

What It Costs - Where to Buy

N. W. CUNNINGHAM
BLUFFTON, OHIO
Author of "One Hundred and One Days Away"

Price, $1.50

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FOREWORD.

Four years ago we traveled fourteen thousand miles, visiting eleven countries in Europe. On returning home the letters we had written, while on the trip, which had been printed in the home papers, were published in book form, called, " One Hundred and One Days Away." The success of that journey, and also of the literary effort, furnished the incentive—if one was needed—for another trip, on a larger scale —and also for this volume which we are pleased to name, "Over the Seas With Me."

The voyage this time is Around the World, starting westward. The route can be easily followed by those who do me the kindness to read these pages, as we have grouped the letters written from each country into separate chapters, thus, America, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, The Straits Settlements, Singapore and Johore, The Dutch East Indies including Java the Gem, The Malay States, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine and Syria, Italy and The Riviera, France, Paris, home via Cherbourg, New York and Washington, D. C.

Some attempt has been made to be plain and clear about each visited country, without being elaborately statistical, as to size, typography, history, religion, scenery, philosophy,

the manners and the customs of the people. No gratuities were received from any person, in any capacity whatever, or from railroad, steamship or hotel companies, so that any commendation or condemnation (of which you will find little), is entirely unprejudiced, and not influenced by favors often extended to travelers who write for the press, or who are to publish books.

From a somewhat extensive experience traveling and with books of travel we are satisfied that " One Hundred and One Days Away," as well as "Over the Seas with Me" would save the prospective tourist many times their cost if carefully read, and that for those who have been away, as well as for those who live in the hope that sometime, some way, when all things are made ready, they, too, may travel afar, there will be found in these pages words of instruction, suggestion and description, that may cheer or instruct or amuse, thus justifying print.

N. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Bluffton, Ohio, U. S. A., 1912.

WHAT IT COSTS AND WHERE TO BUY.

A HEART TO HEART TALK ON VERY IMPORTANT AND PERSONAL SUBJECTS.

When Li Hung Chang visited this country he tried to inform himself of our manners and customs by asking questions, which, after all, is a very good way, if they are asked in the proper spirit, and are correctly answered. But when he asked the Chicago school teachers how much salary they received a month, how old they were, married or single, how many children, his questions were, from our standpoint, considered quite personal. Yet in what most of us would consider small personal matters there is much of interest and even importance.

How many persons are interested in knowing what the expenses are of a trip around the world?

To those who are we will write a heart to heart word. Not to the very rich, nor to the very poor, but to those whom Abraham Lincoln would call the common people, whom, he said, "God loves, because He made so many of them."

The cost of traveling is, in any country, a matter of the accommodations required. Our

experience is that one person can travel first-class around the world for $10 per day, American money, from home to home, all expenses included. Two persons can go at $20 better than one can at $10, or four people can get along better on $40, on account of dividing the fees for guides, carriages, etc., and can also secure a small reduction at most hotels. The tourist companies charge from $12 to $15 a day per person, for a party, and then there are still many personal expenses which increase the cost from one to three dollars per day. These companies have large office and advertising expenses to which each tourist must contribute his share, and they also send along a conductor all the way, who often employs unnecessary guides. It is cheaper to hire guides when needed. One or two persons can pick up traveling friends on the way, and make up small parties of two, four, six, which increases the interest and reduces the expense. Finding people at the hotels or on the ships going our way, we joined our new acquaintances for the trip, and in every case to the convenience, economy and happiness of all.

In Honolulu those who remain but the day with the ship usually go out to the *Moana Hotel (street cars go by from ship) $3 per day; noon meal $1, surf bathing $1 more.

In Yokohama, Japan, the Oriental charge is eight yens (a yen is 50 cents), the Grand seven,

* The hotels at which we stopped.

the *Pleasanton six, Royal and Palace the same. Tokio, the Imperial and the big Japanese hotel, eight; *Central six. At Nikko, the *Nikko hotel, only four yens, the Kanayo a little higher. The *Kyoto, in the city of that name, seven, the other about the same. Kobe, the *Oriental Grand, eight; Tor, six; Great Eastern, four. Shimonoseki, *The railroad hotel, reasonable prices for rooms, meals à la carte. Nagasaki, the *Belle Vue, four yens. All the hotels in Japan that we stopped at were fairly good and not high priced.

Many places in the East, especially the smaller cities, have but one hotel that is frequented by the tourists, and the prices usually are about $3 per day, full board.

At Shanghai, China, there are many fine hotels, the *Astor House and the Burlington are $8 Mexican. (The Chinese use the Mexican dollar for their standard, which is worth from 45 to 48 cents gold.) At Hongkong, the Hongkong Hotel, the largest, is $8 to $10 Mexican, the others about half that price. *The Astor House is $5, well located and very good. The Peak Hotel is popular with the army and official people.

At Singapore, Straits Settlements, the Raffles and the *Hotel de l'Europe are about the same price, $7 to $8, Singapore money. The Paix and the Caladonia are cheaper. (The Singapore dollar is about 58 cents gold.)

* The hotels at which we stopped.

In the island of Java the hotel prices are from five to seven guilders per day per person, full board, always full days, no deduction for meals not eaten. (A guilder is 40 cents gold.) The hotels in the island of Java roll most of their food up in croquets. We found them about uniform as to comfort and food, and they serve you very well.

At Penang and Rangoon the hotels are rather expensive and indifferent. At Rangoon the *Minto Mansions is the leader, but is out of town, like the Galle Face, at Colombo.

Calcutta has many hotels, but *The Grand and The Great Eastern get the travelers. As we were there the same week as the King they put the rates up and then put them down to twenty-five rupees the couple per day, full board, which is still a little more than their regular price. (A rupee is 33 cents.) Across northern India the hotels are fairly good, do not vary much either in prices or accommodations, from seven to ten rupees per day per person full board. At Bombay the Taj Mahal is twelve rupees, the *Majestic ten, at Madras, from six to ten rupees. The railroad hotels are cheaper than those down town, food just as good, and there is much less trouble and expense about moving the baggage. Besides, you can hire your own carriages and save the commission of the landlord, which is considerable on both carriages and guides.

* The hotels at which we stopped.

In Colombo, Ceylon, the Galle Face leads at twelve rupees and up, the Grand charges ten, and *The Bristol eight. (First two were full up, but the latter all right, and conveniently located.)

Egypt has many good hotels now. At Port Said *The Savoy is handy to the water, one hundred piastres per day per couple, full board. (The Egyptian money is the piastre, which amounts to five cents our money.) Everybody goes to Shepherd's, at Cairo, and pays high prices. Meals are à la carte, and prices are for rooms only. There are several other hotels just as good, and cheaper. We found *The Eden Palace all right at 120 piastres full board per day per couple. Many fine large hotels up the Nile. At Luxor and Assuan accommodations are first-class, and prices not high, from sixty piastres per day per person and upwards. Of course if you are very particular about location of rooms you must pay accordingly.

In Palestine the traveler fares much better now than formerly, for the Hamburg-American Steamship Company have a string of hotels, beginning with *The Fast at Jerusalem, that are fairly good and not high priced, about twelve shillings per day per person, full board ($3.) Same at Nabulus, Djenin, Nazareth, Tiberias, and in Syria at Damascus and Beyrout. The American colony entertain travelers at Jeru-

* The hotels at which we stopped.

salem, just inside the Jaffa gate, on David Street.

In Europe, Naples, Genoa and Nice hotels are elaborate, and priced according to style. Mostly à la carte in Naples and Genoa, and full board in Nice. Thirty franc per couple per day on the water front, but the choice rooms are more.

In Paris you can suit your purse, high or low. We found the *Hotel de Louvre and the St. James quoted at 26 franc per day, room, dejeuner and dinner. (You are always away at luncheon time, so there is no use to expect to take that meal at the hotel.)

We found it always best to inspect rooms and agree as to prices before accepting. Be sure how much is charged, and exactly what is included in the price. A little objection as to price sometimes brings a reduction, particularly if the rates quoted are unreasonable.

Of course the guest is expected to tip everybody, every place. No matter what the arranged charges are, the tips add considerably to the expense. It is safe to figure total tips not less than ten per cent of bills, large or small.

WHERE TO BUY.

It is true at home or abroad—good, first-class articles are usually first-class prices, or should be. There are a few exceptions, to

* The hotels at which we stopped.

which business experience and judgment must be the guide. In Japan and in China the prices look attractive, and they are, for some things, but when you get home you will find that "all that glitters is not gold." Get dresses made at Yokohoma and Hongkong, you will find them up to date and cheap, either place. Buy Japanese curios in the small towns as you go about. Be careful of the damascene and tortoise shell, the immitation is very like the real, but the Satsuma and the Cloisonné are hard to imitate and mostly good. Cut a hole through some of the leather goods in Japan, and you will find that it is leather veneer, paper on the inside. Nagasaki is the best place to get Imari or other wares of that nature and tortoise shell.

Canton is the best place to shop in China. The Canton dollar is ten per cent. discount from Hongkong. Embroidered Canton linen, crêpe shawls, pongee and China silks, embroidered capes, Mandarin coats and old embroideries and feather work jewelry, besides small special articles are better and cheaper at Canton than elsewhere in China. Get men's duck suits made at Hongkong, trousers and coat (military stitched collar). We paid $16 Mexican for three suits there, and they were all right in goods and fit. At Singapore we paid $13 (Singapore money), for two light brown cotton suits. Singapore is a good place

to purchase rubies, sapphires, etc. They are brought down from Burmah, above Mandalay.

India merchants are great sellers of jewelry, necklaces, rings, precious stones. If you are not a judge of such wares better get assistance from some one who is. Benares excels in brass work, prices are less than elsewhere, and work superior. They make very fine rugs at Jaypore and lots of them; the prices seem reasonable.

Don't be afraid to offer much less than asked, about one-third of price and stick out, and buy without the knowledge of the guide, if possible, or you will have his commission added to the price, even if you don't know it.

In Egypt the scarab is the great seller, supposed to be from the old tombs. Ninety-nine out of every hundred are made to sell, but the hundredth one is genuine, and high priced. A reliable hotel keeper is the best guide if you want to buy a real scarab.

The tear bottles in the old ruins up the Nile and at Baalbek are sold at all kinds of prices, choice specimens bringing high prices.

The peddlers along the seaports have mostly imitation goods. Their amber is too cheap to be good. Jerusalem is really the best place to buy amber, as the merchants there have big stocks and sell cheap. You can buy Venetian work, of all kinds, as cheap at Nice as at any place in Italy, even Venice. Prices are up in Italy on account of the war.

Goods are not cheap in Paris, except fine dresses and cloaks at the Model Shops. (Places where they sell dresses and cloaks that have been used as models at the fine shops, or have been rejected or not paid for after being made to order. But be sure you get into a real model shop, and not a fake one.)

In one of the old-old stories it is said, "doubtless the pleasure is as great in being cheated as to cheat." Be that as it may, remember always that good honest articles are not dirt cheap, unless for a very good reason, and there is still the duty to add to the cost, for the traveler coming home is just like any other importer. ALL PURCHASED ARTICLES MUST BE ITEMIZED FOR DUTY, and the list sworn to, and dishonesty about what you purchase is not only wicked, but it is decidedly dangerous. You are allowed $100 worth of certain personal belongings, but the safe plan is to add the duty to the price of all the goods you buy before you call them cheap. You will be somewhat "stuck" in your long journey, unless you are more fortunate than most travelers, but that will only be a part of the joy in the end, and you will be served fairly well and comparatively cheap, and never regret the trip, nor the money it costs.

Altogether, two persons can make a very complete world trip, of eight months' duration, for about five thousand dollars, and return home with quite a collection of old world articles.

Around The World

AMERICA.

ACROSS THE GOLDEN WEST AND OUT OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

The call to travel is not only in the sound of the temple bells, the wind in the palm trees, the waving of the corn, the glitter of moonlight on the water, the long wash of the waves against the ship, the strange fantastic peoples of other lands, the surcease from business and the duties of home life,—but all these combined, and other sounds and sights, but also in indefinable mental gropings and longings for other experiences. And so we go away—and return rejoicing—and go again, and here we are in the big city of Chicago—we must look around but a little, and then onward.

After Ohio came Indiana. That part of Ohio passed through going west looked fairly green and prosperous. The way to Chicago was through northern Indiana, mostly a flat, low, marshy country, and it was green enough, showing plenty of moisture, but there are many thousands of acres of waste land between Ft. Wayne and Chicago. Several big ditching machines were noticed at work, and in time, the

waste places may be made fruitful, for we all know that low black soil beats all other for many crops, particularly corn, after you get the water off.

Chicago, Ill.

An old friend, a pioneer of Putnam county, said that when he and his neighbors moved from Licking county, Ohio, and bought land near Gilboa because the timber was big (for all people of any woodcraft know that it takes good land to raise big trees), some wanted to go on to a new town called Chicago, in the state of Illinois, on the lake, for it was prophesied that some day it would be considerable of a place. But Gilboa and vicinity were ahead just then, so Ohio got these settlers.

The land of Putnam county proved the old saying true, for it was good, but Chicago beat Gilboa as a metropolis, and there she is to-day, some two million people huddled together, living on the ground, under the ground, and in the air, and all seeming, without exception, to be in a hurry. Situated between the east and the west, the north and the south, Chicago became the gateway for the vast multitude that passed from the east to people the west, and her position on Lake Michigan gave her water privileges, and she became the center of transportation by land and water. New York and San Francisco are the gateways, but nearly all that come from either direction pass through here and leave tribute.

What impresses one most in Chicago? The size of all her enterprises; her rapid and extravagant way of living; her intensity in life. In financial affairs she is second only to New York, and destined in a decade or two to go ahead. The homes of her banks are gigantic palaces, filled with hundreds of busy clerks, and countless customers during banking hours.

One does not go around the world in search of big things or things of beauty. Here in America, in our large cities, are buildings for size and beauty unrivaled on earth, parks, roads, drives, monuments, stores, hotels, to satisfy any longing one might have for the beautiful or the big. It is the uncommon, the strange, the celebrated, that make the lure of travel, in addition to man's natural propensity to wander. Man made his first home in the far east, in Asia, and his wandering propensity has been the cause of all progress, from the days of Abraham, who wandered far so long ago. Abraham did very well at it but the end of the journey was too much for his nephew, Lot, who was like so many other boys—bound to go to town.

Chicago is well situated for what she has become in the development of food supplies, especially meat—all kinds of meat—the market house of the world. The great West sends here her live stock, and it is manufactured—made up into all manner and condition of packages, and stuff—and sent near and far, no place so re-

mote but that the Chicago packer, as well as the Standard Oil Company, have made a market for American meat and oil. Great fortunes have been made on the enterprises here, and on the land, for these prairie swamps and levels which were once worth very little, have come into use with the spreading out of the city, and many a man has secured vast wealth by the unearned increment that has come to him from the prosperity of the whole community.

Money accumulated in business, or speculation, or real estate, is in turn re-invested, to beautify and strengthen, and so the world moves on, and countries grow strong, and cities get big, and man mounts on the wings of success to achievement for—generally self, sometimes town, and country, and humanity. But alas, for the man, his life is soon as a tale that is told, but his good works may blossom long after he is sleeping on the hillside.

It is not my intention to give your readers an accumulation of facts about Chicago that they can get more completely in the railroad guide, but to jot down the fact that here I came, the first stop on my world itinerancy, and after a mix of a few days, in the life of the great city, passed on to the vast prairie lands of our great west, where the corn waves by the mile, the cattle are on a thousand hills, and the American citizen develops progressively to lead the world to a pure democracy, which never yet was in earth's life, but will come in the fullness of time.

DENVER A DANDY.

CITY OF BROAD STREETS, LARGE BLOCKS, AND BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

Denver, Colorado.

Denver, as a city, is what the slang user would call "a dandy." Broad streets, clean, well built up, many fine, large business blocks and streets of extra handsome homes, such as only very wealthy people can afford. Denver is the center of a large mining district, the distributing point for the south and southwest of her. The mining business has brought millions to her citizens. The legitimate mining enterprizes have been very profitable, and besides, eastern people, who, in hope of big gains, or for speculation, have bought millions of stocks in mines that have proven valueless. But Denver has reaped the reward.

The dome of the capital building at Denver is gilded with gold leaf like that of Massachusetts at Boston, and it stands on a hill, and can be seen miles and miles away, and we climbed up, step by step, the long winding stairs and stood under the dome, the country lying before, all the city and the valleys, and dim in the faraway distance (seventy-five miles), were the shadowy outlines of Pike's Peak. From Saleve I looked down on the city of Geneva,

and the valley of the Rhone, and up at Mt. Blanc, about the same height as Pike's Peak, a little more than fourteen thousand feet. From the top of the cathedral at Milan, surrounded by two thousand marble saints, I viewed the city and the long course of the Isar, flowing rapidly. At Florence, on Fiesole the long wash of the Arno stretched out, and so I might go on, and always this thought came, is it possible or good for man to reach the point, where, like the old monk at Amalfi, he can stand and look far away at the turmoil and struggle of life, and see only the peaceful valleys and the slow flowing rivers? No, life is real and earnest and we all have too much to do, except for an occasional philosophical ascent.

Denver is the highest incorporated city in the world, and many people seek her healthful sunshine, air and water. People can live here who can live no place else. So a short visit gives one the idea that, as a residence and business city, Denver would be pleasant under any circumstances, but when chosen to prolong life, for the love of life lies very deep in all hearts, it would be doubly agreeable.

Away from her pleasant homes and broad and beautiful streets we passed to rest beneath the shadows of Pike's Peak, at Colorado Springs, one of the leading tourist points in all our famous west.

WONDERS OF COLORADO.

PIKE'S PEAK, GARDEN OF THE GODS, CAVE OF THE WINDS, ETC.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

This is a city of forty thousand people. It is made up of the general run of folks, with the addition of those who come here for their health, and tourists, and the latter swarm around this time of the year, numerous and busy, and feed an army of carriage drivers, automobile chauffeurs, hotel and boarding-house keepers.

Near here, now a suburb, is Colorado City, the first built town in the state, and formerly the capital, but the railroads having been built a few miles away drew the people, and the old town got lost in the hustle. Here in November, 1806, came a small exploring party of United States soldiers, under the command of Zebulon M. Pike. Far in the distance on the plains they had noticed the outline of a mountain peak, which stretched up into the sky, and they kept going onward and upward, until they came at last to the top and measured the sea level and found the elevation 14,147 feet. So it was named Pike's Peak, and for over an hundred years it has been our most celebrated mountain, although farther north some higher

peaks were subsequently explored. Nature tossed things around generally here, so much so that the uncommon arrangement made this region famous, and it became known, under careful advertising, as the "play ground of America."

The town of Manitou is about eight miles from Colorado Springs, and between the two is "The Garden of the Gods," which is a mountain plateau on which rocks are scattered around and thrown up forming odd shapes, all sizes, some bigger than the average court house, and the various rocks and combinations of monstrous stone piles are named for objects they somewhat represent, which they do if you "make believe" hard enough. They have here also a duplication of the homes of the cliff dwellers. There never were any cliff dwellers in this part of Colorado, but the site here on the mountains was so much like the original home of this antique people, that a duplication of the real homes was built, which adds to the historical interest of the surroundings.

"The Cave of the Winds" is a sure enough cave, a mammoth big hole in the side of a mountain, discovered in 1880 by two boys, about 10,000 feet up. The stalactites, which grow downward from the ceiling, and the stalagmites, which grow upward from the floor, are numerous and of many colors and designs, and the coloring differs in the several halls, all named of course; temperature 52 and 53 de-

grees, summer and winter. This cave and the drive leading up to it, through narrow gorges and on steep mountain sides, is worth the money, which is high praise for any exploited wonder.

There is a cog wheel railroad up Pike's Peak now, and the trip is easy and rapid the trip being made twice a day, and from its lofty summit the whole country stretches out on every side, far as the eye can see.

The climate is very pleasant here the whole year, as the winters are short and not much cold weather. One can readily understand that residence here to one in failing health, might prolong and ease life for several years. But I am not going around the world in search of health, or to find, like Ponce de Leon hoped to, a place of perpetual youth, for I have learned, as Tam O'Shanter said, "nae man can tether time or tide," but there are some places better for some people than some other places, as Abe Lincoln would say, "for a man that would like that sort of thing, that sort of thing would be about what that sort of a man would like."

From here we pass on to the southwest, over about five hundred miles of the most continuous elevation in the world, all from 6,000 to 12,000 feet. So, high up or low down, getting at each remove farther away, I send greetings to all, and hope to be followed through the medium of the press all the way around, to reach home at last, where the police arrest the wicked, and the weary take a rest.

CENTENNIAL STATE.

FOR NATURAL SCENERY, BEAUTY OF MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY UNSURPASSED.

Durango, Colorado.

Colorado is two and one-half times as big as Ohio, having 103,645 square miles, which is quite a bit of territory when you figure it over, or travel across it. Vasquez Coronado in 1540, Major Pike in 1806, and John C. Fremont in 1843 introduced this region to the world. Gold was discovered near Denver in 1858, so the people began to come in, and have been coming ever since.

Colorado is called the "Centennial State" because she was admitted to the union in 1876. The Rocky Mountains run in three ranges across the state, dividing it into sections; the valleys are extensively cultivated, producing almost all kinds of crops, while the mountains are full of immense deposits of valuable minerals, some thirty-three millions tons being the output during the past year.

For natural scenery, beauty of mountain and valley, no part of earth excels the five hundred miles from Denver to Silverton. Starting in with the foothills the D. & R. G. railway gradually ascends the mountains, by many a curve

and twist and double up and around. The mountain passes of the Tyrol and of Switzerland are not more precipitous than those here. La Veta Pass is eleven thousand feet high and the Toltec Gorge stretches along for miles while the railway runs along the mountain side at an elevation of ten thousand feet. Coming on to the plateaus there are seen large herds of cattle and sheep and horses.

Almost thirty years ago, I passed over this same railroad, and at that time there were very few towns and small evidence of civilization. Then a large plateau some one hundred miles long was occupied by the Ute Indians, who have since been transferred north, and now these lands have been opened for settlement, and the work of the booster and boomer is seen, in big bill boards advertising town lots, and farm lands and irrigation propositions. This part of Colorado is naturally dry and originally covered with sage brush. Under irrigation the soil is very fertile. What is called the San Luis valley, with center at Alamosa, is having quite a boom now, but near the town of Alamosa I saw the earth covered in large spots with alkali, which is not good for land or water, but the boomers claim the water from the irrigation ditches kills it and the water and soil does not suffer from its presence.

Durango is a town of about 5,000 at the end of a valley fifteen miles long and two miles wide, on an average. Through the center of

the valley runs the Animas river, a turbulent stream at times, and on either side is a mile or so of ground washed down from the mountains which was added to the sediment of a lake that, in the unremembered ages, no doubt covered this declivity.

This soil is very rich, though broken up by thin spots where the stones crop out. I saw oats, which crop now is being harvested, that would yield from 75 to 100 bushels to the acre. Alfalfa is cut twice, sometimes three times, generally one to two tons to the acre. Vegetables grow rank, and on the west side of the river, protected from frost by the evening breeze and the towering mountains is the place for the fruit raiser and the market gardener. One farmer and fruit raiser has some three hundred acres of land, and has the finest lot of fruit I ever saw. Apples, without a speck or spot, all sizes, much larger than a pint tin cup, all highly colored; plums almost as big as a hen's egg, several varieties and colors.

But alas, for the fertility of the valley. The market is very limited, as there is only one railroad, the D. & R. G., and it is 500 miles over the mountains to any place, and after the little towns and mining camps are supplied, there is no place to send the over-production.

They plan and dream of a north and south railroad, which will send their fine fruits into the less favored communities south. And this, as our old example, Job, would say, is the state

of man, in scarcity or superfluity, near or remote, what he has is not sufficient, for there are always problems to solve. I heard for the first time of blasting holes in the rock to set out fruit trees, and the same coming to great thrift and producing abundantly.

Durango has made much headway in thirty years, but there is still much of the life of the wild west. Indians and cowboys, Mexicans and half-breeds, sombrero hatted swaggering lads and range horse riders are still numerous, while the wide open doors of her many saloons swing both ways, and if the hinges would "creak" the music would be uninterrupted.

But we must not be impatient. It is not long since the west was wild, indeed, and in the contemplation of the slow growth and development of other civilizations, in comparison with which our national life is as a watch in the night, we are going rapidly, and in the fullness of time, all roughness will be smoothed away, crooked places made straight, waste land redeemed, barren spots occupied. May that strength and vigor that made us grow be maintained to continue us toward a still larger and better life.

RIO GRANDE VALLEY.

THE HOME OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS AND PUEBLO INDIANS.

Antonito, Colorado.

The D. & R. G. Ry. runs a branch from Antonito, Colo., to Durango, Colo., so we had to double that much of our journey; and leaving Durango, Tuesday morning we passed through, by, over, across and along-side-of mountains all day, and came, when the evening shades were falling, again to An-to-ne-to, as they pronounce it.

The great San Luis valley, over two hundred miles long and over one hundred miles wide, stretches out from this little town, and there are hardly enough people here now to keep the railroad in repair, so do not be alarmed about our country being over-populated very soon, for there is room in this valley alone for millions, and some day, in the gradual settlement and filling up of the earth, all this room will be occupied.

This town is almost on the New Mexico line, and when the sun was up again for business, we tackled another branch of the D. & R. G. Ry., and started for Santa Fé, the old capital of the new state. A pleasant little journey it was, only 125 miles, and taking only eight

hours. We went out of Colorado south as the crow flies, and for forty or fifty miles through a desert land. About noon we came to the Rio Grande river, and from there on to Santa Fé traversed the fruit valley of the river.

While the train stopped for dinner we interviewed an ancient citizen, as he leaned against the tumbled down store. He said he was from Kentucky, but he came west in 1859, been here ever since, except the short time he ran away to join the Confederate army. The people around for many miles were Mexicans or Indians, only a few Americans. Mexicans were peaceful enough, except when at the "gatherings" the American boys got to calling them "greasers" and such, and then there was trouble enough.

We passed along and found that the valley was indeed great for fruit, the little Indian children bringing in peaches, larger than a duck's egg, six for five cents, also fine plums and pears.

Here, in the valley of the Rio Grande river, near the head waters, lived, time out of mind, the peaceful and industrious Pueblo Indians, and on the mountains near this river the Cliff Dwellers had their homes. The Pueblos, like all good people that ever lived in this world, had their troubles, one of which was that the neighboring Apaches and Comanches, who were more warlike and less worklike, would swoop down on them, and steal their cattle and

their crops. But in spite of trouble or misfortune, brother Indian or invading white man, here they live now in large numbers, and swarm around the trains to sell fruit and pottery. Their homes are mere mud huts or tents, and they live, as history says they always have, by raising a little corn, hunting and fishing, with what assistance they get from Uncle Sam.

In an advancing civilization, the making of a country for the home of the all conquering white man, the aborigines, the poor unlearned man of nature, must needs go, with the swamps, the wild growth of mountain and valley, and the American Indian is no exception to the general rule. But it has been the business of a great many people, with the assistance and financial help of the government, to gather up the story of their life as far back and as completely as possible. Here, in the new state of New Mexico, is more of the old life as the historian or story writer gives it, than any other place. It is thrilling to read, being full of wild adventure, that always particularly appeals to the young, but when you come in closer touch with the life and learn how little, after all, they have or had to make life worth the living, one is satisfied to read of them, to see them, to study them at a distance, and not envy them all the glory of their wilderness existence.

From Espanola to Santa Fé, twenty-eight miles, the up grade is just fourteen hundred

feet, and so we came into the old city in the new state, to look around at the town that was full grown,—the center of the strange life of a people still unknown—a thousand years, or for all anybody knows ten thousand years before Columbus was born, or the beautiful Pocahontas saved the life of the brave Captain John Smith, as the old school books used to have the tale. I have heard that at Santa Fé they were trying to solve the story of the cliff and cave dweller, as man is not satisfied to know what is, he wants to know what was, and some, even would like to know what will be. We go on to Santa Fé, New Mexico.

SANTA FE

SETTLED WHEN PLYMOUTH ROCK WAS A WILDERNESS AND JAMESTOWN A SWAMP.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.

There are two ways to come to this town, but you must come up hill, for Santa Fé is on the Sangre de Cristo range. "Sangre de Cristo" means blood of Christ mountain—for this is an old Catholic country. The air of age that pervades Spain and Italy is around here; for this was settled by Indians and Spaniards, including many priests of the church, when Plymouth Rock was surrounded by a wilderness and the Jamestown country was a swamp.

The city is the capital of the new state of New Mexico, has a population of some eight thousand and is growing. The streets are, in the old part of town, European; that is, narrow and closely built. The capitol building itself is a neat and handsome structure, built of native stone, with additions and annexes. It reminded me somewhat of the capitol building at Berne, Switzerland, the wood all being selected and clear, and altogether clean and cozy.

In the heart of the city is a public square, or plaza, and facing it is the oldest building in the United States, its heavy walls being three hundred years old. It has been occupied by a long line of rulers and governors, Spanish, Indian, Mexican and American, but is now given over to the American Institute of Archæology; and gathered here, from the valleys and mountains, from the old communal homes of the cliff dwellers and the villages of the various tribes of Indians, who have lived and died upon the surrounding mountains and valleys, in the dim and distant past, are the utensils, tools, instruments of war and peace, arts and sciences. Indeed, after an examination of the many tools and utensils of the American Indian, as well as of the paintings and hand work, one is convinced that they had great skill, with what they had to do with. For everything of use is made of stone, or clay, or

bark, or grasses. Their pottery, of all sizes and shapes, shows skillful handiwork.

We are accustomed to look upon the youthful life of America as being centered in the east. Our school books give us the political and commercial life of the Atlantic coast and refer very slightly to this great western and southern life. But when civilization extended out a few miles into the wilderness from the Atlantic coast, from what is now Maine to Florida, beyond the woods and the vast untrod plains, on the Rocky Mountains and in the valleys, and in the plateau country to the south and west, there lived a people whose origin is still unknown, and of whom little in fact, has ever been found out, only that they were here at one time, for the evidences are wagon loads of pottery, tools, utensils, baskets, paintings, etc.

Santa Fé is a clean, lively city. They have the state penitentiary, a large government Indian school and considerable manufacturing. The water is extra good, being brought many miles from the top of a mountain from a bottomless lake. Under statehood, which the Americans welcome and the Mexicans do not, this city will no doubt double in population in the next few years. They claim gold, copper, mica, coal, lead and zinc mines, and the rolling hills make good pasture lands for cattle, sheep and goats. Here the Tiffanys, of New York

City, get their supply of turquoise, a very beautiful and comparatively inexpensive stone.

To know our country one should go about all over it, for indeed the more you see and know of our own land the more you admire it. Here we find, in some part or another, all the various attributes of life. All climates, from the forty degrees below zero of the north, to the uniform temperature of these parts, where many come for health; and all varieties of products of the soil and shop.

The greatest thing, however, in America, is the American—intelligent, interesting, pleasant, full of good motives. One goes about constantly making friends, and learning that all places have advantages and disadvantages, and of the people an endless variety, always of interest.

We go on to the greatest freak of nature in all the world—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river in Arizona.

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO A MOST INSPIRING SIGHT.

El Tovar, Arizona.

What giant forces threw up the mighty mountains in the remote past no man will ever know, he can only speculate upon the causes and contemplate in wonder the present condition. Find the town of Williams, Arizona, 378 miles west of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and

you will have the place where the tourist leaves the main line of the Santa Fé railway for a northward journey of sixty-five miles to the Grand Canyon.

The Colorado river is one of the big streams in our country; aided by the Green and Grand rivers it forms the boundary between Nevada and California; it is two thousand miles long, and for two hundred and seventeen miles is a gorge through a plateau. The top banks of the river at El Tovar, where the big log hotel is built, are thirteen miles across, and going down the precipitous mountain trail it is seven miles to the waters of the river. It is an all-day journey on a mule to go down and back. Now just close your eyes and imagine yourself standing on the rim of a river thirteen miles wide, the opposite rim on a level with you, and plainly in sight, and looking down seven miles into a chasm, filled with giant mountains of many colored stone, all the colors of the rainbow alternating, and you have the Grand Canyon view.

Four miles down is the half-way house, and you see people on horseback moving about. The house, which is really good sized, looks like a play house, and the people resemble small flies creeping over a pane of glass in a place so far away you think you see the movements but are not sure. All other chasms, gorges, rocky passes in mountains are as jack-knives to saw mills compared to this one.

It has been known for five hundred years, been explored from beginning to end by many men, and many lives have been lost by adventurous spirits, who, in the rapids of the river or on the steep and rugged banks have lost footing.

There are many points along the canyon where you get good views of the chasms looking up and down. One "stunt" is to go east three miles to a special point, where, between the rocks, the river shows. Another is to go west three miles to one point, and six miles to another point, where, far down and away, the turbulent waters of the river are seen dashing between the rough and almost perpendicular rocky sides.

We got up in the early morning to see sunrise on the Grand Canyon, and we stayed out, on the far-away point to see the sun go down. If Charles Dickens could have watched the shadows fade away here, as we did, he would have had a better idea of the fleeing night than he gave us in a description of the old church on the morning of the Dombey wedding.

The great orb of day touched the rim and started to light up the chasm, painting a rock or mountain here or there, then flooding a plateau; and the poor fading shadows hastened to the dark bottom, and crouched among the rocks until the relentless sun found them out and flooded them to nothingness.

Sunset on the ocean is beautiful as the sun flattens against the water and goes down in the billows to glisten in an afterglow on the waves, but here at the Grand Canyon it is a matter of light and shade and variegated colors. The great red and grey rock piles blossom out in the brilliant fading sunlight, like a giant dressed in jewels, and waves of light pass up and down the monster valley, until the sun is gone away, then the afterglow lingers long to burnish the stones, and then the shadows, chased away by the morning sun, return home, and night settles down and the great place looks like the world's real end, leaping into which would bring the last stillness, until the moon lights up again and chases the shadows, and makes them sprawl out in fantastic shapes and such forms as fear molds in the vacant and dark air of night.

For the lover of earth's odd and unusual shapes, mountain, rock and valley in combinations various and unique—for those who want to see the real Canyon that is certainly grand, as we understand the word to mean big and wonderful, here is the place to come. Niagara Falls could be thrown in here and lost, and you could also pile on Pilatus and Rigi, so famous in Switzerland, and all those peaks and chasms in Greece so written of by the great in literature, and it would take a magnifying glass to find them.

From here we pass along, nearing the great ocean, away from home, to "the city of angels," called Los Angeles. There are pictures that once seen, are never lost to the mind's eye, of such must needs be the vision of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona.

LOS ANGELES ONE OF THE GREAT GROWING TOWNS OF THE WEST.

Los Angeles, Cal.

In the first place, let me take up the matter of climate, for that is the big asset of southern California. In the time we have been here, and they claim September is their worst month, every day has been a good day for work indoors or out, and every night has been cool and pleasant. It is dry; there has been no rain since last spring, but the heat is not excessive, and the use of water and oil keeps the dust down so one does not notice the dust any more than in Ohio. The thermometer seldom goes up above a hundred, has been from 80 to 90 degrees in our time here, and the record is that it has gone below 32 degrees only six times in ten years. They have rain part of the time, from fall until spring, and it is cool and damp in winter. But they have no real Ohio winter. Los Angeles is only ten miles from the ocean, and the evenings remain cool no matter what the days are, and it is always cool in the

shade. When you walk in the hot sun and get heated they say be careful about taking your coat off and sitting down in the shade, it's too cool, you will take cold by cooling off too rapidly. It's the best out-door climate in all the world, and people who like fresh air, as most people do or should, find living here delightful. For old people, who shiver and chill in the wintry blasts and the snow and ice of the north, it is a haven of relief. That the climate is appreciated is evidenced by the remarkable growth of the city and the crowds of tourists, summer and winter, particularly winter, for there are over four thousand apartment houses here and new ones building, besides numerous big and little hotels, and they are mostly filled.

Now, after the climate let me speak of the wonderful growth of the city. An examination of the population figures will probably give the best idea of that. Here are the figures: In 1860, 3,700; in 1900, 102,479; in 1905, 201,000; in 1911 (est.), 359,000. Before me are the statistics of the post office, the bank clearings and the building permits, but figures are uninteresting and from the population figures you can learn that all things else had to grow to keep up.

When one of my friends came here thirty years ago the town had 20,000 people; land around town close was $50 per acre and away a few miles $25 per acre. Imagine a place growing from 20,000 to 360,000 in thirty years,

and land from $50 and $25 per acre to town lots worth from $5,000 to say $100,000 each, a dozen to the acre, and acre property ten miles from town selling at $1,200 per acre. Going down to the ocean I noticed a big sign, certainly ten miles from Los Angeles, offering a bargain in acre property at only $1,400 per acre and further along town lots marked down to $600 and $800. Well, it's an old story of the rapid increase in the values of a section of country caused by people coming in by thousands and by the natural advantages. Is it overdone now? Some say everything is too high out here, and there will be a big slump. One who might be worth a million has been talking slump for twenty years and has made but little money in the great opportunity around him. Is it a good place for rich people? We would say yes. Money is active and in good demand at high rates, but rich people ought to get along any place. How is it for poor people? Well, people can work out the whole year. Builders work right through, twelves months in the year. Wages are somewhat more than with us, but living is correspondingly higher; the main advantage would be the saving of time. Good farm hands get $40 per month and board, and good cooks get from $25 to $35 per month and board.

As a sight-seeing place Los Angeles beats the world, as I know of no place where there are so many places to go and so much to see as

here. Along the ocean for miles and miles it is almost one continuous town, with all sorts of vacation and county fair "stunts," towns, ocean, mountains, parks, etc., to visit, while the city itself is full of all that goes to make a place attractive to the tourist. The trolley system is so developed that you can reach any point in a short time for a few cents. Catalina Island, an ocean voyage of 27 miles, the home of the monster tuna and the sword fish, where the marine gardens, seen from the glass bottomed boat, rival those of the waters of far-away Ischia, is a popular and pleasant resort. Pasadena, the city of many millionaires, joins Los Angeles so that one can not tell where one ends and the other begins.

Listen to the song of the enthusiast. In all the world there is but one southern California, no climate to compare with it—now there are only six millions of people west of the Rocky Mountains—when the Panama canal is completed and that immigration and flow added to the present natural pouring in—who can estimate or guess the possibilities of this region, and in the development of the state and nation, which comes from increased population and wealth, why shall not this part of the great west oustrip all other parts, for the health and wealth and happiness of the people? As Uncle 'Rastus said about the watermelon, "it for shore do look good tu me."

Southern California is politically progressive, aggressive and suggestive. They favor initiative, referendum, recall, woman's suffrage, anti-graft, non-partisanship, low or no protective tariff. It has all religions, all philosophies. There is no rest in business or intellectual life, the atmosphere has the bright tone and restless development which has been the cause of all progress since Abraham stood in the vast solitude of land, and the Lord told him to take what he wanted of it.

SAN FRANCISCO "THE GOLDEN GATE" INVITES THE ORIENTALS.

San Francisco, Cal.

On Thursday, August 24th, 1911, we left home, but after over five weeks of traveling are still in America, but will sail away for the land of the little brown man (Japan) day after tomorrow. We will give a list of the stopping places so far so that should any want to trace the route on the map they can do so. Bluffton to Lima, O.; Chicago, Ill.; Denver, Colo.; Colorado Springs, Colo.; Durango, Colo.; back to Antonito, Colo.; then to Santa Fé, New Mexico; Grand Canyon, Ariz.; Los Angeles, Cal.; and now at San Francisco, Cal.

This state of California is indeed the land of flowers; for even this time of the year, which is considered her worst for weather, there are flowers everywhere; trees are green and beau-

tiful, and farmers and gardeners are planting and reaping. Alfalfa is cut as high as eight times a year, from one to two tons per acre, and garden vegetables are big and little in the same patch, for seed time and harvest goes on mostly all the year. Lima beans by hundreds of acres now being threshed, like wheat in Ohio. Sugar beets, thousands of acres, now being hauled off to nearest railroad, while melons of all kinds, and pumpkins, squashes, etc., are too numerous to take care of or to find a market for.

We left Los Angeles, with many regrets, on Saturday, at 8 a. m., and reached San Francisco, a distance of almost five hundred miles, at midnight, on the Southern Pacific railroad—the coast line. The road runs through the fertile valleys of the Sierra Madre mountain range, and occasionally over the hills or through via tunnel. For some hundred miles we skirt the Pacific Ocean, so near you can hear the dash of the wild waves, and always see the foaming water returning, defeated by its mad rush against the rocky shore.

When the world was asleep in great spots, and all the eastern portion of our country an impenetrable forest, the Catholic church was already old, and one order of the church, the Franciscan monks, decided to convert the strange red man of the Pacific coast to their cause, so they came all along, building mission churches, planting crosses, and sowing the

seed. Still all hereabouts stand the missions, which one or two hundred years ago the Franciscan fathers built, and the paths are now beaten to them all, for they are quaint and interesting old places. We visited one, where, it is said, four thousand American Indians have been baptized into the faith. There is no question but the monks did a great and good work on the coast, through great privation and exertion. "San" means saint and almost all towns and cities have the Spanish "San" before their other name, or our word "Saint."

California is very much alive politically and intellectually. The easterner would consider the present ascendant thought here radical in the extreme, but to me, who long ago was convinced of the wisdom of government ownership of all public utilities, believing that it will finally come to pass to destroy monopoly and concentration, the speeches sounded like—"I told you so."

Sunday morning we sat under the preaching of Rev. Aked, the Englishman whom Mr. Rockefeller brought over to preach in his church in New York, but who jumped the traces and came out here to San Francisco. His subject was "Also Ran." A consolation and exemplification of the underdog—those who in defeat triumph, who, though humble and obscure, in the last analysis do the world's work. He drew a lesson from the fate of Eli, who became a "has been," got fat and fell off

his seat backward and broke his neck, but who nevertheless stoically accepted the decrees of the whirligig of time.

When these few lines come to your eye, gentle reader, I will probably, be far across the deep blue sea. But how wonderful and beautiful is memory! Although ten thousand miles away, in a moment one can again be eating Rambo apples in the old orchard at home on the hillside, or tramping through the mud to the school-house to a literary society debate. Emerson was fooled when he wrote that traveling was a "fool's paradise," for like life's passing years it serves to fill the innumerable cells of the mind with pictures of earth's places and people, which, like the chain marks on liberty's prisoner, "will not wear away."

I will be writing a line now and then, and it is a pleasure, and puts me in touch with those who know me, and whom I know—whose kind hands I hope to touch—whose pleasant voices I hope to hear again.

San Francisco.

The heroes of the world did not all die in the tragedies of the past ages. Not in Greece, or Rome, or France, or other European or other states were all the heroic souls of earth numbered, although each country has its own, to which they point with pride. Nor were the heroes of our own country only those who took part in the revolutionary or civil wars, nor the pioneers who braved the forest or the

prairie. We call it heroic when those who have builded a city to beauty and strength, undaunted by its destruction by earthquake and fire, grimly begin all over again and build larger and greater and more beautiful. To rise again and again from destruction is the record of San Francisco. Six almost complete disasters, the first occurring December 14, 1849; second, May 4, 1850; third, June 14, 1850; fourth May 2, 1851 and fifth, June 2, 1851. But the greatest catastrophe was the sixth and last, because the city was larger and better than ever before.

On April 18, 1906, at 5:13 a. m., an earthquake shock such as has seldom been recorded on earth, awoke the slumbering people of this coast city and sent them to death and destruction by thousands; and fire breaking out took up the terrible work and raged for three days, until the beauty of the proud city was lost in smouldering ruins. The city numbered a half million people—the real number of the dead will never be known,—but it was thousands: while the property loss was estimated at $350,000,000. The work of reconstruction began before the ashes were cooled, and now, after five and one-half years' time has elapsed, the evidences of the catastrophe are almost entirely gone, and San Francisco is bigger and better than ever.

Her geographical position is advantageous for a large city. The bay has an area of 450

square miles, making the third largest and one of the finest harbors in the world, being from five to fourteen miles across. This makes San Francisco the natural gateway to the Orient, for this great Pacific ocean is alive with commerce, as all big waters are, and here they come laden with the riches of the east, to return with a burden from the west. Besides the advantages of the water San Francisco is midway on our great western coast, and takes toll from the north and the south, as they supply each other's wants.

The strength of the American character was never better illustrated than in this rebuilding over and over, for it represents abiding faith, hope, confidence—trust in man and God. It is better, according to this western philosophy, to have been a "has been" than a "never was at all," but it is better still to be a "comer" than an "is or was." To take up the burden of life, after temporary defeat, and drag through the remaining years in slow decay, is the way of weakness in cities or men, but to be made strong through misfortune and start again for greater achievement because of greater obstacles—this is heroic, the attitude of great souls who live in action and not in passing years.

People differ so as to what is interesting in travel. Some people coming here think much of the "Chinatown trip," thirty-five thousand Chinese huddled together in the very heart of

the city, with all the original manners, customs and vices of the old China home, the opium smoking dens, the family crowded into a space like a store box underground, the workmen toiling long into the night with crude instruments turning out artistic work, the fortune teller, the Joss house, for all go with the trip, but we drew the line at the "Barbary Coast," a street considered the wickedest and worst in the world, more brazen than any in Paris, Cairo or Bombay.

Golden Gate Park, the largest and one of the most beautiful public parks in the world, covers 1,140 acres; the Sutro gardens, beach, Cliff House, U. S. mint, the cities across the bay—Berkeley, where the University of California is located, and Oakland, destined to be a big city (now 150,000) are some of the interesting places and things.

The climate of San Francisco is somewhat even, the thermometer not so very high or very low, but uniformly cool. The ladies have rosy cheeks, à la English, and the men have the strength and vigor of step that comes from energized blood.

Man is ever strange and incomprehensible. He starts to make a home where none have been, and others come (all intelligent life is gregarious), and lo, in years, a great city is accumulated, with a character—a way, a thousand customs all its own. Assimulation is from air and earth and surrounding life, and a little

leaven still leavens the whole lump. And those who go about, as they grow in knowledge of other places and people, grow in admiration also for man's infinite variety, the abiding strength of his purposes, the wonderful accomplishments of his industry. Here, on this farthest western coast of America we find such brains and force and faith that it requires no great wisdom to prophesy that of all the stars glimmering in the glorious banner of our land, in the years to come, none will outshine in beauty of appearance or strength of accomplishments that representing the great state of California, whose "Golden Gate" invites the Oriental East as "Liberty Enlightening the World" calls to the broken or burdened of Europe.

Milligan College, Tenn.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

OUT FROM SAN FRANCISCO ON A WILD AND STORMY SEA.

Pacific Ocean.

With the band playing, the flags flying full in the strong breeze, hundreds waving good bye, we sailed away from the earthquake city, San Francisco, and out through the Golden Gate, into the broad Pacific. San Francisco is a city set upon a hill, or many hills, and long she glittered in the sun, as the shore receded and we passed into the great water. Land disappeared, and night came on, and the waves dashed high, and the Pacific was not peaceful, but moved with a great wind which tossed and rolled our ship about with quiver and rise and fall, and the waters lashed themselves and broke to rise and fall again and again. School book poetry came to mind: "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll."

It is now Saturday morning; we are about one thousand miles out to sea, or half way between San Francisco and Honolulu. It has been cool and windy, but as we are getting south it is now warmer, but the wind still blows hard, and this morning there are many who are suffering from the ceaseless roll and toss of the ship.

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We are passengers on the ship named "Siberia," eighteen thousand tons, about six hundred feet long. The officers are all white men, but all sailors, waiters, servants of every kind are Chinese. The ship is crowded with the most cosmopolitan crowd you could assemble. Chinese statesmen, Japanese statesmen, missionaries, government teachers and clerks returning to the Philippines, world business men, tourists, English nobility, etc.

Among the first-class passengers rank soon disappears and one knows and talks to everybody. We have the usual amusements on shipboard, viz.: shuffleboard, ring, toss weights, cards, punching bag, swimming pool, and ahead and below are several Chinese gambling layouts and the "boys" as all the Chinese old or young are called, are only too glad to play with any or all who will, and bet big or little. The main game running now is about like our old "chuck-a-luck," the old army game. The Chinese are constant gamblers, and the games are crowded all the time. The Chinese servants and waiters are quick and quiet, they seldom speak, but they listen and understand and you never have to say anything twice. All the Chinese or Japanese we have met or seen are what we would call undersized, and all seemed reserved in manner.

We have some very prominent missionaries on board, superintendents who have been in the work, and know the language and customs of

the people. We are to have addresses by the Chinese and Japanese statesmen on commercial relations between their countries and America. A big missionary meeting Sunday morning, and Monday night, the night before reaching Honolulu, there will be a grand ball. So you take your choice, or take all or none—that is up to you on ship.

So we roll along toward that Far East, where man lived when the world was young. With Solomon we learn slowly indeed that there is nothing new under the sun, only application of old truth, only discoveries of things long hidden. When the Helenes came to Greece, to make such a place in history as no other nation made before or since, China was already very, very old, and nations have come and gone, brilliant and glorious in their time, now a memory,—yet this old Chinese Empire remains, like the Sphinx on the banks of the Nile, steadfast, silent and immovable.

The moon was partly out last night, and some big stars shone, but the little stars, like little children, were sheltered in the semi-darkness of the night. Over there, I thought, some four thousand miles away, is home, sweet home, and only four thousand, five hundred miles more, and we come to the flowery kingdom—little Japan, where we will listen to the toot and the rumble of the train instead of the long wash of the waves against the ship; but as the barker for the side show sings, "let 'em

come and let 'em go, I'm bound to see the rooster show."

LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

It is a long journey across the Pacific Ocean. We left San Francisco, Oct. 4th and arrived October 21st. It was almost three weeks; the distance, via Honolulu, is about five thousand five hundred miles. Our ship "Siberia," 18,000 tons, is comfortable, as ships go, yet to room in a space 6x10 feet and sleep in a bunk that is just wide enough so that you have to turn over with care so you don't turn out, gets tiresome.

We had a pleasant company on board, about forty missionaries, of our 180 first class passengers, some experienced ones returning and some new workers going out, and have had a very instructive series of addresses on life in the Orient in all its aspects, for missionary work, commerce, civilization. One Japanese statesman, the minister of finance, who was at the head of affairs during both the Chinese and the Japanese wars; one Chinese statesman, who is now commissioner of education; one English statesman, now a member of Parliament, besides the experienced mission workers, men who have been over twenty years at work, know the Japanese or Chinese language, who have been through the dangers, these all gave us real life experiences.

Besides, we had a series of entertainments of a comic nature. One evening we had "Happy Harris Homeless Hopefuls," in a colossal minstrel aggregation and show, which was considered a great success. "Happy Harris" was the undersigned, who has since lost his other name. Deck sports in contests culminated in a fancy dress party where all prizes won were distributed. When you consider that eating, sleeping, reading, talking, all become wearisome when there is nothing else to do, and you can't "go out" for the dampness, you can see that for active people, all these entertainments and sports are an outlet and participated in with joy. We had some beautiful songs in our show, for instance,

"My breakfast is out on the ocean,
My dinner has gone on the sea;
My stomach is all in commotion,
Don't talk about supper to me—
To me—to me——me—he—
Don't talk about supper to me."

What with serious and comic entertainments the time after all, soon slips away.

Personally, I have not suffered from the sea, although the calm Pacific does not always behave calmly, but has a habit, in a strong wind, of throwing up monstrous swells that almost stand your boat on end, then drop and fall and up again, until the wind goes down. Some ladies on board, have been much effected by the sea the whole voyage.

There is something fascinating about ocean life, for they say that those who are long upon the water, as the sailors and the officers are, are happy no place else, but for me, whose life has been close to land, the sea is only a means to an end, for as there is four times as much water as land in our big world one can not travel much without going by sea. Because we are almost ten thousand miles from home is no reason that we have no thought for our home, indeed the beauty of the mind is that you can cast it thousands of miles over sea and land, and dwell at pleasure on scenes and forms and faces of kin and friend, so though absent, we are often present, though far away we can come home at will, as the mind at home is often far away.

It is not possible to write of all the remarkable things we see and hear on this trip, but we keep jotting down a few points, as we journey around the round, round world.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, UNCLE SAM'S FIRST FOREIGN POSSESSION.

Twenty-three degrees west and sixty-seven south we sailed out of San Francisco for six days, from Wednesday noon October 4th, until the next Tuesday morning, October 10, 1911, a distance of about 2100 miles, then sighted as the sun came up, the famous Hawaiian Islands, the first foreign possessions of the United

States, the isles of eternal sunshine and flowers, of smoke colored citizens wearing few clothes.

The chain consists of eight islands that are inhabited and several small ones that are not, strung along tandem for 400 miles. Only one of these islands is much known, Oahu, 600 square miles of territory, on which is the city of Honolulu, a place of 40,000 people. These islands are all of volcanic origin, that is, sometime in the remote past, there was an explosion below, and these rocks were raised up above the water line, and so remained, and accumulated a soil, while on all sides the water reaches a depth of 18,000 feet a short way out.

It seems good to get on land after six days and nights of ship motion, and as our big ship crawled up to one of the long wharfs, and was chained fast, we hustled down the gang plank, and as we struck solid ground we remembered an old picture of the landing of Christopher Columbus, and we did not wonder that he felt good and gave thanks.

Here we were, at last, in famous "Queen Lil" town, readers will remember her political history. The city has all the comforts and conveniences of any modern place, and in addition a climate most unique. Here are some points about Honolulu: The temperature all year ranges from 55 to 90 degrees; a large production of sugar cane and rice; cane over ten feet high; surf bathing and boating throughout the year in water of about

72 degrees temperature; white or light clothing worn all the time; cost of living just a little higher than in the states.

Things to see—The aquarium, Kapiolani Park, the capitol, Punch-bowl, Mano and Nunanu Valleys, Waikiki Beach, naval station, Fort Shafter, art gallery, museum, Royal Tombs, etc.

It is the dream of many who live in the cold and bleak north, where for several months in the year the north wind whistles around the house, sneaking in at every crack, and touching everything with his icy hand, to go sometime to lands where flowers bloom alway and the sun is ever shining. Our old song was: "There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign, and sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stain." The Hawaiian Islands, especially Honolulu, look indeed like a land of pure delight, for the luxuriant tropical trees, high cocoanut palms and bananas, full of fruit, great banks of flowery hedges, tangles of blooming blossoms, wave and shine, and scent the air; while over there is the wash of the long waves of old ocean, breaking on miles of pebbly beach, coming and going, through the ages, nursing the little children who play upon the sands from youth to old age, from generation to generation.

The people who live at Honolulu are not necessarily "saints immortal," but ordinary mortals, Americans, Europeans, Chinese, Japanese and natives. The latter are dark, about

the color of our mulattos. The town seems to be active, enterprising and full of business, in spite of the lazy air. And all who live here and who come plunge beneath the flood, saints or sinners, for the sea swimming is the best in all the world. Nor do all the sinners who plunge lose all their stains, for the "swell set" of our ship returned again to their champagne and cigarettes, as before.

So after a long day on good old mother earth, the ground springing gently underneath our feet, a day so happy and full of sight-seeing as if we were at the circus or the county fair, we heard again the hoarse voice of the ship whistle, and breaking through a throng of flower sellers, the scent of whose long and many-colored wreaths filled the air, we again walked the gang plank for a little sail of about 3500 miles northwest.

We dropped some passengers and received some, and again was re-enacted the old story of good-bye, the big ship so slowly starting out that you could hardly tell you moved, the band playing, the flags flying, the dock windows and doors all full of saluting friends, the dozens of penny divers, who live by catching coins thrown from ship to deep sea, swim back home, dipping and turning in the water like little brown ducks on the waves.

Away we go, the lights come out and grow dim in the distance. The ship is all refreshed, decorated with flowers, full of talk of the day.

The clouds break away, the moon and the stars come out. Night brings silence, except the wash of the waves breaking against the ship as ceaseless as the "mace of time knocks at the golden portals of the day." The island, where the Hawaiians lived since the dawn of history, ruled by their dusky kings and queens, which met the ships from east to west and west to east, whose flowery charms are now added to our galaxy of national stars, becomes a sweet and pleasant memory.

Japan

LAND IN JAPAN AFTER 5,500 MILES TRAVEL ON THE PACIFIC.

The Chinese sailor boys awoke me very early on Saturday morning, October 21, by their hustling around with ropes and pulleys, and their chatter getting the big stairs ready to let passengers go down the side of the ship, probably forty feet. I crawled out of my 3x6 upper bunk where I had passed the nights for almost three weeks, and after the usual hot salt water bath was soon out on deck.

Over there in the distance was land, the first I had seen for 3500 miles of travel. It looked good. We were approaching Yokohama, Japan's great seaport, and soon fishing boats and all kinds of sea craft were sighted on both sides. Two steam launches puffed up alongside, and the Japanese doctors and customs officers came on board. All passengers were hustled down to the dining-room for count and medical inspection, and all the long tail, bob-tail and no tail Chinamen, seamen and servants were lined up abaft to be looked over and examined. Everybody hands up, to see if any had skin diseases. The little doctors walked around fast, looked sharp, and soon

dismissed us all, and we went about our business, which was paying up tips, seeing baggage was ready for shore, and bidding good-bye.

It may interest some to know the ship custom as to tips. The Pacific journey from San Francisco to Yokohama, although almost twice as far as across the Atlantic, is tipped the same, as the servants are all Chinese, and are satisfied with less. Tipping is very personal and varies, but we give the average for the ordinary traveler. Custom, room boy, $4.00; waiter, $2.50 the person; bath, $1.00 the person; deck boy, $1.00; boots, $1.00; music, $1.00; second steward, stewardess and doctor if any calls have been made upon them, library and bar if used. The "Siberia" was anchored about two miles out, as she drew too much water to go closer, and the hotel boats and ship launch lined up. We chose "The Pleasanton," and the little porter bowed his profound thanks, accepted the trunk keys and slapped his labels on the suit cases, and we descended the long stairs to the launch and pulled for shore. We thus left the custom house trouble to the hotel porter, who certainly got along fine, for in spite of "strict regulation," the trunk and suit case contents looked undisturbed.

At the dock we tackled our first jinrikishas, (called 'rickshas for short) and were whirled along the Bund by the bare legged little man, in the queer two-wheeled buggy, at a smart

THEATRE STREET, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

trot, and soon landed at the hotel. I like the 'ricksha for riding. It beats the jaunting-car in Ireland, the "kebs" in London, or the London 'busses, or the taxicabs in Paris. A small buggy body and seat, just big enough for one person, on two wheels, and a man to pull in the shafts, with top for rain, completes the outfit, and there are hundreds of them here, rubber tired, noiseless, they dart you around quickly any place you want to go, and very cheaply. We paid 40 sen for two to hotel or 10 cents each.

Yokohama is the principal port of Japan, only about twenty-five miles from Tokyo, the capital. The population is 326,035, about 4,000 Chinese, balance Japanese and a few from every nation on earth. It has been opened for trade with the world for sixty years, and is now a busy place. The Japanese are patient, active little workers, they do not stop for night or Sunday, the whole family works and the shop is also the home. The front of the shops are all open to the street, and the passerby sees the whole family life. You can get anything here in Yokohama that you can get in any city in the world, and get it right away. They take the washing one day and bring it back the next, clean, and press clothes over night, make suits or dresses in twenty-four hours, and everything is cheap. The money standard is gold, the money pieces are the "yen" and "sen."

The yen is 50 cents and there are 100 sen to the yen, so the sen is just one-half cent of our money. The money of any country is the easiest thing you have to learn, for you take so many lessons in the course of the day that you soon become wise. We are spending Saturday, Sunday and Monday in Yokohama now, will go north Tuesday, and probably come back here the last of this week for a few days before starting west.

We are simply delighted with Japan. The artistic, patient, active industrious little brown men and women have a fascinating individuality, and their country, what we have seen of it, is like a highly cultivated garden, rich and rank in flowers and vegetables. Of course it is very different from America, in the way they do and look at things. We have some very amusing and astonishing experiences, but will wait a couple weeks, for further investigation, when we shall write again more fully of the little brown man, his life, his country and his problems.

TOKYO THE CAPITAL OF THE JAPANESE EMPIRE A VERITABLE ANT HILL.

Tokyo, Japan.

We crossed the city of Yokohama in the early morning via jinrikishas to the railway station. They have several stations in Japan cities, and certain trains run out from each.

Arriving at the station we went in with the rush to buy tickets, leaving the baggage to the polite porter, after rewarding the 'rickisha man twenty-five sen, the legal fare. In other words we paid twelve and one-half cents the person for a ride of probably a mile and a half. Two tickets to Tokyo from Yokohama, 18 miles, 48 cents, second class. We find the second-class cars in Japan quite good enough for short trips, and the fare is very much less than first-class. The most of the Japanese people ride third-class; only tourists and well-to-do people ride second-class. The first-class is very little patronized, except by the very wealthy, high officials or people who have more money than sense, and of the latter we have encountered a considerable number. The third-class coaches are mostly crowded. The government owns and controls the railroads, the service is good, the trainmen polite and the fare is low.

The country between Yokohama and Tokyo is flat and low, the crops being irrigated. They seem to raise almost everything in the vegetable line that we do, particularly rice, buckwheat and barley. Rice is the big crop; the harvest is just over and the yield this year was the best for a long time. The soil is a rich black loam, some of it black as night, and it looks very fertile. Japan is a country of work by hand, very little machinery, very crude tools in the farming districts, except the most primitive. Hardly any stock to be seen, the whole

country looks like a garden or a small farm, and working people, men, women and children, swarm in the fields like they do in Italy. The horses are small ones and are seldom driven, mostly led by boy or girl.

Tokyo, being only eighteen miles from Yokohama, was reached in forty minutes. It is the capital city of the Empire, one of the largest cities in the world. Japan formerly had two capitals, Saikyo (now Kyoto) meaning "western capital" and Tokyo, meaning "eastern capital," but now Tokyo is the only one, and the seat of the government, the Imperial Palace and all the official work, buildings, and life. Tokyo was formerly called Yeddo, and if I remember right our old McGuffy geography said that Yeddo was one of the largest cities in the world.

I confess my inability to properly describe Tokyo. If one could describe an immense ant hill, after the ants were stirred up, it would be fairly correct. Some several millions of people, say three or four, all out on the streets at the same time and all in a hurry, miles and miles of stores and shops, big and little, no special district for anything, but a general mix, the people ninety times out of each hundred in native Japanese dress, and a large number with very little dress of any kind, the children swarming out on the streets in the summer sunlight, jinrikishas dashing around pulled by stout little half-clad brown

men, calling "ki-ki-ki-ki," meaning look out, get out of the way—such in a very small part is Tokyo.

The city has been destroyed by fire several times and rebuilt better, but is still a conglomeration of palaces and shanties, mostly wooden, and should a fire get a start on a windy night, Tokyo would have just as good a chance of being saved as a temperance apostle would of being elected mayor of Chicago.

It is only fifty years since this great mass of humanity let down the bars and let in the people that brought them modern ideas, and now you can buy anything you have the money to pay for in Tokyo. There is a strange commingling of the old and the new. The city has made many valuable public improvements, has good waterworks, fine parks, electric street railways, fine bank and government buildings, etc.

In the two parks, Shiba and Ueno there are many elaborate and celebrated temples, where repose the earthly remains of some of the Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty. There were fourteen Shoguns of the great Tokugawa family, and their burial places are shrines for the people, for the Shogun was, before his office was abolished, the head of both church and state. Some of the memorial temples are built with great magnificence, costing thousands of dollars and many years' labor, being orna-

mented by elaborate carvings, "gold work in lacquer, damascene and cloisonnë."

The religion of the people is Buddhist and Shinto. We stood before a big Shinto temple lately and a woman, poorly clad, approached; she grasped a big rope which sounded a gong, to attract the attention of the good spirit, and bowed her head in silent prayer. That she was being led through the dark valley of sorrow, some misfortune, the sickness or death of some one near and dear, was evident. She did not retire soon, but lingered around the temple, clasping her hands in petition and looking appealingly toward the altar. As we turned to go away we came up with a group of happy children, laughing, playing, without care or shadow, and we thought how darkness and light, and sorrow and joy, chase each other alway everywhere, at home or in far away Japan —the flowery kingdom, the home of the little people.

NIKKO WITH ITS TEMPLES AND GROVES A SHRINE FOR ALL JAPAN.

Nikko, Japan.

That man is a spiritual being, is a proposition that is accepted as true by all religions, old and new, and most of the philosophies, old and new, and is the settled belief of the people of this time, with the exception of a very small number. Experiences in life confirm this fact

as much as any other one teaching, for though the body may change, over and over, with the passing years, there is something within us all that remains the same, linking us to the past by memory, and to the future by aspiration. But as I am neither theologian nor philosopher I simply use this introduction to call up the fact that man, in whatever environment he is, or whatever civilization he attains, turns to his spiritual self for his hope, and expends upon the visible representation or habitation of the spiritual object of his belief, lavishly, his labor, his skill, his store, in whatever precious form it may exist. So when we come to Japan, a nation with an unbroken history for over twenty-five hundred years, we must expect those places or things which represent deity to be conspicuous. So they are.

About one hundred miles from Tokyo, to the northeast, is Nikko, and a Japanese proverb says, "Do not use the word magnificent until you have seen Nikko." Mountain and valley, trees and foliage, cascade and gorge were such that here was the place selected to lay the bones of the Shoguns, the spiritual rulers, and build among the towering trees the temples of commemoration, not sparing gold or silver or brass or fine wood, or years of patient industry to combine for lasting beauty.

It is a five-hour journey with three changes to Nikko, from Ueno station, Tokyo, and as we had a five-mile dash by jinrikisha across Tokyo

from hotel to station, "tiffin" (luncheon) looked good at 2 p. m. A long rambling town, across a river and up and up and we were at the Nikko hotel.

We hustled out as soon as possible to see what we could of the thirteen big temples of the place, and the celebrated avenue of cryptomerias. In the seventeenth century the mausoleum of the illustrious Shogun Ieyasu, founder of the Tokugawa dynasty and that of his famous grandson Iemitu were built at Nikko. Eleven other temples adorn the vicinity. The cryptomeria avenue was planted three hundred years ago by a prince to commemorate the death of a brother and the Prince said that the memorial, though small, would increase; and it is a double line of trees, whose roots lap, standing some twenty feet apart, with a good road between, and extending twenty-five miles. Many of the trees reach the height of 150 feet, straight as an arrow, about five to ten feet in diameter. It is not that they are the largest trees in the world, but the longest, most uniform tree avenue on earth.

The air is very pure and cold, and the glories of the autumn tints are famous. Nikko is a shrine for all Japan, for groves, and avenues, and temples are sacred. Here was erected the Sacred Bridge over the river Daiyagawa, an expensive and elaborate structure over which no one is allowed to pass except the Imperial family, who come here once a year on a sacred

pilgrimage. Nikko has the charm of a great virgin forest, the silence of a vast solitude, and one can easily imagine, as Shintoism teaches, that the spirits of the departed haunt the shades and groves, to influence, for a better life, those who come here, to seek peace in silent communion. Here is also the celebrated five-storied Pagoda, and the splendid gateways, shrines, store-houses, bell-towers, drum-towers, and other structures are all decorated with the most intricate wood carvings of flowers, birds, beasts, monkeys, and other objects. Surely Nikko is magnificent.

The next day we made a visit to the charming Lake Chuzenji. Three miles of trolly, then five miles on foot. Our walking party, formed at the Nikko hotel, was somewhat of a mix; a globe trotter from New Zealand; a farmer from Alberta, Canada; a Parsee from Bombay; an Oxford student, living at Kobe, Japan, and a fat man from Ohio. One nice thing about walking five miles up hill is that the return trip is quite a change. We passed near one of the largest copper mines in the world, the three mile mountain trolly is used to haul their supplies and products. A gorge between two high mountains, a noisy, rapid stream in the center, the mountain sides covered with maple trees in bright autumn foliage, in all rich and gorgeous tints, at the end of the journey a plateau, in the center a large placid lake, clear and cold, a new summer hotel to represent new

Japan, and a hundred old time Japanese houses to represent old Japan, and many strange people about. We came to Kirifurino-Taki, or mist-falling cascade, where, it is said, students who fail in their examinations at the schools come and commit suicide. We were told that in spite of two guards stationed there, many students had leaped over the falls to death the past year. They take matters very seriously in Japan, in some respects.

Japan is the land of happy children. A nation of only 163,000 square miles, only four times the size of Ohio, a population of fifty million, or ten times Ohio, the children are everywhere, swarm around like bees, happy and bright. Everybody loves the children and takes care of them. The babies are carried on the back of some member of the family, you see mothers working at all kinds of labor with a baby tied on their backs, and it is common to see little tots, who themselves resemble babies, carrying infants on their backs. The increase in population in Japan is over a million a year now, and as they are active, industrious, imitative and patient, satisfied with little, you can see that the future will know more of Japan than the past has known.

Riding in the cars of course you see many amusing things. After our car left Tokyo a Japanese lady removed her sandals, got up on the seat and squatted down, arranged her smoking outfit conveniently and smoked and

STARTING FOR KAMAKURA, JAPAN.

read all the way, only stopping to eat a dish consisting of small fish about as big as a small boy's little finger on top of a bowl of rice, with a cup of tea, all ordered of the porter,—a boy about ten years old, about the size of our six-year-old boys. We watched to see her pay the bill, and made out that her meal cost 15 "sen" or 7½ cents.

Four rather well-to-do men sat opposite and read and smoked in silence. At a station a man came into the car, sat down, then got up and made a profound bow to each of the four, and without saying a word sat down to smoke and read. The Japanese seem to be constant readers, you see men in shops pounding away with a newspaper arranged before them so they can read and work.

In the morning when the air was crisp and cold we noticed very near the depot, facing the train, a lady washing her hair. She was entirely naked down to the waist, and seemed to be having a very good time chatting with the neighbors while at her toilet.

We landed at Yokohama, went to Kamakura, Enoshima, Tokyo, Nikko, back to Yokohama, and now going on to Kyoto, then Nagasaki making wayside excursions. We attended Union church at Yokohama, all folks like us, and when the war department—that is the choir—marched in and the ladies began to fix their hats and the men to look around as if to say "see me," it seemed like good old Ohio,

which, in the Japanese language means "Good morning," so we threw an extra "sen" in the missionary box, and felt, as the correspondent writes of the birthday party,—it was good to be there.

JAPANESE METHODS OF WORK CRUDE AS IN DAYS OF DAWN OF HISTORY.

Kyoto, Japan.

To-night the great city of Kyoto, the ancient capital, in the heart of the country, is dark and silent, marking the close of the great day, the anniversary of the birthday of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, the Son of Heaven. There was not much noise, the Japanese are not boisterously noisy, but the flag, the white banner with the blood red center, was before every home or shop, whose owner loves his country, and the lid was down as tight as in a country village after a temperance crusade.

Coming here we made our first long jump by rail. It is 311 miles from Yokohama to Kyoto, and we came from Kodsu, 30 miles this side of Yokohama in one ride. From Kodsu we had gone ten miles by snails' electric, then walked up hill four miles (only ladies ride), to Miyanoshita, where there are many famous sights, including what is called "little hell" and "big hell." To view these wonders we went via lake Ha-ko-ne, a beautiful body of water on a plateau 5,000 feet high, and the journey consisted

of a pedestrian trip of eighteen miles. The spots euphoniously called "hells" are on the site of an extinct volcano, and the place is full of big holes which emit noises somewhat like the supposed laments of the departed, and sulphuric vapors roll out which almost stifle one, before you can get out of the way.

This long rail trip gave us a good full day with the real people of Japan. We rode in the second class coach, a car about fifty feet long, seats running the long way from end to end, making two long rows of people, about twenty-five on a side. The train was full, about every seat taken in the ten cars. The seats are nicely upholstered, about two feet wide, as the Japanese squat on them, instead of sitting up like we do, and when there is room they stretch out full length and sleep. It was a through express, very little stopping or coming or going. There was a dining car, but almost everybody had lunch along or bought it at stops, queer little square boxes containing rice, vegetables and fish, accompanied by the inevitable pot of tea. The Japanese drink tea like the French do wine, the Germans beer, the Scotch whisky. We watched them open the little boxes, wipe off the new chop sticks, and deftly eat, then drink the tea, then light the little pipes or cigarettes and puff. All the men and boys, and almost all the women smoke. The car represented all Japan, and Japan is in many respects just like any other country. The babies

were cute, the young boys and girls were active and restless, the lovers held hands on the sly, the old ladies looked over the whole bunch and chatted, the men smoked and talked and looked wise. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." If we smiled at them, they got even smiling at us, for in spite of their politeness we certainly did amuse them when we opened our boxes of lunch, put up for us at the hotel, and began to eat, without smoking or drinking tea, and handling sandwiches without chopsticks.

On our long mountain walk, our guide, seeing my evident distress at an exceedingly high climb, pointed at me and inquired: "How much pound?" When I told him two hundred and held up two fingers to make it plain, it was too much for him. He politely turned his back and laughed and laughed, until, as Whitcomb Riley would say, "he 'most busted his gizzard," and so we resumed our journey, he looking at me ever and anon, like a small boy looking at a monster in the circus. The Japanese are a little folk, very few two hundred pound monsters among them. Many times we have seen them watching our party, studying our clothing, our manner, our general ensemble, and, of course, thinking how foolish and simple some people who know no better, can dress and act.

We came through the heart of Japan. The scenery was fine, now and then a glimpse

of the sacred mountain, Fujiyama, always snow-capped, a giant pyramid against the clouds; valley and hill and mountain-side planted, or crop being harvested. It is a land of hard hand work, crude as in the days of the dawn of history. Few horses, a few oxen, men, women and children laboring the old way with flail for threshing, sickle for cutting, here and there an ox hitched to a stick of wood for a plow but mostly clumsy mattox or hoe. People haul by hand carts, and carry packs on their backs, every kind of work the hardest way. There are many people, and, although it costs less than ten cents a day to live, still there must be work for all, and by the crude methods employed many hands are needed.

Kyoto is the old city, and was the capital of the Empire for a thousand years, still retaining some of her former greatness, for here are many famous temples and somewhat more refinement than in newer places. Kyoto was founded in A. D. 794 and only lost the capital in 1869 when Tokyo triumphed over her. The population is almost 400,000. There are many places of interest, much to see and do here, but we do not expect to write of it all, only a little as we go along, which may convey some idea of this people, small in stature, comparatively small in population and land area, yet of such peculiar quality and strength that the future may multiply them exceedingly, and make of

them, as the Lord promised to do of Ishmael, a great nation.

We found the foreign missionaries courteous and kind, given to hard work at poor pay, and full of hope, and may write of their work some other time.

IN OSAKA, A CITY OF A MILLION PEOPLE—THE PITTSBURG OF JAPAN.

After a visit of one week at the ancient and honorable town of Kyoto, where once the great Shoguns held sway and ruled the four principal islands making up Japan, and where still eighty-four temples, erected to Buddhism and Shintoism, stand as silent representatives of a great past and houses of invocation for streams of adherents of those faiths, we came to Osaka, "the Pittsburg of Japan," the great manufacturing and commercial city of the land.

She is not a seaport but is near Kobe, which is on the Inland Sea, and which ranks next to Yokohama as a seaport town, but Osaka is full of business. Being such a business and manufacturing place, and containing about a million inhabitants, tourists do not usually come here. Hence when they do come they cut a swell. Imagine dashing through narrow streets in a jinrikisha, with fifty or sixty "kids" running after, calling in their native tongue what we learned was, "see the western people, see the foreigners." Alighting in another part of the

city to visit a temple, we became aware, as we walked along, of an increasing company, and found some sixty or eighty people, going along with us, looking at our party of four people, two men and two women, with great amusement, especially were they gleeful at the ladies' hats, which probably appeared to them fearfully and wonderfully made. Osaka is on the Yodogawa river, and there are many bridges. Over four hundred years ago a very famous Shogun built a castle here, long the strongest and grandest in the empire, and it still stands, for they build to last over here, across from the Imperial mint, where they knock out money from gold and silver very much like they do in San Francisco.

Japan is a curious mixture of the old and the new. In their farming and country town manufacturing they are way back two thousand years. Indeed, one often thinks of the pastoral incidents related in the Bible, as you pass along and see them reaping with a sickle, and winnowing the grain by hand. They really "glean" in the fields, and bring in their sheaves, apparently rejoicing, for they work early and late, for small conpensation, and do not complain. Again, they have at odd and unexpected places, every convenience that electrical machinery can supply. But it must not be a land of machine work, for with only four times the area of Ohio and ten times the population, how can the people live, or what shall they do

if machinery comes into use like it is in America?

This great city of Osaka has miles of little stores and shops and on the outskirts many large manufacturing plants. It is also somewhat the artistic and literary center. Just now their great actor is lying dead in the city. He was a politician—a reformer, and like many another who would lead the people to their own, was misunderstood and repudiated. He turned actor, to reform the stage, but was a failure until he went abroad, even to America, where he was received with great applause, so returning home in triumph was welcomed, but alas, soon to hear no more criticism or applause.

For those who may be interested in geography, we will say that we left home on August 24, for Lima, Chicago, Denver, Colorado Springs, Durango, Colo.; back to Antonito, then on to Santa Fé, N. M.; Williams, Arizona; Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, Cal.; San Francisco, then sailed October 4th, to Honolulu, Yokohama, Enoshima, Kamakura, Nikko, Lake Chuzenji, Tokyo, Miyanoshita, Hakone Lake, Kyoto, Lake Biwa, Arima Hot Springs, Osaka, and will go on to Kobe, Miyajima, Shimonoseki, Moji, Nagasaki, from where we sail November 16, for Shanghai, China.

It is a pleasant land to travel in, the people are very polite, smart and quick to catch your meaning. There are enough people scattered

around who know enough of the English language to keep one from getting lost, and not enough to let you forget that you are in the empire of the little brown man, so lately unknown in the world, now so well known and a world power. We have met him at every turn almost, and he rather grows on you, but like us all, he is good and bad, has much to learn and much to unlearn. We will study him and write some more.

LEAVE FAMOUS ISLES OF JAPAN TO VISIT NEW REPUBLIC OF CHINA.

Nagasaki, Japan.

We arrived in Japan on the 21st of October and will sail away from her hospitable shores this evening, November 16th, for the famous chicken town in the land of revolution, Shanghai, China. We came in at Yokohama, the far eastern port, and go out at Nagasaki, the extreme western port, a distance of 752 miles as the crow flies, but we went zig-zag and by byways, making a more extended journey, covering the country fairly well, except in undeveloped extremes.

Our last letter was written from Osaka, the commercial metropolis of Japan, only twenty miles distant from Kobe, the Inland Sea city, next visited after Osaka. Kobe is the largest shipping port in the Empire of Japan, exceeding even Yokohama. It is a typical Japanese city of about 300,000 population, but being such

a stopping place for ships that pass by day as well as night, is somewhat cosmopolitan in character.

The Inland Sea is an arm of the ocean, that splits Japan between Shimonoseki and Moji, running beyond Kobe, being from eight to forty miles wide, studded with numerous islands, great and small, and has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful and tranquil bodies of water in all this world of beauty. We rode by rail half a day along the shore, and stopped when the sun went down at Miyajima where we took sampan for a visit to the sacred island of the same queer name—Miyajima. It is not only one of the special beauty spots of the empire, but it has for a thousand years or more been very sacred, on account of its long sacred history.

Three daughters of a Shinto God lived here ages ago, and where a crow rested by special dispensation, a temple was built, and is there now, one of the largest in Japan. A black horse turned white, long ago; and still they have in the temple, a sacred white horse, which we had the pleasure of feeding a small dish of barley to at our own expense. But for all the extreme sacredness of the island, it is indeed one of the world's scenic beauty spots, and from the green mountain tops you see the sea, in all her beauty, dotted with every queer style of water craft builded since Noah made the Ark, and filled it with a cosmopolitan and picturesque list of passengers,

From Miyajima we made a long jump to Shimonoseki, accompanied by the youngest son of the son of heaven, Prince Fushimi, Jr., who was going as the Imperial Representative to the coronation of the King of Siam, at Bangkok. The Prince had his own private car, adjoining the coach we occupied, and he was accompanied by a crowd of soldiers and secretaries and attendants. As we passed the towns the national colors were displayed, bigbug citizens and soldiers stood uncovered as the train passed, and when the train would stop and a bigbug would send in his card the Prince would appear at the window and bow, and the bigbug would bow and bow and then some more. Although we all stopped at the same hotel at Shimonoseki the Prince got away from us, and somehow put off for Sasebo, where he boarded the armored cruiser Ibuni. He is thirty years old, and a captain in the Imperial navy, and until recently in command of the battleship Asahi.

From Shimonoseki we next day crossed the sea by ferry, about two miles, to Moji, where we took the train for Nagasaki, which is the first or the last, according to whether you are coming or going, and the 163 miles took all day on the local, for you can't see a country traveling at night, nor shooting through by express; besides, they have only local trains on that line.

Nagasaki has a population of something over 150,000, is on the island of Kyushu. This

was about all the world knew of Japan in the olden time. A matter of historical interest is the fact that here in 1637 thousands of Christians were thrown from the cliffs on their refusal to trample on the cross. We visited the strange little fishing town of Mogi, where in that old barbarous time, 37,000 Christians died defending their faith and themselves. Christianity was crushed, all foreigners expelled; but time opened the gates; there are very few foreigners residing at Nagasaki at this time.

In the Japanese mixing of the old and the new they have taken somewhat to the English language and of course make some strange combinations. We saw a sign, "Goods milk squeezed by veterinary company." The polite head waiter bows low as he says, "Good evenings." The train boy says, "We get Nagasaki seven times." The jinrikisha boy points to the new sanitarium, and says, "No him make sick."

Everybody is so very polite, bows so low and so often, that we feel somewhat embarrassed in trying to keep up our end. The people are not only polite to strangers, but are polite and kind to each other. The 'rikisha boys never scrap over a customer, but let you choose, each doubtless hoping for the job. They always turn to the left in town or country, and are very careful to give the road, no running against or over anything or anybody, but we have almost jumped out some two thousand

times as an opposite wheel was passed about an inch, or we went around a corner and missed running over eight or more hundred children by some two inches.

When we estimated Japan as four times the size of Ohio, with ten times the population, we neglected to say that the per cent. of mountain and water is certainly very much more than in Ohio, and we doubt if the real usable part of the land in Japan exceeds one hundred thousand square miles. Such being the case it follows that the land is closely used, more closely even than in Italy. Terrace after terrace on the mountain side and planted almost as far as the mountain extends, and little patches by angling roadsides, every bit of land must do its share toward food stuffs for fifty millions of people.

We do not yet understand the climate; the nights and mornings seem cool, the middle of the day quite warm, and we see the farmers sowing and reaping at the same time. This is the middle of November, yet vegetables are growing green on the hillside, while the rice is being cut on the bottom lands. The price of land of course runs high, from $500 to $1,000 per acre; while the holdings are very small, in a majority of cases only about one acre. Think of making a living for a family off of one acre of land. But they keep no stock, only a few horses here and there, and some cattle which they use to plow with. No use-

less dogs or cats. They have no barns, as they have no need of them, and the average house in the country and many of the villages is a poor shack of clay or bamboo or both. The land produces two crops a year mostly, one of barley and one of rice. The people eat rice generally, and fish, as the waters are rich in fish, and a blessing it surely is. Wages are ridiculously low, only a few cents a day, and yet the manager of the Y. M. C. A. at Kobe told me that the labor was so inefficient that in their new building the labor cost, while very low a day per man, bore about the same proportion to the total cost as it would in Ohio.

Up at Shimonoseki we fell in with some Korean missionaries, who were kind enough to outline the present condition of the one time hermit kingdom. The country is cold, undeveloped, the people are mostly poor and ignorant. We had the pleasure of seeing some of them at Moji. They are certainly a circus at first sight, with their white dirty clothes, baggy trousers, and stove-pipe-framework-postage-stamp-hats. The missionaries say they are rapidly coming to Christianity, much more rapidly than the Japanese, and they have great faith and hope that in the years to come, through Christianity, the people and the country will reach happier and better days.

This is the last letter from old Japan. We have only said a little, after all, as we write at odd times and places,

China

THE NEW REPUBLIC—CHINA.

SHANGHAI, THE NATURAL GATEWAY TO CHINA, CITY OF A MILLION PEOPLE.

Shanghai, China.

China is in the midst of a great revolution now, the south against the north, Canton and Hankow against Peking and Tientsin. The Manchu dynasty may be overthrown. There are only 17,000,000 Manchus and over 400,000,000 Chinese, so the cry is, China for the Chinese, out with the parasites—the Manchus of the north. We have too much to write of peoples, and countries, and customs to fill our letters with the problems of world politics, but this is the generation of those who seek the light, and the people shall be brought to their own in good time, regardless of name or nation.

Going about the world corrects one's geography, or rather emphasizes facts that were not thought much about. For instance, the distance from Nagasaki, Japan, to Shanghai, China, is only four hundred and fifty miles, and so the impress of old China is all over Japan, the very Japanese language is rooted in the Chinese, just as the English is rooted in

the Greek and Latin; so when a scholar would learn the roots of a Japanese word, he turns to the Chinese.

There are many Chinese scattered all over Japan, and in spite of their war being only fifteen years away, they get along together very well. Shanghai is a city of about a million inhabitants, on the river Whangpoo. We crossed from Nagasaki, Japan, through the China Sea, which is of course only an arm of the Pacific Ocean, sailed into the mouth of the mighty Yang-tse-kiang, where we anchored, and took lighter twelve miles in on the Whangpoo river for the city of Shanghai. This city, owing to its position as a natural gateway, is called the New York of the East, but in its cosmopolitan and gay makeup is more often known as the Paris of the East. Along the Bund (the main street facing the water front is called the Bund all over the East) Shanghai has much the appearance of an American or European city, as the large commercial companies and banking corporations have erected very elegant and commodious buildings all along; but of the million people only about 16,000 are foreigners, so when you step from the Bund or off the Bubbling Well Road (where the foreigners live), you are in sure enough China.

There are two parts to the city, one known as the foreign settlement, the other the native city. As our interest was in the Chinese at

home. Conducted by three guides, one ahead and two behind, we visited the native walled city. There are gates through high stone arches, the gates being closed at sun-down so that none can pass or re-pass; the streets are very narrow; no jinrikishas or carriages permitted, so every one goes afoot, and all burdens of goods are carried on the backs of the people. It had been raining, which increased the mud in the narrow, dirty and crowded streets. Dirty beggar children swarmed around, carriers jostled us aside, street peddlers shouted their wares, people looked at us with amused astonishment. We visited many tea houses, very old, celebrated and dirty, crowded with men, reading the papers and excitedly discussing the rebellion. Shanghai was taken by the rebels only two days before. We were shown many famous palaces where lived in other days the great Mandarins, where the carving of wood and stone were elaborate and old. We visited a native school in session, where the children were all studying out loud and making a clatter like a regiment of cavalry riding over a wooden bridge. Here was a place of great commotion, soldiers all around, coolies running about, carriages, which took up the whole street, dashing in and out, revolution headquarters.

One has no idea of what density of population means until visiting one of these crowded Eastern cities. There were people everywhere,

numerous as gnats or flies. Eating, drinking, talking, smoking, working, reading, jumbled all in a heap, they surround you, swarm about you; little stores so full of people there is hardly room for the goods, all kinds of goods. They say Chinese native cities are all alike, and if you see one you see all. If so, they are all dirty, streets narrow, badly paved, crowded, ill-smelling. In unexpected places you find beautiful wood carving, filigree work, fine brasses, elegant pottery, intricate carved ivory. The big "Joss" house—the house of worship—was crowded with petitioners, women mostly, whose men were in the war. They clasped their hands and prostrated themselves in the dirt before the wooden images, which are ugly, dirty and completely inartistic.

After several hours in this old Chinese native city, during which we drank tea and ate peanuts (when we had to), we were conducted out of one of the many gates in the wall, but it is doubtful if we could have gotten out if not conducted, for it was such another maize as exists only in old Chinese cities.

A large part of central China is flat and level; no roads, only paths, roads take too much room, and besides everything is carried. The soil is very fertile, but the population is so dense, means of working it so antiquated, that the people are poor, and wages as low as four cents a day. The country is all cut up with canals, which are the means of transpor-

tation, and which carry off the surplus water. The canals and rivers are kept in bank by dykes, and when the rivers or canals fill up with drift, instead of cleaning them out and deepening the channel they make the dykes higher, which of course eventually brings the river bottoms above the land; then when the floods come and the dykes break the whole country is flooded. China suffers fearfully from these floods. The crops are ruined, the little mud homes of the people are swept away. When the waters subside those who were not drowned or who have not starved to death, return and reconstruct the hut, plant another crop, and so go on, over and over again.

The Chinaman is smart and quick. He is a natural gambler. Coming over on the Pacific, on the boats in the China Sea, in their business places or tea houses, wherever you see him he is likely to be gambling or watching a game. Any old game goes with him. He is a good winner and a game loser. We have seen ragged, dirty Chinese place a hundred dollars on the turn of the wheel and never wink when it went against them. The basis of the money is the Mexican dollar, worth 48 cents. It is issued in notes of one, five and ten dollars and upwards, silver dollars, and 20, 10 and 5 cent pieces. The Chinese cash is a copper coin with a square hole in the center, worth 1000 to the gold dollar, or ten for a cent. Only Chinese use this small coin.

The Chinaman is not squeamish about death; he buys his coffin as soon as he can afford it and keeps it handy, usually taking it along when he travels. Life is not so rich and sweet to him, nor the grave so dark and cold, that he should cling to one, or fear the other.

We have been much disappointed in not being permitted to make our Peking-Hankow trip, but will go from Shanghai to Hongkong, from which city we will, if possible, make a run or two up into the country.

A friend was telling me of being lately on a boat up the pirate infested West river among a lot of ugly Chinese, and he inquired aloud if there was anybody around from the States, who could talk English. He was rejoiced to hear this response—"yis, begorra, it's meself that can talk English, and it's meself that is from the State of Ireland, divil a bit nade you be afraid with meself aboard."

HONGKONG IS NOT A CITY—JUST AN ISLAND IN THE CHINA SEA.

Hongkong.

Did you know that Hongkong is not a city at all, but an island in the China Sea, and that the city on Hongkong island is Victoria, a town of over 320,000 inhabitants, over 300,000 of them being Chinese, the rest of all nations on earth? Well, that is the way of it, anyway. After notifying friends not to write us at

Shanghai, we went there, and then came here. At the end of the opium war, Great Britain finally succeeded in taking this island, including twenty-two miles on all sides of it, from China, and has since made a regular Gibraltar of it; that is, a fortified harbor and from the high sloping hills the big guns command the sea for many miles, while at night great search lights throw big streams of light across the water from opposite sides, so that no unknown craft can enter the harbor at any time. The island is eleven miles long, and two to five miles broad, a monster rock thrown up in the sea, on which there is little soil. The British have built a fine city here, some splendid houses dotting the hillsides, while from the peaks, which rise to a height of 2,000 feet, there is a magnificent view of the surrounding China Sea, dotted with many little stony islands. Beyond to the south stretches the Pacific Ocean, whose waters wash so many nations of this earth. Hongkong is the third largest shipping port in the world, our own New York being the largest. Here is where the Chinese political refugees are assembled, where neither Manchu nor Rebel can apprehend them. The talk is all of the war, and its outcome, and the future of China. I could write you some very good "copy" about the war, as I have had some exceptional advantages to obtain inside information, but by the time it would reach you

by mail, the cable would make it ancient history. There are only two possible outcomes of the war—first, a republic; or second, a constitutional monarchy, with the present reigning house, known as the Manchus, almost, if not entirely, eliminated. This big country, containing one-quarter of all the people of the earth, has been held back, while other nations of less size and strength, have gone forward; but the time has come for a change, and this civil war will bring it about, no matter how it ends.

Hongkong island really has half a million population, counting those who live on the water. The Chinese have their own part of the city, and it is a regular Chinese metropolis, narrow streets, little shops, crowded houses, and much dirt in the poorer quarters. The people whose homes are on the water, flock around the Chinese Bund in the daytime, and like water rats, scoot for the sea whenever they want to.

The weather has been quite warm here, indeed, it is never cold enough for frost, being a sort of a dividing point between the tropical south and the cooler north. Flowers and palms grow luxuriantly on the hillside, where there is any soil, while the gnarled and spreading banyan tree throws graceful shade and drops its hanging shoots, which, taking root again in the soil, scatter one tree over a large space, seemingly supporting the branches by poles.

Ships going to America from the Philippines, the Straits Settlement, Siam, Java, Ceylon, Calcutta, Burmah and numerous other places, all stop at Hongkong, while the shipping from America, Japan, Northern China, going south and west, call at this port, so its location for business is excellent. From here we made our excursions to Canton, the great Chinese city, and Macao, the old city of the Portuguese, while waiting for our boat and getting ready to invade the equator city, Singapore, and the extension of the Netherlands—the Dutch East Indies.

CHINESE TO ESTABLISH A FREE COUNTRY ON OLD BENIGHTED SOIL.

China Sea.

Sailing between Shanghai and Hongkong, on the China Sea, the thought came that perhaps it might interest you to have a word about the revolution in China—the great civil war that now concerns one-quarter of all the people on the earth, who live in the oldest empire in the world—from one who almost heard the echo of the fighting, who has been staying less than two hundred miles from where the armies were massing for the critical conflict. As it will take about four weeks for this letter to reach you, what I have to write will be ancient history to you, via cable, and a new republic—the republic of China—will be born by that time, unless

events transpire more slowly than now expected.

Forty years ago should you have asked any American citizen the cause of the civil war, you would have had to listen to a long story, and in the end been somewhat mystified. It is not easy to understand the long drawn-out politics of a nation, and whether you live north or south, may color the argument. So in this crisis in China. But three main points are plain and sufficient for outside understanding of some of the causes of the war.

About two hundred and seventy years ago the Manchus of the north, by a war of revolution, overthrew the ancient Ming dynasty and established the dynasty of the Manchus, Tatsing, the present emperor's name being Pu Yi. The last emperor and dowager died suddenly and did not nominate a successor, as the law gave them power to do, so Prince Chun, the dead emperor's brother, by intrigue, had his infant son appointed, now about seventeen years old. Prince Chun, the boy emperor's father, has really been the emperor. This, of course, has been a continual cause of dissatisfaction, although irregularity of succession has been about as common in China as in European monarchies.

That the Manchus, who number a paltry seventeen million, and come from the extreme north, should govern a nation of four hundred million people, and that power gained origin-

ally by a revolutionary war, upsetting the established line, has always been a disturbing element in China politics, and all the rest of the country has been anti-Manchu ever since, only waiting until a time, when the opportunity would present itself to upset this Manchu dynasty, and re-establish the old Ming dynasty, who were the rightful rulers by the voice of nine-tenths of the people. No settlement will ever stop this civil war that does not dispossess the Manchus from power. This is main cause number one, and really all the rest do not much matter.

The rule of the Manchus has been cruel, crafty, bloodthirsty, domineering, full of treachery, dishonesty and graft. The people have been loyal only to China, not to the Government. Mutterings have been constant and loud at misrule and oppression. The government has promised reforms and not made them, virtually fooled the people time and again, and they have finally tired of it, ceased to respect or trust the crown and court and like the French of the revolution, they have risen in might and strength to assert their rights. To be a revolutionist in China has meant what it meant in England in Cromwell's time, in France in the Bourbon's time, in America in Patrick Henry's time, in Germany in 1848. It takes courage and faith and hope, and unselfish devotion to a great cause for the good of the

country and future generations. This might be called war cause number two.

What we know as the spirit of liberty is as natural to the heart of humanity as the joy of life, the hope of a hereafter, the fear of death. The aspiration to be free is not confined to any particular people, but is a general aspiration, dormant under necessity, but ever ready to spring to action and life when hope of accomplishment is possible. In all these generations of imperial rule and misrule there have been those in this old China empire who hoped and wished for freedom, a government of, for and by the people. The sentiment has spread and grown, has been fostered by misrule and hard times and misfortune, until now a revolution comes whose real idea is democracy—the rule of the people. Think of it—in old China. This might be called reason for war number three. Either reason of the three main ones enumerated might be sufficient to cause a revolution, but altogether they make a formidable arraignment of existing conditions—self evident reasons for a change.

Day after to-morrow the republic is to be promulgated. The delegates are now assembling at Shanghai, from the provinces—fourteen out of eighteen have gone over to the revolutionists, and the other four are expected to soon. The entire navy is in the hands of the rebels. Yesterday while at Shanghai, they told me of the immense number of soldiers who were being

sent to the front every day from all parts of the empire. A desperate battle is impending at Nanking, 160 miles up the Yangtze river from Shanghai, for the imperialists are not without strength of men and arms, "and don't tell me," said a man to me yesterday, "that the Chinese won't fight, for I was at Hankow and saw the big battle, and it was desperate, and the dead and wounded were like leaves. No one will ever know how many were killed on either side, or the number engaged, for Chinese statistics are not reliable, but it was a big and bloody battle."

It is the general opinion of those with whom I have talked, and that includes a conversation with one of national reputation and on the inside, that the imperial house is doomed, the people will win, the republic will be established, and China will be free—will wake from her long slumber to better and nobler days—will in the near future be numbered among the great and powerful nations of the earth. The people have the power, the strength, the leaders, the wisdom, to establish on old benighted Chinese soil a government for all the people.

Yesterday I fell in with a gentleman of very wide knowledge of Chinese affairs, and asked him about the matter of the railroad concession given the late Senator Calvin S. Brice. He said the concession was granted after much opposition, to build a railroad from Canton to Hankow, a distance of about 600 miles. Mr. Brice,

he thought, really intended to build the road, and entered the contract in good faith, but for some unknown reason, was compelled to give up his contract to a syndicate of which our Mr. J. P. Morgan was the head. The road was never built. It cost the Chinese government $2,700,000 for the work done (really less than $700,000 has been expended), and $4,000,000 more to get the concession contract back, and altogether it is considered a "raw deal" from America. Just who to blame my informant does not know, but he is inclined to exonerate Brice, blame Morgan, and insinuate that without some support from Uncle Sam, Mr. Morgan would not have helped himself to so much hard earned Chinese money. The Belgians built the North Peking-Hankow railroad, but it was also taken over by the government. Had the Brice-Morgan road been constructed from Canton to Hankow, and then joined to the Peking-Hankow road, making a line 1400 miles long through one of the world's most natural gardens, more thickly populated than any other like territory of earth, they could not have run cars enough to haul the people or the freight. But this deal, which in Chinese politics is considered a "scandal," has knocked out all foreign concessions, and the Chinese will hereafter build their own railroads, or let them go unbuilt, which will be the way until this civil war is over.

CANTON A PERFECT LABYRINTH OF NARROW, CROWDED AND DIRTY STREETS.

Canton, China.

American travelers who had planned an extensive trip through China, entering at the north via Korea, where the great wall comes down to the sea, thence south through Peking and Tientsin by rail to Hankow, thence east down the Yangtsze river to Shanghai, have been compelled to change their plans this year on account of the Civil war. It was something of a risk to enter China at all, for, as our friend Bret Harte said, "The Chinese are peculiar."

But after a visit to Shanghai, where we made the complete rounds of the old city, we determined to visit Canton if possible. So we left Hongkong at 10 o'clock, p. m., on a river boat, running through the China Sea twenty miles, then into the Pearl river, and when the sun appeared "who brings all wanderers safe," we were nearing the ancient metropolis of the real Chinese, the great city of Canton, whose numbers are variously estimated at from two to four millions.

Long before reaching the city the river life is all about; the people who pass their lives on the water, in little sampans and junks, which they call home, where life, and love, and death, and joy and sorrow chase each other all along the brief journey from the cradle to the grave. The earth is indeed crowded hereabouts when

these poor creatures have not the land to tread upon, but must live always upon the restless, turbulent water.

A few years ago there was a great fire in the "red light" district of Canton, and some six hundred helpless souls were burned to death, and their bodies thrown into the river (one spoke to me of it who saw the gruesome sight), since which time many of the "red light" people have taken to living on the river, to join the innumerable colonies already there, of good and bad.

Anchoring about seven o'clock, the river at the city presented a scene as active as a bee-hive, or an ant hill kicked over—all manner of craft, big and little, very old and very new, shooting across and around, dashing through and by in bewildering maizes. Such swarms of coolies seeking a job to help in unloading the boats coming in. They met us in sampans and were up the sides and on the lower deck as agile as monkeys—and many of them young girls.

We watched one load of eight girls, who were out of their sampans and into our boat like squirrels scurrying to cover. The guides presented themselves having been arranged for from Hongkong. Our guide, whose family have been guides for ages and now controls the business at Canton, had his education in English at Hongkong, and was a "blood red republican" a la Tom Dunstan, so long so sure

that "freedom's ahead." Alas, for the English workingman, of whom Tom was the prophet, he claims liberty is still somewhat "ahead."

There are no 'rickshas in Canton, no horses, no carriages. The locomotion is by Sedan chairs. These are narrow. Three coolies, one ahead and two behind, walk tandem, but the streets are so narrow that only a single line of pedestrians can pass at the same time, and the person coming carrying a load must dodge into a store front so that the chairs can pass. The coolies have remarkable skill in turning corners and calculating distances, but keep yelling like Comanche Indians at a war dance.

And so, shooting around and across dirty old Canton we followed as our guide led the way. After breakfast at the hotel in the Shameen (a small island in the heart of the city, now a British concession, entered by guarded gates, through which no Chinese are allowed to pass), the guide has a number of "stunts," which include the principal points of interest in the city, bringing you up ever and anon to the store of a friend, where goods are very cheap. One gets used to this part of the game, and indeed Canton linen and embroidery, so celebrated in all the world, is marvelously cheap at home. The kingfisher feather workers, rice paper painters, edible bird's-nest shops, numerous pagodas and temples, ancestral houses, temple of horrors, execution grounds (no more, in

the new government shall such cruelty be practised, says the guide), water clock, temples of the god of literature, of the queen of heaven, of the 500 genii, from one to another were visited and sometimes we were followed by dozens of begging children, often at the temples by crowds of old women beggars who thrust their baskets before us.

We encountered crowds and crowds of excited citizens reading war bulletins, while one, with a loud voice, read and explained the tidings for those who could not read or see for the throngs.

Entering the city from the river front there is a labyrinth of narrow, crowded, dirty streets, and a stranger would be hopelessly lost in ten minutes. The Chinaman, like another, likes a little more land, and when his house burns or falls down he puts it up again a few inches farther out, and this system carried on for ages, on both sides of the street has resulted in the houses now being but a few feet apart, so that above an awning is hung up, which keeps out both rain and sun (they never have snow), and there are many streets in the old city that, like Bonnivard in Chillon prison on Lake Leman, "have not seen the sun for years."

An idea of the sanitary condition of the city is gained from the fact that they have absolutely no sewerage system, no water works, using wells and the muddy water of the river, and that each householder throws his filth into

the streets, to be gathered by scavangers or left, as the case may be. It is all a great monstrous conglomeration of uneducated, poverty-stricken humanity—in spite of a national life that runs into the fog banks of history; in spite of putting for ages a premium on Confucian learning; in spite of being the metropolis of one of the largest and most fertile lands on earth, whose beautiful valleys respond ever to the touch of the husbandman, whose rivers as they flow to the sea are not only picturesque as they gently wind along, but furnish the means of irrigation whereby water is brought to the thirsty soil, innumerable canals being available for travel, for land is too precious for roads, as all burdens not transported by canal are carried on the shoulders of the people.

In spite of all this and more, this great mass of the Chinese people have groveled along for all these ages, not changing nor wishing to change their customs. But among the mass there are rich and great and aristocratic and learned—those who by fortune of birth or talent or inheritance have special privileges, who have much of comfort and even luxury, whose manners are cultivated, whose learning is comprehensive and modern. These are the comparatively few. The great mass of the people are unlearned and poor and their lives have little of compensation. But it will not always be. The red flag of rebellion, although bringing chaos for a season and murder and robbery and

danger to all, brings also hope of a brighter time, when these old customs shall pass away in China as they have elsewhere, and democracy shall triumph, as in the last analysis of government, it alone can bring prosperity and happiness to the people.

When the shadows of the many miles of old wall that encloses Canton were sprawling on the ground, we left the naked children playing in the shade, and through the labyrinth again we were conducted to the place from whence we came, stopping only near the old wall to pluck a spring of acacia (that emblem of immortality to all the people everywhere), and reaching the river ship we floated down the placid waters, along whose banks the red flag waved from every boat and house.

Happily was the fact unknown to us that only a little distance away, on the same river, a boat like ours was boarded by river pirates, who have never been exterminated on this river, and after a battle in which one of the crew and several of the pirates were killed, the passengers were robbed. And when we found that the best informed had given out word several days before we went, that foreigners should not go to Canton, we were glad to ship away and come to "La Petite Monte Carlo;" that is the Portuguese city of Macao (pronounced Macow).

GAMBLING CRAZE AND OPIUM THE TWO CURSES OF CHINA.

Macao.

It was five o'clock by the big sign hung out from the water clock at Canton, when our boat moved away from the old Chinese city. Innumerable craft filled the river. Such a medley of sampans, junks, launches, skiffs, etc., is not found elsewhere, big and little. How they can dodge each other, day and night (for at night many house boats come to anchor in the water near the city, and the open space in the river becomes but a narrow lane), is a mystery.

The land on either side, as we passed down the Pearl river, is somewhat flat; on one side, back a few miles, is a range of foothills and between are orchards. China is denuded of timber, except in the extreme north, for land is precious, closely farmed, and "every foot of ground maintains its man," as our Irish friend, Goldsmith, who has this long time been sitting on a bronze horse in Sackville street, Dublin, would say. Even the pagodas, erected to conciliate the gods, though many storied (always of uneven numbers), are placed on stony and unfertile elevations, so veneration is not unthrifty. The rice crop is all harvested. It was quite good this year. We passed miles of rice fields and many villages on the river side. Those big square stone houses in the center of each village are the pawn shops—we would

call them safe deposit companies' warehouses, for the pirate and robber, the marauding band of looters may come at any time, and those who have goods of value put them in the pawn shops. The keepers are of a guild so old, so strong, that they can and will protect property; for to suffer loss would be a disgrace unthinkable, only removed by death.

There were very few passengers on the boat. We were not wise enough to know that the prudent had ceased to travel on the Pearl river. But as we turned in for the night we felt like the Irishman who fell from the twentieth story building and said to himself as he passed each window in descending, "All right yet."

We were bound for Macao, which we reached toward morning, and such another racket on our arrival (the Chinese are very noisy at work or play), coolies yelling, running around with their little paper lanterns like lightning bugs, of which the poet says:

The lightning bug is a tiny bug, but he is not hard to find;
For he comes a flying around at night, with his headlight on behind.

We are told in sacred and other history that the Phœnicians were a sea-faring people, yet the record gives them no further discoveries than the north of Africa, where they founded the ill-fated Carthagenia.

The Portuguese, of whom you hear much in Europe and the East, got farther from home, and established the first European footing in China. Here, forty miles west of Hongkong, came the adventurous Portuguese in 1557, planted the flag of their then prosperous imperial country, and here they are still. Long paying rent to China, for Macao is a peninsula of the district of Heung Shan, in the province of Kwong Fung, they finally asserted ownership by long possession, and their claim was finally, after much dispute, allowed. Macao is well known throughout the east as "Le Petite Monte Carlo." The principal businesses are gambling, opium boiling and conducting the big lottery and from the profits of these enterprises all public expenses and charities are paid, and many thousands of Mexican dollars are sent back to the now glorious republic of Portugal. Fan-tan is the game. Roulette was tried out, but found less exciting. The Chinese love fan-tan as the "Melican man" likes poker, and over this simple little game bend the idle population of Macao, and on Sundays, when the big steamers bring excursions from Hongkong, the thirty big "first-class gambling houses," as the signs announce, are inadequate for the throng of players. Fan-tan amounts to our old game of pulling matches. The croupier has a pile of new "cash" (Chinese new copper cents—about a pint), and after the bets are made he pushes out from the mass a

handful, which he pulls away again with a stick, four at a time. There is 1, 2, 3, or 0, left, and you win if you bet on the correct number left. It is very simple, and only a knowledge of the Chinese love for the uncertain, can make their love of it comprehensible. On the ships they like what we call "chuck-a-luck" better than roulette, yet I have seen hundreds won and lost by the dropping of the little ball in the roulette wheel, and with all the sangfroid of the blase roué at the table of the real Monte Carlo, that same by the beautiful blue Mediterranean, which the Scriptures call the Great Sea.

Macao is free, independent—hence wide open. Here they bring the juice of the stem of the poppy from India (not allowed longer to raise poppies in China), and boil it, and reduce it to a condition fit for smoking, and long lines of workmen are filling little boxes with opium, boxes holding about one and some two tablespoonfuls of the sleep producing narcotic for shipment—alas, all over the world—for where it is not allowed, it is smuggled in—even into our own blessed land. The population of Macao is 80,000, some 4,000 Portuguese and Oriental mixture, all of the rest Chinese. The Jesuit priests came here early and built with their own hands a famous church—San Paulo—whose façade, after three hundred years, stands

on a hilltop, a substantial and impressive memorial of good work and of the old times, for here now as in Portugal, all religious orders are suppressed.

All the beauty and interest of the world is not in situation, nor water of lake or river, nor land of mountain and valley, but the people, living and dead are the chief charm.

As one travels through Europe it is the memorials of her great men, statesmen, philosophers, inventors, poets, who lend the greatest charm to the land. Take the memory of the mighty dead from Ireland, Scotland, England, Germany, France and Italy and you could travel from Dan to Beersheba, crying all is barren.

So here in this old bit of Portugal, sticking out into the south China Sea, lived one of the spirit of the gods—a poet named Luz de Cameoz, born 1524, died 1580. Like many another poet his story is one of struggle and defeat. He lost his father and his fortune in youth, and was also unfortunate enough to fall in love, for which offense he was banished from his native city, Lisbon, by the imperious court. Love has been the torment of many poets' lives, from Tasso to Poe, and few others have escaped its ravages. "It has been the torment of my life," says ancient Baltazar. "What, are you on fire, too, you old haystack?" says the

groom, who says also his master walks in the rain for the same reason he eats no supper—he is in love, for love he avers "keeps the rain out better than a cloak, and serves for food and raiment."

Cameoz was banished to Macao, but banishment spelled opportunity, for here he wrote his Lusiads. The name comes from Lusus, the Latin name for Portugal. It celebrates the discovery of India, and the beauty and joy of his old home, Portugal, and has been translated into English, French, Spanish and Italian. Like the plow-boy poet, Burns, his literary labors secured for him a government job. Like many another genius he amassed a small fortune, lost it (his by shipwreck), and died in poverty and neglect, to be venerated in song and marble long after the flesh had cleaved from the bone, and the bones even returned to the dust from whence they came in the first place, as I have been reading in my German Bible.

Macao has often been the safe retreat of merchant or persecuted missionary.

Here died Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary in China.

Let me close this brief epistle with a tribute to Macao, which I copied from an old stone slab at the grave of Cameoz, closely following wording and punctuation:

SONNET TO MACAO.

Gem of the Orient ear and open sea,
  Macao that in thy lap and on thy breast
Hast gathered beauties all the loveliest
  When the sun smiles in his majesty.

The very clouds that top each mountain's crest
  Seem to repose there, lingering, lovingly
How full of grace the green catayon tree
  Bends to the breeze and now thy sands are prest.

With gentle waves which ever and anon
  Break their awakened furies on the shore
Were these the scenes that poet looked upon
  Whose lyre though known to fame knew misery more.

SINGAPORE THE STAR OF THE STRAITS.

Singapore.

The motley crowd that assembled at the wharf at Singapore to welcome our German ship's arrival from Hongkong, resembled somewhat the people of Van Amberg's circus, as they came to Lima along the Wapak road, in the days when the show grounds were just west of the old red brick school house. There were no animals on the wharf it is true, neither were there any in the great old show, except on the bills.

The Singapore welcoming crowd consisted of Arabs, Armenians, Persians, Cingalese, Turks, Portuguese, Johorites, Philippinos, Siamese, Annamese, Japanese, Chinese, Europeans, Javanese, Borneoreans, Eurasians, Ma-

lays and others too numerous to mention, and they were dressed from extreme comic opera apparel to all the glaring impudence of nothing.

The adults over here dress from the waist down, the "saxrong," or bright colored skirt being very popular for both men and women, making it difficult to tell which is which, while the children are sometimes dressed from the waist up, but often dispense with the useful formality of a "G" string, or blouse or hat, and go about "Just as they am, without one plea," as we used to sing in "big meeting."

Singapore is an island, off the extreme end of the Malay peninsula. It is about sixteen hundred miles from Hongkong. Sailing here the ship follows the contour of the land—the coast of Southern China, then Indo-China and Siam, through the South China Sea, to this town, the capitol of the British Straits Settlement.

As we came along through the thousand and one islands of the China Sea on the one side—beyond is the Pacific Ocean—the various coasts of Southern Asia were on the other—the weather began to get warmer, until a heavy rain, then it cooled off some, but warmed up again as we neared land, for Singapore is only sixty miles from the equator.

Singapore Island is twenty-eight miles long and fourteen miles wide, shaped like an egg, and in spots resembles that very good fruit

after a prolonged residence in cold storage, or a long-forgotten nest under the barn. The population is about 300,000, 72 per cent. Chinese and all the other nations of the earth the other per cent.; the Europeans numbering about four thousand. It is a great crossing point for the ships of the world, and the big harbor which will allow the largest liners to come right up to the wharf, is full all the time with water craft, commercial and military, and the sailors and tourists land and go to increase the diversity of the already supremely diversified hordes that swarm the streets, especially when "Old Sol" goes around to America, and those that love darkness rather than light come out to see and be seen, and make a living.

I am frank to say that it is no place to wander at night for prude or parson, or even perhaps for one whose grandfather or father was a preacher, unless he was born before the war and is traveling with his loved ones around him.

They have a measure of gaiety in Paris, some action in Berlin, lively times in parts of London, bright lights at Tokyo, music of the wierd sort at Canton, even parts of New York, Chicago and San Francisco being animated when evening should, but fails to, bring everybody home.

But warm-blooded Singapore rather leads for her size, being indescribably noisy, light, gay and wicked. Yet she is beautiful for situation.

The fine high buildings are on the water front with a back-ground of low green hills, surrounded on all sides by the luxuriant foliage of the tropics. If poor old Enoch Arden had been cast adrift upon this island he would not have had to sit under such a measley little palm tree, as he has always been represented, while waiting for a stray sail, but could have had his choice of a thousand with spreading branches, or cocoanut, banana or banyan trees, too numerous to mention, "à le vendue."

Three miles from the center of the city are the botanical gardens, and besides their luxuriant and brilliant growth even Honolulu resembles a corn field in Kansas after a hot wind.

From all lands they have gathered of bush and tree and flower all that would grow here, and planted them alongside of what was native —and how wonderful, for a tangle of luxuriant growth is the result. But when I saw, among the priceless orchids, the blessed little "johnny-jump-up" of the old pasture field—only in more regal strength and splendor—I felt to say as Ben Butler did when he reached the land where there were no reporters: "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." The Royal palm, the banyan, the cocoanut are the stately leaders of the imposing avenues of shade, and lining the drives and federating above, they are picturesque and pleasant, completely fulfilling one's long harbored idea of the tropics.

Life is lazy and the natives are indolent. The ladies chew the betel nut and the men smoke cigarettes. But the Chinese work—day and night ceaselessly—and they are the rich, too, here in Singapore, not poor down-trodden "wash-ee" men only.

Most of the big automobiles (Singapore is a paradise for automobiling), and many of the finest and smartest victorias that roll past the hotel contain Chinese. They came here early in the day, gobbled up much of the good land and promising situations and made money—somewhat the old story of "unearned increment."

About three hundred years ago seems to be about the time the west decided to appropriate these islands and little principalities—the time of the great missionary movement among the Jesuits—and the then great powers, the Dutch, Portuguese, French and English had a merry scrap, or series of scraps, about the divide, the native—the real owner—in the meantime smoking his cigarette and chewing his betel nut. The result was a sort of an allotment, in the last analysis, of the other fellow's property, in which the Dutch took Java; the French, Cochin-China; the Portuguese, Macao and a few other islands, and big John Bull took about all the balance. The governments are all local, under the suzerainties of some of the powers of Europe—for a tribute of trade.

Since the Spanish-American war our own land of the free is bossing some two thousand islands of this Malay archipelago—east of here—besides our burden of the West Indies, so criticism of the other powers would not be becoming for an American, under the present conditions.

It is not so dreadfully hot here as we expected it to be. White people can get along in fall and winter if they are careful in food and clothing. (We would recommend, for indoors, a thin suit of underclothing, full of pin holes and a pair of sockless slippers.)

For the street, men wear a union suit of thin underwear, duck trousers and high buttoned military coat of the same material, white shoes and socks, toupee hat—that is all. Sabe? Business or work of any kind should be done morning or evening, when a cool breeze usually springs up that is quite comfortable. We saw our first "punkah" here at the bank—the big sail fan that goes by native foot power. Tirelessly and lazily the native propels the rope on the pulley, and the big fans gracefully stir the air.

The native Malay is of medium height, not fat, but straight and graceful, very dark skinned, hair often curly. The men and women dress and look very much alike. When you study him in life, or in his history and products, in the elaborate Raffles museum here, you can understand that, in many respects, he

resembles the North American Indian, allowing for differences in environment and climate. In tools, utensils, war weapons, religious appliances and amusements, customs of marriage and burial, they are near enough alike to have had a common origin or communication some time in the unnumbered ages of the long past. He is not much more of a farmer either, for this ancient island, so crowded with people, is no more than half under cultivation and much of that in easily growing fruits, such as cocoanuts. The chief articles of export are tin, gambier, gutta percha, coffee, hides, rattans, sago flour, pepper, tapioca, tin being in the lead for value. The cocoanut trees yield two crops of nuts a year; they grow very tall here, as high as sixty or eighty feet, straight without foliage or leaves until the very top where the nuts cluster under the branches, some twenty or possibly over a hundred to the tree. Rubber is now being grown extensively. The rubber matures but slowly—not so rapidly as the rubber companies' prospectuses assert—but in ten years fairly good, twenty years much better. Then the tree is tapped and the raw rubber oozes out and is gathered.

The natives live in little bungaloes on stilts, mere huts with a grass roof. The missionaries and teachers report progress and are full of hope. Even civilized white man moves upward but slowly—those that travel, drink, smoke, chew and spit, and some even swear

and roam around at night. May the Malay learn our virtues only.

Seeing, in a world trip, how akin mankind is after all, in essentials, one is almost persuaded to hold with Ignatius Donnelly in his colossal theory of "The Lost Atlantis," which he maintains was the mother country of all the earth, filling the Atlantic from the Azores to Newfoundland (lost in a mighty cataclysm), which theory explains the similarity of the cosmography of all existence. The Chinese explanation is found in their god, "Pan-Ku"—who was the creator of this earth. He is represented as holding the sun in one hand and the moon in the other. When he died his breath became air, his eyes the sun and moon, his blood the water of the rivers, his flesh the soil, his tears the rain, and the parasites of his body the human race. I have seen some little evidence of the truth of this theory of the cosmos, particularly the last proposition—but, as the teacher says, who has talked himself to a standstill—we will pass on.

THE BOTTOM OF ASIA.

Johore.

The "literary fellers" who fill the columns of the American press have been most unkind to the residents of Johore, especially those writers who have undertaken to be somewhat humorous, for they have almost, without exception,

from Eugene Field to George Ade (which span is more of time than mind), referred to the Malays of Johore as a people living in cocoanut trees, or hanging in sport from palm or banyan trees by the agility and strength of their long, hairy legs and arms. We will, as Bret Harte would say, state but the facts: Johore is the bottom of Asia, the bit of peninsula farthest south. It is independent locally—of course, under the protection of Great Britain. It consists of 9,000 square miles; population, 350,000, of which only 25,000 are native Malays; 25,000 of a general mix, and the big crowd, 300,000, Chinese, who do the work, being farmers and miners.

One morning before the sun his beacon red had kindled on anybody's head, we took our bit of tea and toast, which the English have taught the Oriental hotels to serve at all hours of the day or night, and dashed over to the depot as fast as a bare-legged, hat-band dressed Malay could run with a 'ricksha, and boarded train for a trip to Johore. It was a dinky railroad ride of fourteen miles through palm paths and cocoanut groves and rubber plantations, and little Malay homes on stilts, and shady tangles of green growth, and little villages clustered together like cow sheds, almost lost in the leafy green. We came at last to the narrow strait which separates Singapore island from Johore, on the mainland, and at an expense of ten Singapore cents (six real cents),

reached the other side by the little ferry boat. It was still early, but the sun had lapped up the moisture of the night, and the land looked all beautifully green and pleasant by the shining water. At the palace we learned that his highness, Ibrahim, Sultan of Johore, not knowing of our visit, was not at home, but we were conducted about the place (except the residence rooms), including all the buildings of state. Ibrahim has been ruling ten years; he is a great traveler, spends much time in Paris (alas, Ibrahim!) and like Nimrod, is a mighty hunter. Tigers were formerly so numerous in Johore and in Singapore island that any going about was dangerous, day or night, but the hunters have cleared them out. In the Raffles Museum is the stuffed carcass of a monster tiger killed by H. H. Ibrahim, also an elephant carcass, which would compare favorably with that of Jumbo, of blessed memory, which, too, fell by the skill of H. H. Ibrahim.

The Chinese of Johore have their own religion, which is the same everywhere, but the Malays and all the rest are Mohammedans.

Here is the big "Mosque of Abubakar," with four tall minarets pointing skyward and a great prayer stairway opening toward Mecca, which sacred city all those who wear the scarf have visited. The large central hall of the Mosque is paved with white Carrara marble, covered at prayer time by heavy carpets, and at one end is a lofty brass pulpit. Every day

at sunset services are held, and special services every Friday.

At the ancestral tombs, which occupy a one-story marble building near the Mosque, we found half a dozen priests singing or chanting from the Koran, the Mohammedan Bible. How long they had been at it we had no way of knowing, but one old grizzled priest had overtaxed his strength, and fallen by the low stand containing his big Koran, but on our approach the attendant kicked him up, and he got back at his book half dazed, chanting like he had to. The rest of the priests never winked, nor acknowledged the presence of a stranger, if indeed, they knew of it. All the Malay Mohammedans are very fanatical, go to Mecca if they can, and revere those who go, and who wear the scarf in evidence. They have about as much use for a Christian as a democrat has for a bottle of appollinaris water, although that same would not injure the appearance, on the outside at least, of some of them.

His majesty's den of tigers is not at home at present, much to the disappointment of visitors, for the ubiquitous menagerie man has, by purchase or lease, now corralled the same, and is cavorting around America with the occupants as a part of "the greatest show on earth," which every show on earth is.

The young Chinese lady, dressed all in red, with her face covered up, conducted by a maiden Chinese lady, who gets into the red

carriage, with red banners and red and white lanterns, is only a Chinese bride being conducted to her husband, who has never seen her face and never will until it is too late to kick, if she be not beautiful. But he has his recourse. He can marry as many as he can feed on rice, and rice is cheap.

A very celebrated philosopher has said that there are two kinds of women—live women and dead women; and a very wealthy Chinaman, who was on our boat on the voyage, has both kinds—three dead, two living and with him, and several at home keeping house until his lordship returns. Such is something of Oriental life.

When the bell rang at the boat we reluctantly bade our coolie 'ricksha boy a dollar-and-a-half good-by, and sailed over the water for our voyage home. It was a great day in the tropics, and Johore, once visited, will not soon fade from that mind's eye that feasts on the beauties of plant and flower and tree and bush, made rich and strong by an ever shining sun and a bit of moisture that comes some time every day.

We are about to sever our relations with sweltering Singapore and journey to a warmer land, crossing the equator, and going south to Java. And this is December! No wonder a resident here refused to believe that, in some parts of the world the air became so cold that even water froze into a solid mass, and snow

fell so that over it heavy loads could be hauled. It was contrary to all his experience. Here it is hot twelve months in the year, sometimes hotter than at other times, but never below 80 degrees, nor so very much above, and as they have about 100 inches of rain in a year, things are hot and moist, sometimes so much so that clothing must be constantly aired to keep it from moulding.

After the poet Longfellow visited Italy, he returned home and looked out upon the bleak New England winter, as you may be doing now, and he thought of the other days of sunshine, such as I am in now, and wrote the poem whose first two lines end this little story, this time—

> "Sweet the memory is to me
> Of the land across the sea."

The Dutch East Indies

JOYFUL JAVA THE GEM.

Batavia, Java.

The Singapore newspapers recorded the fact of four hundred people dying in that city last week, but did not refer to the prevalence of the smallpox in one end of the town and the plague in the other. But then in the tropical seaport cities there is always a lot of that sort of thing and nobody hurries away on account of it.

Our Dutch ship sailing for Java, was wise enough to anchor ten miles out, so we reached her in a "lighter" and sailed away on Saturday afternoon in December, for that land of eternal summer, Java.

It is five hundred and thirty-two miles south to Java, from Singapore via the straits and the Java Sea, with the big island of Sumatra, where the good tobacco comes from, all the way on one side, and the islands of Banka and big old Borneo on the other.

Borneo is where the wild men live, for her inhospitable forests have been but little exploited by the white man.

Would you imagine that John Rockefeller's rival in riches lives in Borneo? Well, he does, and I will write him up when I can, along with

the truth as to the origin of the story of Robinson Crusoe, which I have from one whose wandering lust has long led him afar.

There are hundreds and thousands of islands in the South Pacific and some of them have been exploited, as the Dutch have Java, and as the United States have the Philippines, but many of them are still waiting lazily in the sun, 'mid fertile fields, deep forests and rich mountains for the man of initiative—the white man to develop them.

When Christoforo Columbo, as the Italians call our first great man, discovered America, he set the world all agoing.

The Spanish, the French, the Portuguese, the English and the Dutch started out, as soon as they realized the possibilities of the situation, to get what they could of it.

As Patrick Henry said in the old brick church, "you know too well the story of our thraldom," and he might have added,—but not that of the others—they were all after us, too, and a merry chase it was from first to last, and still we got away. They had all been working in the Far East. Spain and Portugal had long had immense revenues from the East, which had even previously been exploited by the Greeks under Alexander, and the fierce warriors of the old Roman empire and republic. The other countries grew envious of the spoil and wanted a share.

Nations are like individuals. If they see anybody with a good thing they jump in for a part. So the Dutch, three hundred years ago, sent out men and ships to see about annexing some of the old world to the little Netherlands, which really needed the territory.

It was long ago when they fought it out; the natives to hold what was theirs—the land of their fathers—and the rest to get what they could by conquest.

It was a divide-up in the end—as usual—the real owners being allowed to think that they still ruled—but the Dutch took Java and Sumatra, and several other small islands in the vicinity, and thereby added more to the size and revenue of the Netherlands than the original grabbers imagined, for the Dutch East Indies are far larger than the Netherlands in Europe, and a stream of gold has ever flowed from the first, helping much to line the little canals of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague with rich men's homes.

The little Dutch ship plowed the waters of the straits at a lively clip, the green forests of the islands on the sides moved rapidly by. The water is blue—and the sky is blue, and when the curtain of night is coming down, the blue of water and sky unite, and sea and sky would be as one, save that the stars come out above—so very many bright stars.

Even at the equator the night air seemed pleasant.

We crossed the equator after dark and did not see or hear it.

When the Irishman heard the sunset gun at Governor's Island the first evening he arrived, he was surprised that the sun made such a noise going down in America.

A story is told of a Boston lady who was traveling with a conducted party at a high price, and was fearful she wouldn't get the worth of her money, and see the whole show. She told the guide to be sure and show her the equator when they came to it. The guide promised everything (as they usually do) and took his chances. As they neared the point the old lady insisted and the guide told her to look with her field glasses straight ahead. As she did so he jerked a hair out of his head and held it before the glass. "Do you see it now?" he said. "Oh, yes," said the lady, "and there is a camel walking across it."

Monday morning, bright and early we made for port at Batavia, but were sent back, several miles, outside quarantine, until a smiling Dutch doctor came aboard, looked every passenger in the eye and felt each pulse. None having the plague or the smallpox, nor other disease save wander-lust, the first-class were all allowed to land at Tandjong Priok, the port for Batavia, the capital of the Dutch East Indies. There the customs officers gave all baggage a small inspection and sent the travelers on to spend their money.

Five miles from the port are the twin towns, Batavia and Weltevreden, the first old, native, crowded; the latter new, mostly Dutch, the homes of the farmers and business men. At the Hotel des Indes, I signed a statement of my age, occupation, etc., and for a fee of F1.50 (60 cents) received the following document which explains itself:

Toelatings-Kaart.

Aan, Mr. N. W. Cunningham and wife, geborden te, Lima, Allen, Ohio, America, oud 55 jaren, van beroep, banker, laatst hebbende te, Bluffton, Ohio, en op den, 11 December, 1911, aangekomen te Batavia, met het schip, "Rumphius," gezagvoerder, met het doel, Java le Cereizen, wordt vergund zich op te houden, op Java en Madoera overal, en buiten die eilanden in de voor den algemeenen handel geopende havens, alsmede.

Batavia, den 11 December, 1911.

NAMENS DEN ASSISTENT RESIDENT, DE Wd. HOOFDOOMMISSARIS, VAN POLITIE.

(Naamteekening).
C. A. KUEMPOR.

N. B. Deze toelatingskaart is geldig voor den tijd van zes maanden; welke termijn evenwel, op daartoe gedaan verzoek, kan worden verlengd.

Zij wordt ingetrokken, wanneer de toegelaten persoon wordt aangetroffen op andere plaatsen of in andere streken, dan waar het verblijf, hem is toegestaan.

The population of Batavia is reckoned at 140,000, very mixed, as are all the cities of the south seas—Bantamese, Javanese, Chinese, Arabians, Cingalese, Madurese, Soudanese, etc. The climate is not so oppressive as one would suppose, so near the equator, and a cool breeze comes with the night. Still, it is not what one would call "chilly," as most of the native children, up to six, wear absolutely no clothing at all, and older people use only the "sarong"—the bright colored skirt—and a head covering. Europeans and higher classes of natives wear white duck suits and toupee hats. All natives, high and low, go barefooted, and slip around without noise.

The Netherland East Indies cover an area of 587,370 square miles, the Java jurisdiction being 50,798 square miles. The entire population is 40,500,000. The population of Java Island alone is 30,183,000, being 594 to the square mile. Make some comparisons: The United States has 23, per square mile (fractions omitted); Switzerland, 216; German empire, 289; France, 189; Belgium, 629; Canada, 2; Australia, 1.36; Japan, 324; United Kingdom, 356; China, 101; only Belgium, in all the world, is so densely peopled. The larger towns

are Batavia, 140,000 population; Samarang, 100,000; Sourabaya, 150,000; Djocja, 150,000; Jolo, 20,000. Java produces tin, coal, petroleum, silver, diamonds, 2,858,000 acres of rice fields, 2,200 buffaloes (water buffaloes used for work); 2,700,000 cows; 365,000 horses. The sugar product amounts to 3,100,000,000 pounds annually; 35,650,000 pounds of coffee (getting smaller on account of blight); 22,500,000 pounds Peruvian bark; 92,000,000 pounds tobacco; 3,200,000 pounds cocoa; also wool, arrack, bamboo, pepper, hides, indigo, nutmegs, damar, capoc, coprah and rubber. So you can see that when the Dutch took Java they secured the richest island in the world.

We visited Batavia and Weltevreden for the day, and toward evening took train for Buitenzorg, forty miles through palm and cocoanut trees, and tangled growths of plants, and little native villages, and came to the Hotel of the Beautiful View, where from our window's height we looked out at the sunset on Mt. Salak. Beyond a rapid flowing, foliage-banked river, rose Salak to a peak (shaped like Fujiyama, but not so tall), and she was all afire with the sunset. Coloring more brilliant than on our own gorgeous Grand Canyon. Buitenzorg is a beautiful place, 26,000 inhabitants, the residence of the governor, but their pride and glory is the botanical garden, the finest in the world beyond all competition. As the air is warm, and they have 216 rainy days a year,

SCENES IN JAVA.

A. THE "SADO"; B. IN THE GARDEN; C. OUR GUIDES AT BUITENZORG; D. ROOM AND ROOM BOY.

and as the Dutch at home or abroad are devoted to horticulture, this garden, with all its experiment stations for practical, useful and ornamental work, is the climax of the art—plants, flowers, trees, bushes, in rows, beds, borders, clusters, figures, from orchids to dog fennel, in all shapes and colors, here reach perfection. One learned in botany, or skilled in horticulture could pass weeks here in study—indeed, scholars in those lines do come from all the world.

The common conveyance in Java is the "Sado," a two-wheeled cart somewhat like the jaunting cart of Ireland, except in the "sado" you ride backwards and in the Irish cart you ride on the side. The fare is cheap, about one-half guilder (20 cents) an hour for two people, but they are only comfortable for a short ride. They have many carriages at about the same fare, drawn by ponies, in fact, ponies are used exclusively in Java, little scrawny, biting, kicking ponies which the drivers beat into a trot when they can.

We bade Buitenzorg adieu and journeyed past Soekaboemi, Tjiandjoer, Sindanglaya, where we should have stopped had time permitted, to Bandoeng, a manufacturing town, where we passed the night (the Dutch trains do not run at night); as we were going (passed Tjitjalengka and Garoet, show places), to the city of the simple name, Djocjakarta, to view at Brambanan the ruined temple called Param-

banan, and nearby in the other direction, the seventh wonder of the world, the most remarkable memorial east of the Nile, the magnificent Buddhist Boro Boedoer, with the Mendoet ruin by the wayside. It is only merciful to defer a description of these ruins, along with further Javanese stories, until another time. "Rest in peace," the bereaved widower placed on his deceased wife's tombstone, "until we meet again."

THE RUINED TEMPLES OF BORO BOEDOER, MENDOET AND THE PARAMBANAN IN CENTRAL JAVA.

If the name Djocjakarta is too hard you can just say "Djocja," and it will be known that you refer to the capital of a half independent principality in the central part of the island of Java, Dutch East Indies, where the old, old east, in the shape of adjacent half ruined temples of wondrous size and construction, and the new west, in the shape of eighteen modern sugar refineries and many substantial Dutch homes, all next to native villages of bamboo and pampas grass, are side by side, 'mid waving palms and tropical tangles. It is a city of 100,000 inhabitants and no other place on earth more completely represents both the old time of the native Malay and the new day of the Netherland Dutch.

It is not quite so hot at Djocjakarta as it is at the seaport towns of Java, but still all white

people try to do all their work or play in the cool of morning or evening. We beat the sun up on our first full day and started by slow train for Moentilan, a two hours' ride. Through sugar cane and rice fields and little villages of natives we passed along, buying mangoes and mangosteens of the lady pedlars, who carried their entire stock upon their heads, leaving their hands free to do business.

In this Far East we have eaten of many varieties of tropical fruit, sweet and sour, big and little, and while some of them are fairly good, and one could doubtless learn to be fond of them, still, compared to a Rambo apple from the old orchard, they are like a bottle of pop to a schooner of beer to a thirsty Dutchman.

Arriving in the course of time, at the station, we found our coach and four awaiting as previously arranged. And such an outfit! A rattle-trap Victoria, made before its namesake was born, to which was annexed by straps and ropes four ponies about the size of tomcats, with a queer looking driver and a two-thirds naked outrunner, completed the picture. Away we went, the driver cracking his long whip over and under the ponies, and the outrunner, who was the busiest man on the job, and could run like a jack-rabbit, going ahead and trying to keep the ponies from biting and kicking each other to pieces, and throwing the caravan over every narrow bridge.

Giant trees in long avenues lined most of the old road. Trees that were old when grandpa's grandpa was a boy. The bridge was in at Praga river, where always before a raft was necessary and the outfit, including the raftsman, went on a strike in midstream for more money, so we passed over in peace, and soon, after an hour and a half's ride altogether, we were dashed up the plateau and halted before the object of our quest—the ruins of a Buddhist memorial, called Boro Boedoer.

According to history or legend, some twenty-four hundred years ago a marvelous prince was born into the world, under a tree now in front of the big hotel at Batavia, Java. This prince, seeing the sorrows of the world and the necessity that something should be done, renounced all, proclaimed poverty and chastity as his portion and founded a religion. His name was Gautama, the Wise Man, the Enlightened One. Buddhism, the religion he then started, teaches a pure life, deliverance from sin and sorrow, self-command, self-denial, self-conquest, kindness to man and beast, good will to all, respect for life, religious tolerance, reincarnation until peace is perfect. It spread over the world more rapidly than any other philosophy before or since, and now its adherents, of some cult or other, number about half the people of the world. India, Ceylon, all the states and islands known as the Malay archi-

pelago, China, Japan, Siam, millions professed its name and many of the rich princes built temples and memorials to the founder of the faith—and still they stand, half in ruins, now, many of them, and show, as nothing else could, the civilization of their times—the veneration and faith of the builders.

This Boro Boedoer is the most remarkable of all the old temples on earth—largest in size, most elaborate in carving. Four square, 340 feet each side at the base, all of volcanic stone, it rises in five big galleries, each set in some twenty feet, until the top, crowned by an upright stone spire. The stones of all the galleries are decorated in bas-relief by figures of gods and men, women and children, all known animals and trees and flowers, and fruits, processions and cavalcades, cows, oxen, elephants, horses—it is said that if the stones upon which figures are cut were placed in one line, that line would reach a length of three miles. There are, sitting on the galleries, some encased by open stone work, almost five hundred different stone images of Buddha, life size. The whole building is larger in appearance than one of our ordinary state capitols, has four main stairways on the outside from bottom to top, and represents the labor of thousands of men many years and the expenditure of a vast sum of money for its construction.

No mortar or cement was used—it was all fitted together like Solomon's temple, and in spite of a thousand years of time, many earthquakes, when other buildings fell, is still in an upright position, marvelously preserved considering time and circumstances.

The Buddhists no longer rule Java in religion. When Mohammedanism swept over the east millions left the old faith for the new, yet millions still profess the doctrine, and these half ruined-temples, so eloquent of the old time, are shrines for devotees, as well as curiosities for those who go about the world to see what is and was.

The Dutch government, realizing the historic value of the Boro Boedoer has appropriated F60,000 ($24,000) for the maintenance and restoration of the ruin, and a swarm of natives are now scraping the lichen from the mouldering walls and replacing the upset figures and carvings.

Only a mile from this great work is another elaborate ruin, called the Mendoet, and a short distance beyond Djocja, in another direction, is still another stupendous ruin, called the Parambanan, at Brambanan.

Greater love has seldom, in all time, been shown a cult, than to give such work and treasure as must have been given for these.

What great times they must have had a thousand years or more ago, those we call heathen. "And thou hast walked about the streets of Thebes," writes poor John Keats, of a Grecian urn, "three thousand years ago? How strange a story."

Sure, as he says, these two are the brides of quietness, the foster sisters of silence and slow time. We know so little of what was (we call it history), that, indeed, the past of the real world is almost as dim as the future.

Man's search for the infinite is as old as the stars, and will only cease when they shine no more. I had a lot of things to write and have only this, but the steam whistle sounds. When they blow a horn, and ring a bell, and toot some, the train will away from this dreamland, so I will close, and sometime this letter will get home, which is, after all, although twelve thousand miles away a pleasant place to be, if, as Father Ike used to say, "on mercies' side of the grave," implying, of course, that was life's side and that there was none on the other side—and there may not be—yet let us hope there is. Anyhow, I shall write again in the meantime, which ever way it is.

THE SULTAN AND HIS SUITES.

A VISIT TO A NATIVE PRINCE—A WONDERFUL HOUSEHOLD AND A FULL HOME.

Djocjakarta, Java.

This ancient city is not only the center of the historic interest of the island of Java, but it is still the home of the Sultan of Djocjakarta, a prince whose ancestors have lived and ruled here for unnumbered ages and whose authority was undisputed until the unpronounceable Dutch, by force of arms, after repeated bloody uprisings on the part of their native adherents, finally conquered them, but allowed the successive representatives of the family to retain a part of their own land and a semblance of royalty. In return for all they took, they allowed a pension of considerable magnitude.

The home of the Sultan is right in the city, enclosed in a high stone wall, four miles square.

As there are some twelve thousand of the household, quite a number of small houses are necessary besides the extensive building called the palace.

In order to visit this place we addressed a petition to the "Resident," the official representative of the Dutch government, which was forwarded to the chamberlain of the Sultan, the petition being as follows:

"Djocjakarta, Java.

"To the Honorable Resident:

"American travelers, desirous of visiting the palace of the Sultan, respectfully request your assistance. Your kindness in this matter will be greatly appreciated.

"With kindest regards,

"N. W. Cunningham, of America."

The hotel manager, a person of great importance here, conducted the negotiations, and had our carriage ready at 8:30 a. m. It was a rather gorgeous outfit, much too fine one would suppose for 40 cents an hour—red-clothed driver, footman and all—but careful scrutiny would reveal the ear-marks of the shabby genteel—yet it simply looked grand.

At the government house an officer, all in gold braid, who had been detailed to conduct the visit, greeted us in the Malay language. What! not speak Malay? Well, then let us talk French or Dutch. Not either?—an American—that he no can speak. Ah, yes, good old Hoch German. So let it be our tongue. As he did most of the talking and I only had to understand and ask questions, we got along famously.

Soon we entered the Aloon Aloon, a large square in the Sultan's grounds, around which were the homes of many retainers; here was the place for his elephants, two big ones eating grass and kicking up dust, just like they do on

the show grounds. Many horses, two special favorites, one from Arabia, the other from a favorite island, both beautiful specimens of horse flesh. But the Sultan was getting old, 72, and did not take the interest in horses he formerly did. Ah, here are some grandchildren. The Sultan now has only ten wives, one first wife and nine by-wives, and some 150 living children, having lost about 100 children by the untimely hand of death. The last wife he purchased, of a Cingalese, cost him four thousand guilders ($1,600)—think of it!

The crown prince has only four wives and 56 living children, but as he is only about fifty years old, he may yet add to his homestead, that he may not be lonely in his declining years. Oh, yes, the Sultan has 100 fighting cocks, with 100 men to attend, one man to each. There they go for inspection, and the long line of picked young men, each with a rooster in his arms, filed by. Those men playing cards are the remaining old nobility. They have nothing to do but eat, sleep and play, and attend to his highness when he goes in public parade. Many of the children were running around, pleasant-faced, somewhat dark. They came and shook hands, some of them, with kindly greeting, speaking Malay to our guide. Here were all the rooms of grandeur—the banqueting hall, the reception hall, the sleeping apartments, the ladies' apartments, the council room, the room for the female dancers. The half-dozen young

ladies, walking on their feet, but crouching down, are preparing the shave for the Sultan—he will be shaved soon. Twelve thousand of a household, in all manner of dress, from nothing to all colors of the rainbow. Alas, Sultan, the burden must be great. Yet this man's ancestors had more; were the first real owners of this island, and with all this clap-trap, he probably considers himself being "skimped" by his present masters, the Dutch.

In spite of much gold braid and gold leaf, and many precious stones inlaid, and fine wood carvings, and all the show and pomp of royalty —it does not appeal to one of the west, who knows the waste and uselessness of it all. But the east is not the west, and we visit and view to see and report as we see things, not as one of another mind and environment thinks they should be. We could have met his royal highness, probably, by much waiting around, but that would add nothing to our sum in any way, and so, slipping two guilders into the many-tongued (except English) officer, who conducted the visit, and who accepted the same with a profound bow, we rode away in the shabby genteel chariot, leaving the Sultan and his little family, and the twelve thousand retainers, and all the old nobility and fighting cocks and their one hundred keepers, the gilt and tinsel and trash of a Sultan of the old time, to sleep and dream in the sunshine of Java's eternal summer.

Some day, when the old East is weaker and the new West is stronger, over and out will go the Sultan and all his paraphernalia, but the Dutch are wise, and the Malays are many, and all things in their proper time.

About one hundred years ago another prince of the same house as the present, having more income from his lands than he knew what to do with, built, in Djocjakarta, what is called "The Water Castle."

In spacious grounds, surrounded by a high wall, he had a Portuguese architect erect his castle, with a wide and deep moat around, so that it was approachable only by boat. Here he lived in all the riotous indolence of the Knights of Boccacio's DeCameron, outrivaling all the good old times of Haroun-al-Raschid, Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold, high walled gardens, deep and old, men and music and maidens and fruits and wine—ah, he was the merry prince.

But the Dutch were his Nemesis. The acting governor summoned him to court, and he did not come, so the fierce old Dutchman went after him, knocking his puny guards down and interrupting the gay dance of the maidens, taking his highness by the ear and leading him up to headquarters.

But, in the impenetrable wisdom of divine guidance, one mightier than the Dutch came along, even old Mother Earthquake, and upset the famous castle, tore down the walls, made

a pile of rubbish out of the fairy place of the lascivious prince; and so it is still, moss grown, covered with lichen, the wild vegetation of the tropics abounding, but probably the nearest representative of the old debauchery and uselessness now on earth. Only the tourist and the scholar visit the place, but to them it is a curious joy.

We returned from Djocjakarta to Batavia, some 300 miles, and reported to the doctor. After a hasty examination he gave us a bill of health, with orders to report to the doctor at Singapore at 3 p. m., the day after our arrival at that place.

So we sailed away by the Dutch packet from the land of eternal summer, after a visit all too short; for Java is beautiful in hill and valley and garden, and the Dutch feed you like a harvest hand—coffee at 6 a. m., breakfast at 9, luncheon at 2 p. m., tea at 5 p. m., dinner at 8:30.

The soft warm air has made the voices of the natives musical, and as they work in crowds they pull or lift by a sing-song verse of the leader, the monotonous sound of which is all that is needed, in addition to the general lassitude, to put you to sleep; and so as Java faded away in the distance, the faint, far sounds came something like this—

Ollie, wallie, pallie, doo—
Follie, hollie, mollie, o-o-o.

ALONG THE COAST OF MALAY.

FROM SINGAPORE, SWETTENHAM, KUALA LUMPUR AND PENANG.

At Singapore we reported to the doctor again, but as we were to leave in so short a time, he dismissed us finally. In a few days, in the middle of a little cloudburst, we sought a sampan, and while the deluge still came down—which nobody seems to mind over here—found our little ship—only 2000 tons—and away we went toward the line of the Malay coast.

Next morning we put in port at Swettenham, a little ship loading place, where the railroad comes down to the sea. Here we took a run of twenty-six miles up into the country, via the railroad, while our ship was handling cargo. That section of the world south of Siam, north of Singapore—the Malay peninsula—is divided into eight states, the capital of all being Kuala Lumpur. Translated into Malay, Kuala Lumpur means "The mouth of the mud." We went to that euphoniously named town through the heart of the rubber district of the world. The entire distance from the sea is one big rubber forest. Rubber trees are grown like our fruit trees, Started in the nursery, transplanted when two to six feet

high, about ten feet apart each way. The weeds and grass must be kept out. In seven or eight years the first tap is made, low down near the bottom on the body of the tree, now some four to six inches thick. The rubber oozes out, like sap from a maple, and is caught in little cups, gathered and sent to the refinery. The entire production of rubber in the world now amounts to about seventy thousand pounds annually—of this the Malay States furnish a large per cent., but the expectation is that in five years these Malay States will alone be producing as much rubber as all the world does now, as new forests are constantly being planted, and there are many trees now coming on.

Kuala Lumpur is now a city of about forty thousand and growing rapidly. The government has fine buildings, of the Moorish type of architecture, domes, towers, minarets. The land is mostly given over to large rubber estates, the capital for the rubber development mostly coming from London. It certainly requires a vast amount of labor to transform a tropical swamp and jungle into a cultivated rubber farm, but Malay and Chinese labor is cheap.

We notice in some of the financial reports that the shareholders in the rubber estates have been quite disappointed in dividends the past year or two, the price of the product being reduced, and expenses more than expected. But

hope springs up always—they look to America to make so many automobiles, especially truck automobiles, that the demand for rubber will be so great the price will be much better.

When we left Kuala Lumpur at 3 p. m., the usual daily downpour of rain was on. Rubber must have lots of rain and heat, and it is here. But our little ship, whose feet are always wet, never minds a little rain and wind above, so we sailed again, still north, and went into the city of Penang, or rather Georgetown on Penang island, shortly after sun-up. This was formerly known as Prince of Wales island, and is a part of Great Britain's chain of land around the world. Penang is the largest shipper of tin in the world, over two-thirds of all starts from here. The island has an area of 107 square miles, being 15 miles long and 9 broad. The town is English, Malay and Chinese, many large substantial government and business buildings and a large number of fine homes. Over 5,000 ships stop at Penang every year, making it a very lively port.

The cocoanut groves, the gardens, and all the vegetation of the island are as fine as any of the tropics. In all these waters jellyfish are numerous—we saw several near the ship—and they are very poisonous. Crocodiles are numerous, also, the hotels advertising bathing places "free from crocodiles by a good fence."

The waters of the Pacific Ocean and of these south seas are not so full of life as those of

the Atlantic. On the Atlantic whales are a daily sight, and porpoises are constantly about. But if the other waters are so populated the fish keep out of sight. On Christmas day we land at Rangoon, to visit Burmah, the land of teak wood, and the real working home of our first love—the elephant.

It is hard to realize that day after to-morrow is Christmas, for here, on the Bay of Bengal, the air is so balmy one can scarcely keep awake, and as I look around, the glistening water on one side far as the eye can see, and on the other the distant coasts of Siam,—as the children of Israel longed for the flesh pots of Egypt on their journey, so I long for a big piece of ice, a snow ball, a good apple, a Christmas mince pie—what worth are mangoes, mangasteens, papaii, and all the hundred and one tropical fruits so soft and insipid. But it is good to know of other countries and peoples, how they sleep, eat, drink and work, for then can one fully appreciate the land of the free—the home of snow and ice—and good, rugged life.

BURMAH—THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT.

TRAVELING THE SEAS FROM SINGAPORE TO CALCUTTA.

Rangoon.

It is Christmas day in the land of eternal summer as well as in the frozen north. Here the electric fan makes the heat endurable, but it is very hot in the middle of the day, and not so cool at night but that the fan must be kept going all the time. The flowers are blooming, the vegetation is in full bloom, and the people swarm about, "some in rags and some in tags" and some in almost nothing, but most of them, especially the ladies, wearing the bright colored "sarong," a strip of cloth looped around the waist, reaching downward from a part to all the way to the feet, as the case may be. Christmas is observed by the European residents by a general closing of business, some one day, others, as in case of the banks, five days. The people of the East do not take business as seriously as we do, the natives are easy and lazy and the foreigners become somewhat indifferent. There seems still to be considerable Christmas spirit, as foreigners have many entertainments and the natives fill the public places, where they eat and drink and sleep. Sleeping

is easy out here. Everybody goes to sleep when not doing something else, and the natives lie around any place, in the road or field or stores, peacefully sleeping until compelled to move out of the way.

We came to Rangoon, Burmah, from Singapore, a distance of 1,269 miles, and go on by ship to Calcutta, 886 miles more, a total of 2,155 miles from Singapore to Calcutta. Stops at Swettenham, Penang and Rangoon. Of Swettenham and our side trip to Kualu Lumpur, and of Penang we have written. Let now something be written of this land of Burmah, and its capital, Rangoon.

Burmah is now a part of British India, having been taken from the original native chiefs by a series of wars, in which scientific warfare, including all its modern equipment used by the British, was too strong for the natives, with their crude clubs and spears and boomerangs, so in 1824 and 1852 the British took a part of the country and finished it all up in 1885, when the old King Thebaw was captured and his native savages scattered to the hills and forests and jungles, and the government taken over and completely reorganized on different lines, mostly favorable to John Bull without regard to the natives.

Burmah is east of the Bay of Bengal, bounded on the northwest by Assam, Manipur and China, on the east by Siam, on the south by the Malay peninsula. It is about six times the size

of Ohio, being 236,728 square miles, long and narrow, 1,200 miles from north to south, 600 east to west, the population about eleven millions, or about forty to the square mile. The cities like Rangoon and Mandalay are crowded, but there are vast jungles unoccupied, except by the tiger and the elephant, and all the birds and beasts of the animal fair. It is the greatest rice-growing country in the world, rice being the main crop, which is exported everywhere. It is also rich in minerals, rubies, sapphires, jade, amber, tin, coral, gold, coal and marble. The rubies are the finest in the world, indeed, from Burmah comes the principal supply of rubies, and if the industry was in the hands of a trust, and the output limited, as is the diamond industry, a ruby would be of equal value with a diamond, as it is really a more beautiful stone. Oil is also found and the Burmah Oil Co., the third largest in the world, has succeeded (by fighting the devil with fire) in keeping the Standard under the disadvantages of the laws, which certainly shows shrewd management.

Rangoon is a city of 350,000 people, mostly native Burmese. They are medium sized, fairly good looking, from black to light brown in color, dress in bright, gay colors, seem easy and happy in life. The guide books say "the women are very pretty and attractive," which like much other guide book information, is not

entirely correct. Josh Billings always said he would rather not know so much than know so much that was not so. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the English author (whom a friend of mine in the minstrel show insisted on calling "Woodyard Kindling"), made Burmah, with her lazy, indolent, bright, easy-going people, somewhat noted, by his poems and books of the life of the natives. As he was never in Burmah, of course he made a number of geographical errors, even his celebrated "On the Road to Mandalay" being a geographical mix, but still he caught the spirit of the people.

The religion is Buddhism, with very little of any other except among foreigners.

From a missionary standpoint the Baptists, who have sort of been allotted the territory, have made some headway, but in the big mass of people their progress is not noticeable. So Burmah is the land of the yellow-robed Buddha priest, thousand of them, and of the Pagoda, the memorial or church of the Buddhist. In Rangoon they have one of the most celebrated Pagodas in the world, called Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the foundation of which is said to have been laid 2300 years ago.

Coming up the Rangoon river from the sea twenty-six miles, you can catch the glint of its golden spire far away. These pagodas in Burmah are shaped something like a bell, only more pointed toward the top, with a long

spire. The Shwe Dagon Pagoda has a circumference at the base of 1350 feet, and is 307 feet high. It is made of brick, stone and cement, the roof or crown being overlaid with 35,000 gold sovereigns (worth, of course, twenty-one shillings each) all flattened out into thin squares. The approach to the platform is by four series of stone steps and when you get there you are surrounded by figures of Buddha in all shapes and sizes and materials, embellished with carvings from marble, stone, teak wood and other woods from all parts of the kingdom. Here the devotees come from all parts of the world where the Buddhist lives, bringing offerings of precious stones and ornaments, to say a prayer at this sacred spot, to the Enlightened One, who, according to this philosophy, made the earth, and all its life, even man, and in whose hands are the issues of life and death and immortality, and by whose power even the worlds perform their stupendous evolutions, and man is born and dies and is born again and again, until the measure of his days are fulfilled, and he finds at last, what few find here below—and it may be no other place—a perfect peace.

Here the north wind is shut out, and the gaily dressed people live in the open air, twelve months of the year. The native houses are mere shelters from the rain, arranged to open all around. Life is easy and living is

cheap, and well it is, for the average wage for labor is 16 cents per day for male, and 14 cents for female. Yet the plague germ never dies in the warm sun, and the official reports read, our first day here, "seven taken, seven dead," and so on. It is of small consequence. But even the poor needs of life are denied to some, whom the plague spares, for we clip the following taken from the Rangoon paper:

"Dead bodies are being picked up almost daily in the streets and taken to the hospital where death is pronounced to be due to some disease resultant from starvation. Half dead men and sometimes women are also found lying in the streets helpless from want of food. This is undoubtedly due to the rise in the price of the actual necessities of life."

In a day or two we will land at Calcutta, where the King and Queen of England are being crowned Emperor and Empress of India, with all the lavish pomp and extravagance of the splendid oriental east. A pageant is planned more brilliant than that of all time or fancied story, and night will be turned into day; the air will be filled with music, and costly wine will flow like water.

Let us not scold or preach or discuss problems of government in these few lines, still must it come home, this unequal distribution of the

wealth and power and favor to a few, while the many live only just above the bread line, and some even as the short sad lines above relate, die for even the want of the small amount of food to sustain life. Oh, that health was contagious instead of disease, and that all had plenty and none too much, for the world is full of sunshine and life, and there is plenty for all—if they could only receive it.

Burmah is the home of my first love—the elephant. In the vast forests and jungles of the northern part of the country they roam and breed. Here they are captured and trained for the menagerie or the heavy work of the teak wood yards at Rangoon. They haul the heavy logs around and push them together with ease, so powerful are they. Four hundred miles from Rangoon, the capital and chief city of Burmah, is Mandalay, the home of the old native chief. It is a seven days' journey up the river, the famous Irrawaddy, one of the large water courses of the world, along whose fertile banks the rice grows. We were compelled to give up our contemplated Mandalay trip, on account of time and sailing dates, for a traveler must plan and change and plan again, and so, from the poems of Rudyard Kipling, we will print the following verses, whose jingle and spirit and story has done more for Burmah and Mandalay than the geography:

MANDALAY.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burmah girl a-settin' an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm trees,
an' the temple-bells they say;
"Come you back, you British soldier;
come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
From Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
Outer China 'crost the Bay.

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot;

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay.

When the mist was on the rice fields an' the sun was
droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kullalo-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin
my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin'
teak,
Elephants a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy
You was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay!

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to
Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
sodger tells;
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why you won't
'eed nothin' else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees
An' the tinkly temple-bells!
On the road to Mandalay.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blarsted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in
my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ouse-maids outer Chelsea to
the Strand;
An' they talks a lot of lovin', but wot do they under-
stand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot DO they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener
land!
On the road to Mandalay.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is
like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments,
An' a man can raise a thirst!
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I
would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea.

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings
When we went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
Outer China 'crost the Bay!

VISITING CALCUTTA, THE METROPOLIS OF INDIA, WITH THE KING.

Calcutta.

Sailing up from the south we left the Bay of Bengal, upon whose placid waters we had been riding for four days, and traveled the Hoogli river, an arm of the Ganges, for one hundred miles to the big city of Calcutta, the capital of the province of Bengal, the great town of British India.

It was about noontime, and the waters and both sides of the river were alive with boats and people, all dressed up the best possible (which was very gay for the boats but rather scant for the people); for the King of England and Emperor of India, George the Fifth, and Mary his wife, the Queen, had arrived the day

before to pay a visit of a week to the metropolis of his great empire of the East.

The King was received by a vast crowd of curious folk, of all colors, races, sizes, ages, shapes, and conditions, who looked at him as best they could in the vast multitude, but seldom cheered, for the oriental is not much on the cheer, and as the king had but lately changed the capital from Calcutta to Delhi (from east to west), the people were like the polite Irishman at the picnic, who got a piece of pie in which the cook had mistakenly placed a pinch of quinine instead of salt. He said it was the — — but — he liked it.

There were four Georges before this one, all German. George the Third was the one in power when the American Revolution made the United States an independent nation. This George the Fifth is the second son of Edward the Seventh who was the oldest son of Queen Victoria. He married Mary of Teck, who was engaged to his older brother Clarence, who died of typhoid and thereby lost his job and his girl, both going to George. If you will read Thackeray's "Four Georges" you will have a very amusing and interesting and no doubt true history of them all, but this one is somewhat different, and besides the power of the King is not what it was in the old times. This George they say is quite democratic, and a jolly good fellow, don't you know; but Mary is much stuck up over being the queen, which

she was bound to be, as evidenced by her changing love from Clarence to George, without, "they say," so much as a heart-felt tear. But we can write again of George, and all the doings of the gay week; let us look at India a bit first.

The big bit of land extending into the Indian Ocean covering thirty degrees of latitude, and thirty-three of longitude, called India, has an area of 1,766,642 square miles, about one-half the size of the United States, whose area is 3,624,122 square miles. The population is about three hundred millions, 167 to the square mile to be exact, when the United States figures are less than one hundred millions, called about 23 to the square mile. That is, the people are some seven times as thick on the ground, which of course makes a vast difference in manner of life. India has all climates, from very hot to very cold, but the population is congregated largely in the hot districts, the great plains of the middle and south, where a white man not accustomed to the climate can live at least eight months of the year only by care, and avoiding the sun in the heat of the day;—the other four months being somewhat cooler.

January is the time of the year best suited for the traveler to go the long road from Calcutta to Bombay—from east to west—and visit the great historic cities of the land, Calcutta, Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Jaypore, Amber, Bombay, and the only

possible time when he can go south to Madras, Madura, and out of the country at Tuticorin for Colombo, the chief city of Ceylon.

The various tribes and peoples that governed India in the past were long ago conquered by England, so now the government is from the British Empire, whose king and statesmen grant them the favor of living in their own country, under the regulations of far away England. They do not resent it for many reasons, the principal ones being, that they would be unable to handle the country if it was turned over to them, and then they are so divided by races and religions that there is no community of aspiration. The Buddhists, Jains, Mohammedans, Hindus, and Parsee, are the main religions, and there are many more, and many sub-divisions of these, so that it would be almost impossible to number the various adherents of the religions. But all of them are historic and point with pride to their past.

The Hindus are the most numerous and the most ignorant, poor and fanatical. Their ancestors conquered this land some three thousand years ago, and they poured over the country, driving the aborigines to the jungles, where their descendants are still found. The warm climate took all the fight out of the Hindus, so when the fierce Mohammedans came for conquest, some eight hundred years ago, the conquest was easy and the great Mogul Dynasty

was established, and ruled in barbaric splendor until the Englishman, seeking trade, gained here a little, and there a little, and finally gained all.

There was one big mutiny, in which Hindoo and Mohammedan joined: the only time they ever joined before or since, in 1857, and thousands of white men, women and children were slaughtered. But the rebellion was of short though bloody duration; the English massed against them with science and skill and power, and killed and punished, and since then have ruled with a strong hand.

NATIVES OF INDIA ATTEND BY THE ACRE GRAND PAGEANT FOR ROYALTY.

Calcutta, India.

The difference between a monarchy and a republic—or between a government by a king and queen and an aristocracy, or one by the people, came to me forcibly illustrated in the plans and arrangements for the entertainment of George the Fifth and Queen Mary during their week in Calcutta.

Everything was for the royal couple and their court. All salutation, entertainment, show, display, exhibition, parade, illumination, all for royalty. Of course royalty was the guest, and should be given proper consideration; but my thought has always been that the people, the great mass of men, women and chil-

dren who make the country, who do the work, should be given a decided consideration in everything public. That they, as well as royalty, should be provided with proper accommodation to see whatever of entertainment or show or display is to be seen, in fact, what is provided should be provided for all, not for a few favored ones. But this is not the way in governments where the king rules. All is for the royal family and their especial friends; and the people, the great crowds that make the country worth ruling, are not thought worthy of any especial accommodation.

There was a grand pageant arranged for the king and queen and court in Calcutta on one day of their visit. In the large park called The Maidan, a pavilion, seating a few hundred, was erected each side of a gorgeous box for the king, and away and beyond seats made to accommodate several thousand people. These seats for the people were placed on sale at twelve rupees each ($4.00) and thousands of natives and others bought them, expecting to see the grand spectacle. But alas, many of the seats were not even put up that were sold from a plat, others not covered from the blazing sun, and from none of the seats, except those occupied by the court, could a good view be had of the main entertainment. All was for royalty, no consideration for the people, except to get their money. The resident Europeans and Indians kicked hard enough—the Indian

is very noisy any time—but it was a useless waste of energy. It was a grand spectacle for the king and court, they were satisfied, and the people could kick all they wanted to, the police and soldiers would take care of them should they become too obnoxious. Such is monarchy. Personally we had a fairly good view of the spectacle, which consisted principally of two parades, on the order of our circus parades.

There were elephants dressed in all the gay panoplies of their native section, driven by men on their backs, many camels, fancy horses from all parts of India, and representatives of the various tribes of the land, from the frozen north, from the blistering south, from Burmah and Ceylon, and the islands of the sea, strange, fantastic looking people. After marching around the park in a circle, they all massed before the king and court, and the bushmen and islanders performed some of their weird dances and feats at arms, for their majesties. It was all a scene of oriental barbaric splendor, the old splendor of ignorance and superstition, dazzling as a pageant, seldom seen in the world as an entertainment. And the king and queen and court followers and the press were loud in praise of the great spectacle.

After the pageant the king and queen and court drove around the circle to receive the applause of the people, which the press said was a continuous ovation, but looked very tame and forced to me. It is of course an arduous

undertaking to manage say twenty-five acres of people. We have quit trying to number these crowds, except by acres. Into this big city of over a million the country has been emptied, and such crowds are seldom seen on earth. Long lines of people were held in check by fences, the lines being some quarter of a mile deep and probably a mile long, with police to whip those back who crowded too far forward. And they did whip, too, good and hard at times, and then, when the king had passed one side, the whole mass on that side broke through the guard and swarmed over the enclosure.

The week here with the king has not been quite so good to study the condition of the city and people, for things are not normal. Calcutta is the big business city of India, and, owing to her start and location, is likely to remain so. This in spite of the fact that the seat of general government has been transferred from here to Delhi, a city in the northwest, the old-time capital of the ancient Mogul Empire.

Calcutta, where the political sentiment for independent government is strongest—hence the removal of the capital—is the best built and most advanced of all cities of India. The great mass of the population is native—hence poor, ignorant and inefficient. The one great drawback, from my point of view is the religion. The scholars may write their learned books, point to historical accomplishments, claim deep

understanding for these people of all the great problems of life and death, and by a strong show of learning make their philosophy and teachings, which were old when our poor truths were brought to light, the only acceptable ones for those of knowledge and reason, but, after all, if peoples and countries are valued by the prosperity and happiness of the people, if religions are seconded by works of mercy and benefit, he certainly would be prejudiced or blind who would not admit that the old faiths of India, whether good in the past or not, are not now to be compared to the practical, humanitarian, energetic Christianity of the West.

There are many drawbacks here in India, for she is old and has been the victim of many wars by fierce tribes, and three great conquests by the Hindus, the Mohammedans, the English. So long has her vast population drawn its substance from her soil, without return of fertility, that the once strong soil has lost its ancient power to produce, and but a scanty harvest comes, where, under proper encouragement and conditions, large returns would come. But, as the South is not the North, neither is the East the West, meaning that one accustomed to the ways and conditions of the one cannot understand all the plans and purposes of the other, which, of course, is somewhat true.

So we passed out of Calcutta while still the king remained. All the way along the build-

ings flashed with electric illumination, and signs and banners floated in the air and on the houses, reading—"God Save The King." And so say we, and may He not only save the king, but may He also save these countless millions of this vast empire, and give them prosperity, which must precede happiness. And may this George the Fifth have something of divine guidance to help bring these who are in darkness to light, who are in sickness to health, who are in poverty to a living.

The territorially little kingdom of Great Britain has some vast problems, at home and abroad, to keep in bread her multitudinous subjects. And not the least of her problems is the guidance of her Indian Empire, won by centuries of bloodshed, paid for by countless lives, through fevers and mutinies, and border wars with fierce tribes.

Then to the great central plains we journey, to the holy cities, the holy rivers, to the scenes of the bloody Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, over the land of the oriental splendors of the Great Moguls, whose different religions and barbaric life have inspired philosophers and poets. But, being neither, I shall only put down some stray facts, from a great mass, in the hope that you, dear reader, may learn something of the East, by one from the West.

THE MILLIONS OF INDIA ARE DOMINATED BY RELIGIOUS FANATICS.

The Hindoo belongs to the Caucasian race, but the hot sun has made him a black man. Some are nut brown, not very dark, others tan, many are black. They are a rather good-looking people, erect and of good figure, medium sized, regular features. The women are fair to look upon, so much so that in old times Europeans and other white residents intermarried, and their descendants are called Eurasians, and, although well-born, now occupy an unpleasant position, not being in favor with either side from which they sprang.

The Hindoo religion although much divided, is now dominated by the Brahmins, a set of priests corresponding to the tribe of Levi, who teach the biggest lot of tommy-rot on earth, and who are devotedly followed and believed in by the millions of India. They have three very important Gods, corresponding to the Creator, the Preserver, the Destroyer. To these they build temples, make images and other sacrifices. From our point of view they are all bad enough, but the sacrifices to Kali, the Destroyer or punisher are the most terrible. Until very recently human beings were offered in sacrifice, but now the offerings are goats or lambs.

We to-day visited a temple where Kali is the dominant spirit. It is some three miles

from the center of the city, in the heart of the native district, where shops and houses and hovels and people are thick on the ground. Passing up the narrow lane leading from the main street to the temple we were surrounded by the wildest, raggedest, dirtiest, sorest, broken-down lot of humanity so far encountered on earth. Beggars, from babies to old age, swarmed at our heels, the lame, blind, and the lepers. The nearer we got to the place where Kali was, the more were the crowd and confusion. Standing in a narrow passage-way between the walls of two buildings, one of which was called the temple, we looked into an enclosure where every available foot of floor space was filled with howling, struggling fanatics, before whom, in the dim light at the end, we saw an image of Kali, blood-smeared and dirty, a blood-red-tongue hanging out. It was Kali—the terrible—who punishes, who visits destruction, whose awful power is suspended every day and hour over every Hindoo of the faith, and to appease her, to mitigate her wrath, to avoid her dreadful visitation of misery and hell, they call to her, implore pardon, seek mercy and although poor and even suffering for food themselves, offer sacrifices of vegetables and meat, and animals, smear her with fresh blood that it may be enough without their blood; suffice, without destroying them also.

Beyond, a little distance, are the burning ghats, where the dead are cremated on a pile of

wood, out in the open, and the ashes thrown into the nearby water, a small branch of the sacred Ganges. We had previously been to the burning ghats at the other end of town, and at the time of our visit there four fires were consuming that many dead bodies, and two bodies, one that of a baby, were being prepared to burn. The guide held a conversation with the man lighting the fire under one body, after which he told us to stay away from that one, for the reason, he afterward explained, that the man died with the cholera, which the guide, an old Mohammedan, seemed to think was being rather unnecessarily particular. It costs about a dollar, our money, to have a body burned, the process being very simple, only wood placed below, on the sides and top of the body, with a bunch of kindling to start and the ashes gathered up at the end and scattered on the sacred water.

The Hindoo religion is one of caste, men are not born equal, they teach, but into a certain caste, from which they cannot escape, without dreadful consequences. The divisions in the main are: Brahmins or Priests, Kshatriyas, or soldiers and Rajahs, Vaisyas or merchants and farmers; Sudras, the servile class. No person of one caste can eat, smoke, marry with, or touch the cooking vessels or food of another caste, or come in contact with them in any manner. This caste system is the monstrosity of heartlessness and selfishness, making life al-

most unbearable for the lower castes, and no wonder that the priests and fanatics fight desperately against modern civilization and Christianity which teaches that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and that all should not only be equal before the law, but that in the last day there was a chance for all—which is the very opposite of Hinduism as taught by the Brahmins. It will all fall down in time, but it will be a long while falling, of course, as it has been a long while building up.

Until the religions of India are changed from the old teachings of Hinduism, India will be a dependent nation, the people a poor, half-starved, ignorant, fanatical mob. There are of course some good teachings amid the mass of rot, but the good is so hidden by the ridiculous and bad that in practical operation it is not carried out, so those who, reading the old sacred books of this land, dreaming with the old cults of some of the high sounding philosophies, can here see the utter uselessness of it all, as far as making a people good or strong, or developing such character, only in exceptional cases, as tends to bring light or strength or progress.

Calcutta has over a million people. The city is laid out on broad lines, big open spaces in the center, many fine buildings, monuments, squares. The government buildings are very large and imposing. They have all modern conveniences, and an immense trade with the peo-

ple and states on all sides by land and water. She is the great city of India.

During this king-visit-week the natives have swarmed in from the surrounding country and, united with those here, form simply acres of people, whom no man can number. They are curious and interested in all that goes on, and thousands of them lie around on the ground, day and night, and loaf and sleep, for no responsibility seems to rest on them; they need and have only enough to keep them alive. Here in India is a great land of rich soil, good seasons for crops, a vast population, certainly all the elements to constitute a great nation. But it is burdened down with false religions, hampered with wornout ideas and methods, living in the long ago, when caste was universal. Some day, some way, it may change. For those of us who believe in the world's progression, in spite of all, it must be that the distant future will have something for these millions.

Here we have written so long a letter and have made so little progress—we must try again on this same subject—"In Calcutta with the king."

THE CASTE SYSTEM.

Students who have given more years of thought to the problems of the Far East than I have hours, find the caste system hard to explain, so that this little memorandum can be a

very cursory glance at an institution that includes probably one quarter of the people of this whole earth, and is older than the Christian religion. The caste system is an outgrowth or a part of the Hindu religion. What is the Hindu religion?

A mixture of old time Brahminism, theories and fancies made into rules of conduct, added to by changes made necessary by the progress of the world and by the rise of Mohammedism and Buddhism, both of which are somewhat incorporated.

The code of Hindu law, I, pp. 88, 94, gives the following account of its origin, abridged from the institutes of Menu, the oldest system of law extant, excepting the Pentateuch:

"In order to preserve the universe, Brahma caused the Brahmin to proceed from his mouth; the Kshatriya to proceed from his arm; the Vaisyra to proceed from his thigh, and the Sudra to proceed from his foot. And the Brahma (the divine) directed that the duties of the Brahmins should be reading and teaching the veda (bible); sacrificing and assisting others to sacrifice; giving alms if they be rich, and receiving alms if they be poor. And Brahma directed that the duties of the Kshatriyas should be to defend the people, to give alms, to sacrifice, to read the veda, and to keep their passions under control. And he directed that the duties of the Vaisyas should be to keep herds of cattle, to give alms, to read the shas-

tars, to carry on trade, to lend money at interest and to cultivate. And he directed that the Sudra should serve all the three mentioned castes, namely the Brahmin, the Kshatriyas and the Vaisyas, and that he should not depreciate nor make light of them.

"Since the Brahmin sprang from the mouth, which is the most excellent part of Brahma, and since he is the first born and possesses the veda, he is by right the chief of the whole creation. Him, Brahma produced from his own mouth, that he might perform holy rites; that he might present ghee to the gods, and cakes of rice to the pitris, or progenitors of mankind."

The Bhagvat Geeta, their sublime treatise, repeats it all and makes their observance a condition of salvation and moral perfection.

This will be seen to be an exact denial of our pet political and religious doctrines that "God hath made of one blood all men."

As the Brahmin is the first (there are some sixty grades down to the outcast), his duties of life are laid down in the ancient laws; he shall eat, drink, sleep and worship. And he, being of the tribe of Levi analogously ascribes to himself all power and right, and through the ages has evolved the Brahmin caste, which is above all others, which must not mix in any of the relations of life or deal with lower castes. So the lower castes, building up a rule of conduct and a line of association about themselves, each to itself and not to another, are alone in life

and death, to work, eat, drink. sleep, marry only in their own circle, on the penalty of losing their caste, which is the great disgrace beyond all other. These castes have their business as well as social monopolies. In the practical working out of caste the system is found intricate, complicated and confused. Here is an illustration applying to business:

A man born a printer would remain, or should remain a printer all his life, and bring up his sons to the same business; that he ought not to eat his food in company with a grocery-keeper, nor give his daughter in marriage to a shoemaker. So on, through all the trades; and further than that, none of these tradespeople should in any way come in personal contact with the priesthood. See how the plot thickens? For each or any to sully his purity, is to eat food touched by any of the others, or, by an unbeliever. They even have a table of prohibited degrees, showing how close one caste may come to another.

From a census report we quote from Sir H. Risley to show what the caste system means in a matrimonial way:

"Suppose that the great tribe of the Smiths throughout Great Britain, bound together in a community and recognizing as their cardinal doctrine that a Smith must always marry another Smith, and could by no possibility marry a Brown, a Jones or a Robinson. This seems fairly simple; there would be quite enough

Miss Smiths to go around. But, then, note that the Smith order would be broken up into smaller clans, each forcely endogamous.

"Brewing Smiths must not mate with baking Smiths; shooting Smiths and hunting Smiths, temperance Smiths and licensed-vitualler Smiths must seek partners for life in their particular section of the Smithian multitude."

And so on, the lofty Smiths should not wed the lowly Smiths, and those who lived in the west end could by no means unite in marriage to the east side.

So the marriage question becomes rather perplexing, especially for a father with a large family of girls and a slim pocketbook. Of course, if there is plenty of money it is easy to buy marriageable Smiths of the same strata, but what if money is scarce? Ah, that was formerly prevented by limiting the output of girls, who are, under Hindooism, useless and expensive. Infant murders were numerous and the poor remains were at times buried under a jibing verse:

> "Your life, my dear, we must destroy;
> Since you're a girl and not a boy."

But in these days infanticide, child marriage and the burning of widows, are in such condemnation of the law that Hindu sentiment has turned somewhat against these cruelties, though all are still practiced on the quiet.

When we contemplate that this is all in the name of religion, that people are "born and raised" in the doctrine of caste, that it is the universal custom of India, and that the great mass of the people are, after all, farmers who live in mud huts in villages, unchanging as the years go by, in anything, you can see the power of the caste. And one can understand, too, the impressive task of the missionary, who seeks to break in upon this system. One who leaves Hindooism leaves father and mother, wife and children and home, turns his back upon the faith and practice of his ancestors and his friends, and affronts public Hindoo opinion.

What are you? A democrat, a republican, a Methodist, a Presbyterian? Why don't you change? Not so easy, either, to explain or change when you bring it right home.

The Brahmin is a scholar of the very highest caste, all other castes are below him, will he change? No; very few of them do; nor of the castes just below. It is only when the missionary goes to the bottom, or almost the bottom, to that one in life who has nothing to lose and all to gain, whose lonely life and half starved existence makes him wonder at the uneven distribution of the good things of this world, and breeds restlessness, that he listens to the story of the Prince of Peace, who, while on earth, was like him, even despised and rejected of men.

Equality! Salvation for all possible. Even for the lowest caste. The appeal strikes home, just as the invitation to the wedding feast did.

The philosophy of Hindooism in all its details, the rules for observance of all castes, the manner of God and image worship in the temples; the fakirs and holy men, and the hermits and priests, the observances in certain periods of the sun and moon—is all, to one of my "bringing up," the biggest lot of foolishness on earth.

Of course, take our own national and social fabric to pieces; all our political doctrines and religious beliefs and we find some rather incredulous propositions to the uninitiated. But to compare it with Hindooism, as some "new thoughters" are trying to do, seems rather ridiculous, especially to one after traveling over this country. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And our fruit, I claim, is all the best.

Bishop Butler, whose life was mostly passed in India, is rather severe on the Brahmin, when he says: "Their learning is in the past, and little remains save their great epics, and the magnificent dead language in which they were written. Their chronology is a wild and exaggerated falsehood, their geography and astronomy are subjects of ridicule to every school boy, their astrology (to which they are especially devoted) a humbug for deluding their countrymen; they had no true history until some foreigner wrote it for them. * * *

Every improvement introduced and every mitigation of the miseries in the lot of women and of the lower and suffering classes has been introduced against their will and without their aid as a class."

Some teachings of this institute of the Hindoo law, not unusual in other old philosophies or religions, is of the transitory character of life, the certainty and joy of death. Let us close with this quotation, Vol. I, pp. 76 and 77:

"The body is a mansion, with bones for its body and beams, with nerves for tendons and cords, with muscles and blood for mortar, with skin for its outward covering and filled with no sweet perfumes, but loaded with refuse. It is a mansion infested by age and by sorrow, the seat of diseases, harassed by pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long. Such a mansion of the vital soul should always be quitted with cheerfulness by its occupiers."

WHAT MECCA IS TO THE MOHAMMEDAN BENARES IS TO THE HINDOO.

Benares.

We are traveling across northern India in a special car, which is much the best way if it can be arranged. At Calcutta we joined with five other ship friends, and together we secured a car, which can be reserved by the purchase of seven first class tickets. The car is a

small affair, two compartments containing room for four berths each, and as our party consists of four ladies and three gentlemen, the ladies take one end of the car and the men the other. The car is switched and remains at any city you want it to, and then, on sufficient notice is taken on to the next stopping place, a charge of sixteen cents being made as demurrage for each hour side-tracked.

Travel in India is rather awkward unless some arrangement is made, as the second-class cars have five berths, and the first-class four, and the railway company simply sells you a ticket, which entitles you to ride on the car. There is no bedding furnished, no partition in the compartment, no curtains, only four long seats lengthwise, two up and two down, the top seats can be fastened up in day time, so some adjustment is generally necessary by the passengers unless they buy all the tickets for a compartment, which is often done. By our arrangement we travel at night and sight-see by day, thus saving time. We sleep in the car, as each one has purchased his own bedding outfit, and we eat at the hotels.

We have a servant, an ancient, long-whiskered Mohammedan, named Abdul, who is supposed to wait upon us and take care of the car, and who does a very poor job of it. There is a little shut-off compartment at one end of the car for servants, from which Abdul appears in the morning,—when the music begins. That is,

the "scraps" with hack drivers, peddlers, beggars, guides, agents, merchants, and all the riff-raff, bob-tail, Tom-Dick-and-Harry grafters that pursue you in India from morning's golden sunrise until the same goes down in the west in its flaring red beauty. Forty years' business experience are none too many to teach one to hold his own here; but alas, the poor devils have to live, and a traveler has no time nor mind to regret the many francs, florins, cents, guilders, rupees, annas, yens, pesos, marks, pfennigs, centimes, liras, shillings, and other small coins of various names and denominations, so we let it all go with the trip and do the best we can under the circumstances.

Benares, a large town about 200 miles northwest of Calcutta, is called the Holy City. It is situated on the Ganges, the sacred river. What Mecca is to the Mohammedan, Jerusalem to some of the Christians, Rome to the Catholics, Benares is to the Hindoo—the center—the place consecrated to the followers of this faith, where all the forms, customs, rites, ceremonies, rules, laws and ways are Hindoo, where the Hindoo people come from far and near; where to live is life and to die is glory. Bathing in the waters of the sacred Ganges removes all blemish, takes all sin away, restores the child of the faith to the favor of the gods. So here they come, these Hindoos, by such countless numbers that no one can number them, and at

BURNING GHAT, INDIA.

certain times, when the sign of the moon is right, the banks of the Ganges are lined for miles with bathers. It was not festival nor moon time when we were there, but there were hundreds in the dirty water bathing, anyhow.

Here, too, it is great merit to be cremated. So the burning ghats, on the river banks, are throwing up their smoke every day in the year. The method of burning is the same at Benares as elsewhere. A foundation of wood, with some kindling at each end, wood on the sides and top; altogether the pile, including the body in the center, not over three by eight feet. The mourners light the fires, and "carry on" while it burns. The cost all over India is about the same, about $1.25. After the traveler visits a ghat or two, and sees the gruesome sight a few times,—the flames darting around the dead body and sees the grinning teeth, with the flesh falling away, and notices that there are dead bodies lying around half covered with old clothes on rude biers, grown people and babies, all curiosity to see burning ghats vanishes.

Benares is where the religious cranks, priests, fakirs, and strange human beings who follow outlandish practices and customs assemble. Holy men, who sit on spikes, and torture themselves, often entirely naked. We have seen several hundred of these poor cranks, almost naked, poor for lack of food, smeared with ashes and dirt, some looking ghastly white, others with stripes made by ashes and dirt, on

their faces and bodies. They live on charity, and endure privation here, hoping for reward in the life to come.

Benares is dirty, streets narrow, a conglomeration of sacred bulls, monkeys, holy men, dirty and poverty stricken men and women, so that you wonder how anybody who does not positively have to will live there, and yet, it is the sacred city and many thousands come here to meet the angel of death upon the sacred banks of the holy river, in the holy city.

The bull is an incarnation of one of the principal gods, hence the bull goes where he pleases unmolested. No one will stop him if he chooses to eat up a poor man's stock of grain, or help himself at any shop or store that has food he likes.

They have a Cow Temple and a Monkey Temple at Benares. The Cow Temple is the dirtiest place we have found. The day of our visit was bright and dry, yet the whole place and narrow approach was a regular pig sty unkept. What it is in wet and muddy weather one can hardly imagine.

The temple of the goddess Durga, or Monkey Temple, is a building approached through narrow walls, where the monkeys, who are sacred animals, are sitting, standing, running and playing around. Numerous big, fat monkeys all around you, and they sit up and look at you like the poor intruder that you are. Monkeys roam free and unmolested all over Benares,

you see them scampering around over the copings of houses wherever you go. They have an image of Goddess Kali in the Monkey Temple, hideous, bloody, draped with reptiles and skulls, to whom some live animal is sacrificed each day. But to go on to describe the sights and experiences at the sacred city would be but a story of dirt and filth, and, as Bobby Burns says about the witches dance in the ould kirk, "Wi mair o' horrible and awfu', which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'."

The country from Calcutta to Bombay, a distance of about fifteen hundred miles, is a great level plain. The mountains in India are in the north and south, and the whole central part of the country is flat. You can see for miles and miles across the country on both sides of the train, for there is very little timber, and what there is, quite small and scattered.

The farmers live in clustered huts, mere shelters from the storm. Centuries of oppressive rule and grinding taxes, with a warm and hard work and poor pay, have brought the dry climate that makes the growing of crops farmer to the bottom financially, and his Hindoo religion had already put him there socially. The caste system has cast him out, even denying that he has a soul. The country does not show, in passing through, the dense population, for the people crowd into the cities, where, poor and miserable as many of them are, still

their chances for getting a living are better than in the country.

Without regret we left the Holy City of Benares. To me there is nothing interesting in dirt, ignorance, or superstition. Our next city is Lucknow, so famous for her prominence in the dreadful Sepoy Rebellion of 1857, which brought death and destruction to so many people and cities, but whose final work was the very reverse of what it was started to accomplish. We will give some short account of it in our few words from Lucknow, but will rest a bit now while we keep going on.

LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE SCENES OF MASSACRE DURING SEPOY MUTINY.

Lucknow.

Lucknow is the fourth largest city in India, and is probably the best known place in the empire, outside of Calcutta and Bombay, chiefly on account of its connection with the dreadful Sepoy Mutiny, in 1857, and the heroic defense of the people then in the garrison by the handful of English soldiers, and of the final heroic rescue by Havelock and Campbell.

Lucknow is off the main line of railroad about fifty miles, so we passed through Cawnpore to Lucknow and then back to Cawnpore. The city is about a half mile away from the depot; after passing some commons on both sides of the road you come to the native

quarter, which is very old and tumble-down looking.

The people of India impress one as still nomads, travelers or wanderers, like gypsies, who take with them all they have when they journey, and stop by night under trees, or in kahns, or sheds, long mud-walled coverings, where they sleep with their bullocks tied to their carts. The manner of life of vast multitudes of them is not different from the old ways so often described in the New Testament. For one of these to take up his bed and walk means simply for him to get up and wrap his blanket about him. His bed, in most cases, is simply his blanket. We have seen hundreds of natives coming from far in the early morning, with their blankets wrapped about them in which they slept at night.

Passing through the narrow, unkept streets of the native quarters of Lucknow, where people and goats and cows and dogs and oxen all seem to live together, the road opens out, and you reach the old "Residency," which means the place where the English governor lived, with the garrison, and the families of the soldiers and officers who were in charge of the government of the province. It is never my plan to be elaborately historical or statistical, but to give a general summary that may lead to an understanding of the subject. Those who desire can, of course, read up the history and get all the figures at home,

This country known as India has been conquered three times. First, by the Hindus, who came from everywhere so long ago that for all practical purposes they were the original owners of the land. Second, by the Mohammedans, who came from the north and west. Third, by the English of the far-away British Isle.

Of the old life of the natives, of their strange and fantastic religion, there is much of story and romance, but it is around the life of the Mohammedans, who founded the Empire of the Great Moguls, that poetry and song unite to astonish and awe by the wonders of their pageants, thrones, buildings, temples, mosques, the beauty of their women, the glory here of sunshine and moonlight. All mostly a lot of jingling nonsense, like Thomas Moore's Lalla Rookh.

They were great builders, and their mosques and tombs are still standing all over India, some of them unrivaled by all the grandeur and splendor of later times. And the old festivities of the Great Moguls are still unrivaled by their extravagance and grandeur; such as, the weighing of the emperor, when twelve times his weight in gold coins were scattered among the people. The oriental imagination, whether Hindu or Mohammedan, is for brightness and light, for gay and glittering things. Hence in all their building they used many precious stones—pearls, diamonds, jades, emeralds, topaz, rubies, sapphires, various kinds

of white and colored marble, glass, silver and gold; and labor being by slaves, or at least very cheap and material plentiful, they built so many mosques, thrones, memorials, minarets, tombs and halls that now the whole country is still full of them, some good as new, countless numbers of them in ruins. Besides the country and the people, these ruins and other of their buildings, and the scenes of the mutiny and its memorials, make India full of interest for the traveler.

In the very nature of things the Hindus did not like the Mohammedans, who conquered them, and whose life and religion was so different from their own; who made them bearers of burdens and kept them in subjection. Nor could the Mohammedan have any love for the English, who in turn ousted them from power and glory. Here were three discords, millions of Hindus, millions of Mohammedans—a handful of English governing both. Besides, the English represented Christianity, a creed at complete variance and thoroughly despised by both the other peoples. A large number of natives, both Hindu and Mohammedan, were taken into the army to help govern the country. The officers were English, but the soldiers (called in Hindu Sepoys) were natives. As the Mohammedans and Hindus hated each other, and had such entirely different views of life and death, the English had the idea that they never would or could unite

against them. But a discontent arose among the sepoys, fanned by the fanatics of both sides; both hoping to recover power by driving the English out of India, and a great conspiracy was formed, by which the sepoys were to revolt, kill all English, Europeans and Eurasians, and then occupy the land. It is a long story of how this diabolical plot was worked up.

Nana Sahib, the adopted son of Bajee Rao, the last monarch of the Maehrattas, who kept the country in confusion as long as he could, demanded more pension from the English government. The $900,000 he was receiving annually not being sufficient to keep his vast crowd of useless retainers, who claimed nobility from the Grand Moguls. Failing to get what he wanted he stirred up constant trouble, by all the arts of the base and tricky oriental. The final cause for the outbreak was the introduction of a new musket, instead of the old "Black Bess." For this musket a peculiar cartridge was used, which, owing to the rough bore, had to be greased. Here was the opportunity for the fanatical fakirs and agitators of both the malcontent factions. It was given out that the grease was a compound of hogs' lard and bullocks' fat. The Mohammedan has a dreadful horror of the hog, the Hindoo has a deep reverence for the cow, and it was all, the fakirs claimed, a design against their sa-

cred religions. In vain did the government explain.

In May, 1857, the rebellion broke out, from Calcutta to Bombay, wherever there were sepoys, by the murder of English officers, and then the indiscriminate slaughter of soldiers and civilians, men, women and children. It is one of the bloodiest stories in the whole history of a struggling and fighting world. Outrages unspeakable were perpetrated by the now infuriated fanatics, and as the sepoys were numerous and had secured arms and ammunition when still in the forts, the contest was unequal. But the English put up a desperate resistance; although thousands were killed and murdered, the deadly aim of the English in garrison by cannon or rifle piled the sepoy dead in heaps. At Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and other cities the fight went on, in some places for one hundred days, other places for five months unless all the foreigners were killed sooner. Without railroads help came slowly, but the world was aroused, and reinforcements were rushed to India. The garrisons were relieved after their long desperate fight, and the rebellion was finally stamped out, the leaders punished, and instead of the English being driven from India they took entire possession of the whole country, and to this day have ruled it from one end to the other. All the old ruins of the residency at Lucknow and many other places remain as

memorials, and the old battles are fought over and over by the guides for visiting citizens of the world.

Cawnpore is more of a manufacturing city than Lucknow, although the native part is much the same. Here, too, the mutiny memorials are elaborate, for here was the well that was filled with 212 massacred women and children. There is a beautiful figure here, in a marble enclosure, of an angel, to commemorate their cruel and untimely death, and the fitting inscription, "These are they which came up out of great tribulation." Here at the burning ghat three boats were filled with English soldiers who were prisoners and were promised liberty and started down the river. No sooner had the boats put out into the water than a deadly fire was showered at them, and all but two killed, one of whom alone escaped to tell the tale.

These central India cities are much alike in their native quarters. The Hindus live in narrow, dirty streets, make all sorts of articles by hand for a living, keep little stores and shops, are religious fanatics of some sect or other of the Hindoo faith, and build temples for worship. The Mohammedans, who are about as numerous as the Hindus, mix up with the rest somewhat, but build mosques for worshipping at the edges or outskirts of the towns where they can have more room. They are

both "terribly sot," as the old lady said about her companion for fifty years.

We stopped a day on our travels at Allahabad, where the sacred Ganges and Jumna rivers meet, where the great Mela was going on. Of this great festival, which is only held every seven years and which happened to be on at our visit, and of a visit to the Jumna Mission, under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, and of our visit to the leper settlement, all partly under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Higginbottam, we will write again. Mrs. Higginbottam sat at our table at the time of the Presbyterian Presbytery, when she spoke of her work at the leper settlement and was somewhat surprised when we all walked in on them, in far-away India.

So good-bye Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore. Next comes Allahabad; then Delhi, Jaypure, Bombay, Madras, Madura, and Tuticorin, and the trip across India will be completed, and we will then point south to land at Ceylon, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

THE MELAS AND THE MISSIONS ON THE JUMNA AND THE GANGES.

Allahabad.

India is rich in big rivers, whose waters accumulate in the vast Himalaya mountains in the north, and flow gently down to the great wide central plains of the country, making the

arid lands fruitful, and affording on their banks fine sites for cities.

As one great point of the Hindoo religion is bathing, and as in their mythological and imaginative worship the rivers are considered sacred, especially the long winding Ganges, so rivers in India have more importance than elsewhere; indeed without them the land would be a barren wilderness and their religion impossible. At Allahabad, about 500 miles west of Calcutta, the sacred Ganges and the Jumna rivers unite. The Ganges is dirty and yellow, and the Jumna is clean and blue, and even united they are still divided until miles away the dirt wins, and in the new river they amalgamate.

Allahabad is a great gathering place for the Hindoo worshippers, for the place where these two rivers unite is very holy and the waters very sacred, and here, once every seven years a great festival of the Hindoos is held, called Mela. There are several Melas of different names, and often as many as 2,000,000 worshippers, of the 165,000,000 Hindoos in India attend. At the meeting seven years ago, so great was the crush of the vast crowd, that hundreds were killed; an eye witness told me he saw from the fort wall a pile of dead in size like a small hill or a considerable house. But the poor victims of the crowd considered it glory to die in such a time and at such a place.

On the Sunday morning we reached Allahabad the Mela was just opening, and the pilgrims and holy men just coming in. Still there were thousands of both camped on the banks at the junction, and thousands bathing in the water. Holy men, covered with dirt and ashes, were sitting around in front of little straw huts or tents, their temporary homes, or floating around in small canoes among the bathers. One peculiar procession arrived; a holy man, naked, dirty, emaciated, on a horse, several students or disciples surrounding him; two bespangled elephants followed, and loaded on their howdahs were adherents, and then a straggling crowd of dirty—mostly naked—long haired fanatics, some beating drums.

The festival consists of religious processions, repeated bathing, meditation and many prayers. The holy men and hermits attend, and the people reverence them. It generally lasts two weeks, and to attend and participate is the dream of the devout Hindoo, and should the angel of death come at this time, his visit would be welcome, for heaven is not far from here at such a time, and the ashes of the burned body scattered on the sacred waters return to the Great Spirit in triumph.

After encircling the bathers in a boat and visiting the Mela, with all its fanatical, dirty crowd, its strange, fantastic rites, we called at the Jumna Mission, an important station of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission work. We have

no exact figures at hand of the number of people converted or benefited, or of the sums of money expended, although all these with other facts and figures will be supplied on request from Allahabad, India, so we confine our letter to generalities and impressions.

Allahabad has long been an important place in the Presbyterian Foreign Mission work. The foreign work in all the world has been divided by the several protestant denominations, so that they would not conflict in territory, but Allahabad has missions of other denominations, and they are all working together in perfect harmony, which is the general condition of foreign mission work among the protestant denominations.

The foreign board has 45 acres of ground here in the city limits, on which a church and a school and college are maintained, and directly across the Jumna river they have just bought 200 acres of land for a farm, where they expect to introduce and teach modern farming; a knowledge of which is so greatly needed in India.

Three miles in the country, under the auspices of the general leper committee, a leper settlement is supported. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Higginbottam have charge of the leper work. It was a bright Sunday afternoon when we visited the place with Mr. Higginbottam, who, with his estimable wife, seem to be greatly beloved by the patients. Several acres of land,

enclosed by a high stone fence (belonging to the government), several low stone houses of many ground compartments, a church, outbuildings and a garden are the compound. At this time there are here some 250 lepers in all stages of the disease. There are little children, old men and women, and thousands still seeking admission. The general impression that leprosy is painless—simply a wasting away—is a mistake. We saw many patients in advanced stages, suffering dreadful agony. All who were able were in the church, where they were singing hymns that were familiar, and they arose as our party entered and greeted us with a happy "Salaam." Many bright and pleasant faces were among them. To look over them as they squatted on the floor, one would not suppose that they were as was that one of old time who met the Saviour and was healed, "unclean." They were mostly Christians; some were students of the faith and some few still Hindoo. All were Hindoo when admitted, but the Christian faith is taught and the Bible read to them if they wish it, and knowledge and example brings them to the light. Although walking in the valley of the shadow of death they are not unhappy, for they have the blessed assurance of another and a better life, without misery, poverty and disease, which has been their only portion here.

Those that are able work in the garden and enjoy their work. Husband and wife and chil-

dren live together if all are already infected, but young married couples are separated. There are hundreds of thousands of lepers at large in India, but the societies hope to corrall them as time and means will admit, and eventually wipe out the disease, while ameliorating the miserable condition of those now infected. Mr. Higginbottam has many plans for improvement, but lack of funds prevents them being carried out. A mile away is a segregated boys' and girls' settlement, children of leper parents in whom the disease has not yet developed. By the strength of their youth, with proper food and care, he hopes to save many of them. When the disease shows on any of them they are taken away to the main settlement.

Leprosy is not contagious; not always hereditary, but is an infectious blood disease. It virtually slowly eats the victim up, beginning at the hands and feet. Of the pitiful objects of humanity that we have seen in India at the leper settlement and on the streets begging, an account of which would not be edifying, let it simply pass when we say that there is no condition of misery and decrepitude imaginable, the depths of deformity and disease and poverty but that is common in India.

Dr. Ewing, who has charge of the college, and the professors, are full of hope for Christianity in India. They ask the one who does not believe in foreign missions to come and see them and examine their work unprejudiced.

It was the very one in our party, a rich business man from New York, who did not believe in missions and so had often expressed himself, that proposed that we make up a purse for the work and was active in having it sent. The work in the mission field he said was a surprise, as he had always thought it was a "sort of a humbug."

The first great prophet and prince of the Buddhist religion was heart broken at the misery and suffering in the world, and renounced all wealth and desire, to bring help and happiness to the people, by a system of contemplating the eternal and the abstract, to gain strength and self control by personal privation and esoteric contemplation. But his philosophy was perverted, and, although believed in and followed by millions, has descended virtually into idolatry. There was also a measure of humanitarianism in Hindooism in its original conception. But Brahmanism has usurped it and converted it into a cult of superstition and caste. Although these two religious sects outnumber the Christian, "by their fruits ye shall know them," and it is not to them that the suffering and miserable of the world shall look for relief, but to Christianity which has the vigor of youth and the strength of the West.

Mohammedanism in its practical working, is the religion of cruelty, craftiness, selfishness and lust, and to grow good fruit from it would

be as possible as gathering figs from thorn trees, or touching pitch and not being defiled.

Allahabad is the fairest city in India, has more of the signs of the new and growing and less of the dead and dying. The streets are broad and clean, many buildings of size and beauty, many comfortable homes. That the influence of the hated mission has nevertheless been felt here, cannot be denied, and from this central and active point, where, beyond all other places, you see the contrast between Hindooism and Christianity, will still radiate in increasing volume, as strength and means are given to the work, that new "Light of the East," which will build hospitals instead of temples, schools instead of magnificent tombs or mosques, furnish meat for starving people to eat, instead of for a sacrifice to an unknown God represented by a clumsy figure of wood or stone.

Our journey now progresses to the town where the most magnificent mausoleum in all the world was built for the love of a woman. A man, who, though master of a country, owner of wives, bi-wives and concubines, was still so touched by the gentle and marvelous strength of truth and beauty, in the person of a young woman, that he dreamed of a heavenly palace on earth for the last resting place of the dear remains of her who impersonated it all to him,

Love and hate, joy and sorrow, purse power and penury, in all the history and places on earth, build up and tear down indiscriminately, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, is still to roll the stone away for every one, but "all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death."

THE TAJ MAHAL AT AGRA.

Agra, India.

Agra is a city of about 200,000 inhabitants, 848 miles from Bombay and 790 miles from Calcutta, so that it is fairly in the center of northern India. It is on the pleasant Jumna river, on whose banks so many cities have been built that have passed into ruin long ago; whose clear waters have been reddened by the blood of hundreds of battles as the invaders sought to possess the land, and the aborigines sought to retain it. Agra is some four hundred years old in its Mohammedan life. and much older in its Hindoo time. It is here that the great Mogul Dynasty was founded that reigned in India with such brilliancy, built so many towering mosques and jeweled tombs, that to this day the traveler comes from afar and looks at what imagination can faintly suggest once was, in the old time of Akbar and his grandson, Shah Jehan. The cruel, blood-thirsty, fanatical Mohammedans, seeing the richness of this land of Hin-

dustan, sought to add it to their possessions, and also to convert the Hindus to Mohammedanism. After years of wars, whose dead were never numbered, whose blood would make a flowing river, they partly succeeded, but only in spots, as Hindustan was too big for a complete conquest. Here in Agra, in 1566, they built their finest palaces, mosques, forts and tombs, and the rulers lived that life of debauched luxury and glittering tyranny that the poets love to write about. It certainly was a great place to write poetry about, where the buildings were of purest marble, inlaid with thousands of the most precious stones; marble criss-crossed every way in blocks and patterns for unique effect. On top of great plateaus of hand-cut, inlaid marble, tall towers tapering almost three hundred feet high, with solid stone winding stairs all the way up, where the Musselman, looking toward Mecca, could greet the rising sun and call the faithful to call on Allah—Allah, every hour as the days and nights went by. These old Mohammedans were great accumulators of women, and had from four to several hundred wives, who peeked with covered faces through marble cut cross-bar peep holes at their strutting parades of elephants and camels and fantastic adherents. It was a great old time, sure, for the Moguls, but the story of the people is never told. The half-starved millions of semi-slaves and fanatics who carried these heavy stones hundreds of

miles, who cut the marble by long years of patient industry under the lash; whose daughters were concubines and whose sons were slaves, and whose lives were held as dice in the hands of the Moguls, to cast away for pleasure or profit or sheer madness of fancy. When one considers for a moment the history of the nations of the earth, to see how a few have tyrannically and brutally ruled multitudes for long periods, one marvels at the slow growth, and long patience, of liberty. But stop; that kind of writing will never get me through India.

When we came into Agra from Cawnpore, the sun was up and as I let down the window blind in the car the Taj Mahal was the first thing I saw. Only a mile or so from the station, on the banks of the Jumna river, towering high above all other buildings, it looms up like Vesuvius from the Mediterranean, Gibraltar from the sea, the Minar from the plains of the seven ruined cities, Pike's Peak from the prairie, Mount Everett from Darjeeling, the Shwe Dagon pagoda from the river, Washington's monument from the Potomac flats. The Taj Mahal is the tomb that the Mohammedan Mogul, Shah Jehan, built 282 years ago, in which to bury his favorite wife, whose name was Arjamand, Benu Begam, called also Mumtaz-i-Mahal, or the Exalted of the Earth.

We drove over, and after entering the big gateway, which ought to be elaborate enough for a tomb in itself for most people, sat down

and looked it over. The world tourist gets many a jar as he journeys about, seeing the wonders of the earth. At great trouble and expense and discomfort and inconvenience he often reaches the object of his quest to find that the alluring description and extravagant praise is simply a lot of guide book "hot air," over-praised for ticket selling purposes. But that, like the noise and dirt and general inconvenience, is all a part of the travel game. But the Taj Mahal is not a disappointment. It is a beautiful, graceful structure, in pure Jaipur marble, inlaid and ornamented, set in a tropical garden, with broad approaches from three sides, and the gentle Jumna river on the other. As tombs go, it outclasses them all—Napoleon's at Paris, Grant's at New York. Garfield's at Cleveland, the Medici at Florence, the Hohenzollern's at Charlottenburg, Hadrian's on the Tiber, any on the Appian Way, or in the Campo Santos of Milan or Genoa. As an elaborate structure it ranks with the library building at Washington, the Grand Opera House at Paris, the palace of Justice at Brussels, and a dozen or so too numerous to mention. It is said if you view the Taj Mahal by moonlight its beauty is enhanced and your soul exalted. Viewing anything by moonlight might do as well, if you would concentrate the mind upon the object. To detach the soul from its earthly home, lift it out of the bread and butter environments and objects, and think of life,

death, immortality, love, hate, joy, sorrow, beauty, is as easy as taking a puzzle ring apart. When young people do this, we say they are in love; when old people do so, we say they are religious fanatics or philosophers. Some writers are foolish enough to descant upon what they call the "new thought." As if there could be such a thing as new thought in a world whose years are unnumbered, whose dying generations are as multitudinous as the sands of the sea, for "all that tread the earth are but a handful to those who sleep within her bosom." What thoughts have these, the groups of pedestrians of Hindus and Mohammedans, who have come from far away, carrying their food and beds, to call on Allah or Krishna before the white marble of the Taj Mahal? Man, after all, in all his history, nations and generations, is an imaginative, speculative, spiritual being, and his outward life is but the trapping and the suit of existence.

Exercising the privilege of the shears and the paste-pot, we lift the following from the printed writings of a friend and fellow-traveler which may add to an understanding of the Taj Mahal, and its surroundings:

"The exquisite beauty of this wonder of the world stands unrivalled, and affords an illustration of the saying that 'the Moguls designed like Taitins and finished like jewelers.' Built of the purest Jaipur marble, the mausoleum stands on a raised platform, at each corner of

which is a tall and graceful minaret. Beneath the large dome and within an enclosure of most delicately carved marble fret-work, are the richly inlaid tombs of the princess and her husband, Shah Jehan. The Taj, which was commenced in 1630 and completed in 1648, is described as representing 'the most highly elaborated stage of ornamentation, the stage at which the architect ends and the jeweler begins.' In regard to color and design, its interior may rank first in the world for purely decorative workmanship; while the perfect symmetry of its exterior, and the aerial grace of its domes and minarets, impress the mind of the beholder in a manner never to be forgotten.'' The other principal buildings of Agra are Akbar's fort, an imposing, but, considered as a fortress, an unsubstantial structure, with walls 70 feet in height and nearly two miles in extent, made of stone rubble, sand or loose earth, faced with red sandstone. Inside the fort are the public and private halls of audience; the Machi Bawan, the Sish-Mhal or Palace of Glass, and that perfect masterpiece of art, the pearl Mosque designed by Shah Jehan in 1654. Outside the fort, but now shut in by the railway station, is the Jama Musjid, or great mosque, constructed by Shah Jehan as a memorial of his pious and highly gifted daughter, Jahanara. The tomb of Ihtimad-ud-daula, the vizier and father-in-law of Jahangir, a study of oriental architecture, is on the east bank of the Jumna

among the ruins of ancient Agra, and a short distance from a fine garden, the Ram Bagh.

So we passed out of the city of Agra, once the capital of the Lodi or Afghan Kings of Hindoostan; after the great battle of Panifat, in 1526, the home of the Moguls, who in turn fell before foreign foes. Of its voluminous and bloody past we know; of its future we can only hope. Optimistically inclined, as I am, I am firmly convinced in the progressive elevation of all the peoples of the earth, and that history so indicates. Even through long ages shall regeneration come, as through great tribulation it often comes individually. Aristotle's dictum, so generally accepted, must be reversible to be complete. That may sound Emersonian, but as the little preacher said in the great towering pulpit, "be not afraid; it is I."

THE KUTAB MINAR.

Delhi, both the old and the new capitol of India. A visit to the famous pillar, "The Kutab Minar."

Delhi, India.

King George the Fifth of England, and Mary the queen, who have just left India, being over here to be crowned emperor and empress, came into the country at Bombay and left at Calcutta; whereas, we came in at Calcutta and go from here to Bombay, then cross

the land again farther south, and sail from Tuticorin for Ceylon, then bound for Egypt.

We take this opportunity to call George's attention to the fact, if it has escaped him, that his land is full of poverty and misery. That it is a country where the average land holder has 3½ acres, from which he is expected to pay tax and raise a family and there is much to be done. Where agriculture is primitive and underpaid. Think of gathering a bundle of grass for market, carrying it ten or twenty miles and selling it for 10 cents; at least occupying two days' time in all by the return home. The most skilled brick-layer gets the highest wages paid labor, which is 16 cents a day, and common laborers get as low as 4 cents a day and so on.

Delhi is 903 miles from Calcutta, 848 from Bombay, 140 from Agra, the capital now and for a long time of the Punjab district. It is pronounced "Delle" by all, the old original city being Dilli. It is older than the Christian religion for it is here that the Persian, Mohammedan, English and Hindu armies had a long series of wars. It is said that there have been seven cities of this same name hereabouts, each conqueror building a new one to suit himself and you can easily believe the story, for the adjacent country for 45 miles around is covered with tumbled down walls, broken columns, neglected tombs, scattered building stone—ruins, ruins on all sides.

The present Delhi, which is now a city of 200,000, on the banks of the Jumna river, was built by Shah Jehan who was the great builder of India, in 1640. He put a wall around it, which is still well preserved, six miles in extent and made a palace 16,000 feet east and west and 32,000 feet north and south, and in the Dimani-Khas, or private audience hall, erected the celebrated Peacock throne made of solid gold and covered with gems. But alas, the invader scraped off the gold and appropriated the precious stones, one of which, the Kohinoor, we saw at the tower in England, having been split up after being appropriated, for the crown of the King of England. The Jumna Musjid is said to be the finest Mohammedan mosque in the world, and here we were shown a hair of the beard of the Prophet Mohammed. The hair was about the length usually found in boarding house butter, two inches, red in color and had a little knob on the end, which was probably an anchor.

On leaving the temple, after putting on our shoes (we have worn out one pair of shoes this way) we were surrounded by eleven long whiskered Mohammedans who each demanded a tip. We have been up against this game many times, so we smilingly tipped each one two annas with a half rupee for his honor, the solemn old high priest.

Delhi is the most scattered city of the land, and you hardly know whether you are in town

or country. Before entering the long dirty alley that leads to the Jain temple, a band of Nautch girls, with three long-whiskered owl-eyed fiddlers insisted on giving an exhibition in the street for our benefit. Away they began to spin, lively and gay. The music was rather jingling, too, but they soon passed the hat, and as the returns were not satisfactory, closed the ball. As the ladies of our party went ahead into the temple two of the best looking girls pleaded with me, in a very winning way, for a little "backsheesh." "Are you coming?" called a gentle voice, and I hurried along, thinking of what, indeed, could be made of such a situation by my old friend, the author of the mythical Tristam Shandy, who was also the author of that most sentimental journey through France and Italy, when he, poor parson as he was, escaped so miraculously so many trying temptations, all of a sentimental nature.

The second day at Delhi the tourist stunt is to arise early, mother dear, to travel eleven miles to see the Minar. Delhi is quite north and it was almost frosty and the mists arose thick from the ground, as we journeyed to the ruins of cities, walls, houses and tombs. If building stone were worth anything around here one could easily gather up a fortune's worth, or a pile big enough to build the tower of Babel, without the loss being noticed. Think of the wasted labor to build seven cities to go to ruin. On the road we passed through the

Kashmere gate, which still shows the fearful cannonading it received in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, and stopped at Himiayon's tomb. It took 16 years to build it, and cost 15 lakhs of rupees. It is about one hundred years older than the Taj Mahal, and undoubtedly furnished a pattern for it which was greatly surpassed in the Taj. The old time poet, Kooshru, whose lines are still popular, is buried near and has a fine tomb, which even the poor reverence. If you write well enough there is hope of remembrance, so cheer up, poets, although neglected in life you may be alive in verse, when the rich and great are forgotten dust.

Next comes the Kutab Minar. This is a stone pillar, 11 miles from Delhi, on the site of one of the seven ruined Delhis. It is said to be the highest pillar in the world (which it is not). We have not the other figures at hand, but this stands 238 feet, 1 inch above the level ground; the diameter at the base being 47 feet, 2 inches, tapering to 9 feet at the top. There are stone steps inside all the way up, and, as we have climbed or ridden up to the top of most of the high places on earth, we walked up 397 steps, and no trick for a lad of—well, no, better cut that out; we were writing of the Kutab Minar. It is not the highest in the world by a long way. It took 150 years to build this pillar. The word "Minar" means in Hindustani, tower. It was finished in 1235. Both Hindoos and Mohammedans claim the pillar. One story

is that one Rajah Pithora began it, at the request of his daughter, that she might see the river Jumna, and also greet the rising sun. But the Mohammedans claim that it was built to call the faithful to prayer, and as they are always doing that sort of thing, it seems very likely. Anyhow, it cost years and years of work, millions of money—and it don't amount to a tinker's damn, except for tourists to climb and see the surrounding country.

Delhi was long a Mogul capital, then the general capital of the English government in India. The capital was years ago transferred to Calcutta, but at King George's visit this year, he announced that it should come back to its old home. This of course created a big stir both here and in England, the king's party for it and all the other parties on the other side. Many reasons were given for this last change, but we cannot stop to recite them. The real reason, to my mind, seems to be that there was too much anti-English sentiment at Calcutta, too much "sedition"—India for the people who live in India—as Calcutta is a great seaport city, full of business and progress, and Delhi is a little old back-number native city in the north, where the light of liberty will never shine. But it is not our trouble; United States has burdens enough in the Philippines and does not envy any nation her foreign possessions.

We have but one visit to make before Bombay, at Jaipure, or Jaypore, as it is variously

spelled; where at the special invitation of the 'Rajah we are to ride to the deserted city of Amber on an elephant, for ten rupees. If the India rubber son-of-a-gun should step on us, future correspondence will be omitted, otherwise not. Hence, as a man an old woman in our town could have married (and would if she could have read the future) would say, "the elephant or the letter."

A leading technical magazine has the following story of the Kutab Minar:

"WHERE IS THE CENTER OF THE WORLD?

"They don't seem to have got the idea over in India that the earth is not a disk, but a globe, for they still talk about the center of the world. In Delhi, where the durbar is held, stands a lofty monument, or tower, that goes by the name of Kutub Minar. It is a structure that towers far above the temple of which it is a part. The appearance of this curious piece of architecture is that of a number of tiers of individual columns, the columns seemingly being tied together into bundles. At big intervals there are balconies. The Kutub Minar is of especial interest and note in the world over which the religion of Buddha holds full sway. Here long ago, tradition has it, a meteor fell, sent by the ruling powers in the mystic world

beyond this life to mark the center of the world. In commemoration of this miraculous event, the Kutub Minar was erected on the spot, that mankind might never forget it."

JEYPORE, THE PINK CITY, HOME OF A LIVE 'RAJAH—TO AMBER ON AN ELEPHANT.

Jeypore, India.

India is divided into districts, as our country is into states; the far north district on the western side is the Punjab, and right below it is Rajputana. This town of Jeypore is a large place, thoroughly native—very few Europeans living here. It is the capital and chief town of Rajputana, and the home of an Indian Maharajah, who owns, by inheritance, most of the country and much of the town. A night's ride from Delhi brought us here in the early morning. We could not see very much town around our hotel or about the depot, but soon learned that the hotel was outside the walls of the city. After breakfast we organized for the day's business, and under the kind auspices of a native guide, who spoke English like he was either ashamed of what he was saying or afraid he would forget it, and hurried up. He reminded me of the Irishman who worked fast at painting the fence so as to get done before he ran out of paint. A drive of half a mile brought us to the gate of the city, not a hole in a tumbled-down wall, but a regular big gate,

guarded by soldiers; it closed at 9 p. m., and opened at 6 a. m., and not otherwise except by a special permit.

Jeypore is rather a well built city, as they go over here, streets wider than usual, and cleaner than many other places. We were conducted to the stables of the 'Rajah—it is all 'Rajah here—to see his 300 horses, in charge of his 300 grooms. By our special permission, the oldest son of the superintendent of the horses was allowed to follow around to listen to the English spoken. We invited him to go along all day, but he excused himself on account of his unbecoming "uniform." As the Sultan at Djocjakarta, Java, has a hundred fighting cocks, and a man for each particular one, so the 'Rajah here has his 300 grooms for his 300 horses. The grooms were of the general run of the natives, but the horses were very superior animals, of many breeds, from different countries. Jeypore is a busy place, fine work being done in brass and ivory, and very excellent rugs and carpets being made. Toward noon the guide said we must hurry out to the north gate, as a few miles out the elephants were awaiting us for the trip to the deserted city of Amber. Sure enough, beyond the wall they were, great big lads, flapping their ears and blowing dust over themselves with their noses. Great emphasis is laid upon this ride, as it is only by special invitation from the 'Rajah, received through the hotel—for a tip of ten rupees.

From what I know of it, the ten rupees will bring the "invitation," so don't fear being left out if you have the price. Slowly the big lads knelt down and our party of seven were placed, three on one, four on the other, and the ride began. It was not so bad; you go up and down quite a bit, but the motion is not disagreeable, and the seat is very comfortable. Most of the journey was up hill. One driver rode on the elephant's neck, behind his ears; the other followed with a big stick with one end made of iron and sharpened. And so we rode to Amber and back again on the elephant's back—the celebrated stunt at Jeypore.

Amber was built on the side of a hill by a 'Rajah, whose descendants changed towns and let it go to ruin. It was a large city in its day, and all around the houses are half tumbled down and whole tumbled down. Only the Hindoo temple and palace are still kept up. Here the present 'Rajah comes once a year to worship; here burns the sacred fire; here stands the diabolical Kahli in all her bloody glory. The daily sacrifice had been made an hour or so before our visit, and still the smell of the warm blood was in the air, and the goddess bore the evidences of her morning's bloody bath. There was a vast amount of money and labor uselessly wasted here, for the old place is full of carved marble and intricate work in stone. In the valley below the castle were elaborate gardens, where his nibs was wont to cool

ON THE ROAD TO AMBER CITY, INDIA.

and refresh himself, under the peeping eyes of his multitudinous harem, whose rooms and baths and siesta chambers, still showing much curious workmanship and elaboration without regard to expense, are exhibited to the stranger as the evidences of departed luxury and glory.

After tiffin we went to see the 'Rajah's animals. He has a dozen cages of the most ferocious beasts on earth—tigers, lions and leopards. Here are the wagons that they were caught in and the guide and keepers take great delight in telling how this one and that one was caught, and where. Some are just lately in, and, wow! but they are ugly and cross. The snake charmer, who exhibited his bag full of reptiles, making them obey his motions by his charm, seemed a gentleman with quite an innocent and harmless trade after the 'Rajah's animals were visited.

What, after all, in this enlightened age of the world, is the use of an hundred fighting cocks. or three hundred horses, or a number of ferocious wild animals? Why not give the maintenance these require to the starving men and women and children of India? Surely this 'Rajah is a—but hold on! We said what is the use? Poor old King Lear maintained that man could get along with very little, and proved it in the extremity when they would not allow him 300 retainers. We know educated people in a civilized country, who chew tobacco and spit the juice all over town; others who smoke

pipes, new and old, and cigars, good and bad. No sooner is the juice extracted from the tobacco, or the smoke sucked from the pipe or cigar than it is spit or blown out. That looks not only useless, but foolish. The 'Rajah would not do it. We know people who not only eat more than they need, but even drink whiskey and wine and beer during and even between meals. We have seen hundreds of ladies (high-toned, according to our estimate and usages) smoking cigarettes or even cigars, and swilling wine or beer like they were almost dying of thirst. No doubt they were not at all thirsty. But speaking of—What is the use? Say, let's go on about India. After all, it may be that people are differently educated and have different points of view.

What is the use of all the tombs men are everlastingly building all over the world? Can't a man get glory and attention enough from his own day and generation, without trying to attract the future generations to him? When he was born and when he died! What is the difference? There are millions who were born and died—and millions more to follow. What of those whose tombs fill, not only India, but every land? Only ruin or impending ruin for the monument, and oblivion for the builder. But this will last—real service, real truth, real beauty. He who builds in loving service for others builds for time, but he who builds for self loses his edifice in the universality of egotism.

It was a holiday at Jeypore, and old and young were flying kites; the air was full of kites. The pigeon is very sacred at Jeypore, and the little thousands at Venice that so please the tourist, are doubled up many times here—so many, many pigeons. How do they all live? The people feed them, dividing even their slender mess.

Jeypore is said to be the finest native city in India, and we can coincide with the general verdict. Calcutta and Bombay are too European; Benares too dirty; Lucknow and Cawnpore are also quite widely built; Agra is all fort and the Taj Mahal. But when it comes to native cities—real Simon-pure towns of home people, either in Japan, China, Java, any of the Malay States, or India, they are all, in a considerable degree, a huddled conglomeration of houses, occupied by a poverty stricken population, ignorant and superstitious. What light there is comes from the West. Japan alone is emerging from darkness; in a few years there will be no Old Japan. It will be completely Westernized.

India is an immense market for goods made in England, and for the employment, in the best positions, of young men from England. A vast amount of English capital is invested in India. When we consider the countries of the Far East, the worn-out condition of the soil, the enervating influences of the climate, the crowded populations, the bigotry of the various

old religions, one can easily believe that all the problems of government have not been solved in the past, and that the future will not be easy for the real statesmen who hope for prosperity, happiness and peace for the people; and that England, with her string of dependent lands, reaching around the world, has a burden that will increase instead of diminish with the years.

We have now been away from home five months, going from town to town, like a peddler with a pack. There are people who probably think that is fine, and some whom you could not hire to do it. We expect to be through in three months more, making eight months in all. We have been exposed to cholera, bubonic plague and small-pox. Have ridden in carriages, coaches, buggies, landaus, victorias, automobiles, jinrikishas, "kebs," jaunting cars, ekkas, tongas, sedan-chairs, dos-a-dos, sados, wagons, elevators, railroad cars, steamboats, sampans, sailing boats, interurbans, street cars and other vehicles; and have walked as high as eighteen miles a day. Variety is the very spice of life, and you get it on a world trip. Have been taken for every kind of a man—but what I am —and have met all types of people, in all kinds of dress. Still I am well and happy, have a good appetite and sleep sound at nights.

Traveling is like staying at home, to get the good of it, one must take the bitter with the sweet and like it.

Going back to China the following account of the old life in Canton, which, after one has been

there, can readily be believed. It is certainly a terrible picture, and indicates that the evolution do not come too soon, and that any change must be for the better:

"Anyone who has lived for any considerable length of time in Canton and whose duties take him daily into the native city, cannot help feeling a sense of depression coming over him as he observes the life led by the people among whom he is daily thrown in contact. The first factor that makes for this feeling is doubtless the dirtiness of the whole place. Streets, narrow and tortuous, badly paved and showing through the interstices thereof sewers containing the most unutterable filth, swarm with children whose dirtiness is only equal to the streets themselves. To see these poor mites is enough to make one's heart bleed. Badly fed, hardly clothed at all and living under conditions that would not be tolerated even for an animal at home, these little ones are a living commentary on the 'manifold sorrows of the heathen.' In every street are to be seen tiny girl children struggling under loads far beyond their strength to bear; others, little more than babies themselves, sit on doorsteps or wander about with one still younger tied on their backs. And ofttimes the language that comes from these mites is terrible, but no one seems to mind; rather, indeed, the fouler their language the more pleasure it seems to give their elders. Then the beggars. In no other country in Asia are to be seen more horrible

sights than are to be seen here daily among the mendicant population. Lepers in all stages of their loathsome disease wander unheeded through the crowded streets; the lame, the halt and the blind meet one on every side, while the horrible sores that are exposed to rouse the pity of passers-by are awful beyond description. Cruelty in all forms is rife. Little slave girls are beaten and tortured without pity; boys are worked without stop from dawn till late at night without an hour for pleasure or recreation; girls are sold like cattle into houses of ill-fame—and no one cares. Yesterday was a wet day, and the city was ten times more depressing than usual, and the homeless and wretched crouching in corners for shelter, were pitiful to see. The longer one lives here the more one finds the need of a vivifying religion to lift this people. The officials and literati pin their faith to the doctrines of Confucius, but in these doctrines there is no life. Twenty-five centuries of his doctrines have not lifted up the poor and down-trodden; neither have they checked immorality. Buddhism, as practiced in this country, is but a collection of shibboleths; of the countless numbers that daily cry 'Na mo oh me to fat,' not a hundredth part know the meaning of what they say. Until this people embrace the religion of Christ there will be no help for them. The officials will still oppress the poor, and no material social progress will be made until these people experience a spiritual uplifting."

BOMBAY, THE PARSEE CITY—THE CELEBRATED CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

Bombay.

Those who catch their first view of the Far East at Bombay, coming via the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean, are much interested in the variety of color this city presents by her varied population. But as we came here the other way, and got our first real sight at Singapore, thence traveling through Java, the Malay States, Burmah and eastern and northern India, we were quite accustomed to people in red, yellow, green, blue and pink, and all these and other hues in combination; also to people, old and young, of both sexes, with almost no clothing on, and in the cases of children and holy men, absolutely clothed as they came into the world. Bombay being the second largest city of India, and a great maritime port, reflects India, in that she has some people of all her varieties.

Bombay is on an island of the same name, one of a group off the west coast of India. It is a city of about a million population, admirably situated for foreign trade, and she profited greatly by the opening of the Suez Canal, that bringing her into direct line for Calcutta, Madras and north and south trade. The city has many beautiful buildings, many broad and well kept streets, and presents the appearance of a modern European capital, except in the

native quarters, which are as they always are, here or elsewhere, crowded and dirty. India is the main rival of the United States in raising cotton, and this city had a boom during the Civil War that was unparalelled in this part of the world, and of course, when the war closed the bubble burst and they had a period of "hard times." Bombay is still the great cotton city of the East, having more than 80 mills, using 26,000,000 spindles and employing over one hundred thousand people. The working hours for the workers are long and the pay very low. Some efforts have been made toward limiting hours of work and the age of children employed, but the problem is even more complicated than in the southern states of the United States, for both the caste system and polygamy mix it up. All day long through the streets of the city, you can see an unending procession of bullock carts, each with its three bales of cotton, en route from railroads or ships to the mills. The small bullock is used all over India instead of the horse, singly and in pairs. They are usually small, not larger than our good yearlings, but they are stout and willing, and are used for all purposes, even hitched to public carriages and fancy family turnouts. The water buffalo or cow, is much used for heavy work. They are large and very strong, and will pull every time called upon, as long as they can stand up. You often see a farmer washing his cows in a river, all of them up to

their necks in the deep, and seemingly having a good time.

There are many kinds of people in Bombay, but mostly they are of the three main religions: Parsee, Hindoo and Mohammedan. Hindooism was the first religion of India; although Buddhism had its beginning here, it has been somewhat supplanted. But the Mohammedans conquered almost all of India, and ruled it for hundreds of years, so they planted their religion all over, and it still has its millions, and every city or community has its mosque, with its crowd of long-whiskered worshippers, who fill the prayer places every Friday, that being their great day. When you consider that there are two-thirds as many Mohammedans in India as there are inhabitants in all the United States, and that the Hindus are still more numerous, you have some conception of the numbers over here. The Parsees are originally Persians—the ancient Zoroastrians, or fire-worshippers. The Turks drove them out of Persia some twelve hundred years ago, and they found a refuge in India, and here in Bombay they grew and flourished. But they number less than one hundred thousand altogether, and over half of that number are here in Bombay. They remind me much of the Jews; are smart, good business people, stick together, take care of their own poor, educate their own children; and ask only a place on the earth to live and worship in their own ancient way, which is not much different

from the Christian people, after all. They never did worship fire, but that element is to them the symbol of God, so they never let it die out. They dress like Europeans, except for a comical shaped hat, which distinguishes them from other people. They resemble the Jews, too, in that for four thousand years they have maintained their ancient religion. They have a peculiar belief about polluting the elements; so their dead are neither buried, as with us and the Mohammedans, nor burned as the Hindus do, but exposed on "towers of silence," round stone buildings, some twenty feet high, where the vultures, which hover around by the thousands, come and eat the flesh off the dead bodies. They have three "towers of silence" here on Malabar Hill, a beautiful place overlooking the Indian Ocean, and only three miles from the city. On one, those who die from contagious diseases or commit suicide, are exposed; one is for a family who built it, and on the other, all persons, of whatsoever station, rich or poor, for the Parsees recognize no caste, go in at the same gate, and all bones are dropped into the same receptacle when stripped of their flesh. The Parsees by careful attention to business, temperance, morality and shrewdness, are gradually getting the very best in Bombay, yet there is only one Parsee to every twenty people. They are a wonderful and interesting folk.

There are still a great many Buddhists in India. They have no caste system, respect all life; believe in the transmigration of souls, reincarnation; that by constant meditation man becomes enlightened, thus avoiding rebirths, and finally reaches Nirvana, where existence is absorbed in God. The Jain sect are now most numerous in India, the Buddhists proper being in Burmah and Ceylon. When we first saw these people sitting around with a white cloth over their mouths, so that a stray animal, such as a gnat or fly would not get in, and thus lose its life, we thought—well of all the ————, but no—let us be patient with all the world—but, still it———

The big "stunt" at Bombay, after the people, is the trip to Elephanta Island. Cook charges ten rupees a person, but we made the trip in a sailing boat, which is the very best way, for three rupees the person. We have been "done" so many times, by so many different people, that we actually rejoiced to get in on the ground floor once, even on a little deal. These islands are six miles across the bay, and were named Elephanta by the Portuguese, from an old stone elephant formerly standing near the landing place. The caves are cut in the solid stone, five rooms, each about as big as a barn floor, and around the walls are the Hindoo gods, all the well known ones, Vishnu and Siva, are in various forms. These caves are very old, certainly over 1,000 years,

and thousands of people must have worked years to carve out the big holes, and make all the figures and freizes. Yet these caves are excelled in size and form in many places in this part of India. It was the people's way of building their churches, and you know that no amount of money nor time nor labor is too much when the heart is in the work.

Modern men build hospitals, libraries, town halls and churches to benefit mankind and perpetuate their memory. Ancient men built temples, baths, tombs, cut caves out of rock, erected towers and statues; each probably according to his light.

Innumerable lights flickered on land and water as we left the great city of Bombay. Above, the stars, not so bright in any other place in all the world, shone out to guide the traveler on his way. In the streets and in the doorways and on platforms, lay hundreds of these strange people of the old Far East, who eat when they can, and sleep anywhere; who squat silently, unmoving, for hours. It was the dead of winter, yet dressed simply in white duck and gauze underwear (high collar, no shirt), the night seemed warm, and the gay and festive mosquito lit and bit and lit again. In that most celebrated debate on the ash pile, the only clean place, recorded by our old friend Job, one disputant asks if by searching you can find out God? No, not God, hardly man, whose infinite variety in the world, near and far, past

and present, was the despair of the stone cutter's son (whose wife scolded him), but who still maintained that "the proper study of mankind is man."

We now will cross India again, going south by east. Southern India is very celebrated in art and nature and history. Some little pebbles of the same we will gather for remembrance, and as one of my German friends said, "put in on the paper."

We send you the following clipping, which explains itself. We fell in with many travelers and diplomats who had attended on the occasion, as we expected to, but the sailings would not fit:

CORONATION OF THE KING OF SIAM.

The Bangkok papers give long accounts of the brilliant ceremonies and entertainments, which have marked the coronation of His Majesty Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Vajiravadh, Phra Monghut Klao, which took place on the 2d of December.

Just on the stroke of noon, says the *Siam Observer*, the crash of the guns firing the royal salute, the wailing of conchs and the reverberations of the drums proclaimed to his loyal subjects that the king was king in very truth. Thousands filled the streets waiting for the signal, and everywhere joy was unbounded when it came.

The assemblage at the Dusit Maha Prasad was a brilliant one and the scene will long rest in the memories of those who witnessed it. Around the great Sawetrachatr which surmounted the throne placed in the center of the Prasad, gathered princes, diplomats and officials, all in the dress to which their rank or station entitled them. Rich uniforms in which the various colors were blended artistically, some bedecked with jeweled orders, passed and repassed. The rays of the morning sun resting upon the glittering ornamentation of the hall caused dazzling reflections, which formed a jeweled background to the scene.

There was a long wait while the ceremonial ablutions were performed in the palace. Then his majesty mounted the octagonal throne in the inner hall and the representatives of provinces from the eight points of the compass humbly proffered vessels containing the namphra phutta mon or sacred water. As each official presented himself the king dipped his fingers in the water and anointed his forehead. The ceremony closed with the retirement of his majesty to assume the state robes. An interval elapsed and then a procession of nobles bearing the thong chai, the royal standard, the phra senk ayasith, the sceptre of power, together with the ancient weapons of the monarch and other portions of the regalia, accompanied the king to the Ducit Maha Prasad Hall. The assemblage bowed respectfully as

his majesty seated himself upon the ancient coronation stone and the hall grew very quiet. The Brahmin priests assisting in the ceremony twice raised their voices in prayer and the melancholy sound of the conch shells marked the conclusion of each invocation.

By far the most solemn moment of the ceremony was when his majesty, with a grave and stately movement, placed upon his head the crown which is the symbol of regal dignity. For a moment there was a great stillness in the crowded hall. Then the wailing of the phra song commenced. The solemn notes of the Siamese national anthem swelled the chorus to a triumphant roar of sound while the thunderous detonation of the palace guns announced to those without the precincts that the great moment had arrived. Then slowly the music died away and only the concussion of the guns broke the silence in the royal chamber. The tremulous voices of the Brahmin priests were raised in prayer and the bencha rajkutaphan (emblems of royalty) were presented. Thereafter his majesty received the homage of the royal family, of whom H. R. H. Prince Bhanurangsi was the representative of the military forces, represented by Lieutenant-General Chao Phya Surasakdi, of the members of the royal household, represented by Chao Phya Surirat, and of the civil officials represented by Chao Phya Yomaraj. The king replied, once more the music sounded, and then he was borne to the balcony of the hall.

FROM BOMBAY TO MADRAS.

MADRAS, THE METROPOLIS OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

S. E. Madras.

It is 835 miles from Bombay to Madras, which is also 1032 miles southwest of Calcutta. Madras is situated on the western coast of the Bay of Bengal, and is the third city in India, having a little over half a million inhabitants. We left Bombay Saturday night and arrived here Monday morning. We have now crossed India twice from east to west and from west to east. From a geological standpoint there can be no doubt but that India, in the remote ages, was a vast lake or ocean, as its mountains are at the two ends, and all the vast lands between are level and flat. All sorts of crops are raised in this big country, for they have all climates and all soils. The methods of agriculture are very primitive, hand work mostly, old wooden plows drawn by small bullocks. Corn, wheat, and barley are raised in the north, while rice, tobacco, cotton, cholam and vegetables are cultivated in the south.

Northern India, from Calcutta to Bombay, presents a rather dreary aspect, something like our unoccupied regions of the western plains. Still, native villages of a half hundred or more mud huts, enclosed in high mud or stone walls are quite numerous. Every city has its fort and castle. The forts which were built by

the Moguls two or three hundred years ago, and allowed to fall into half or complete ruin, have been restored by the English in the last century (many restored since the mutiny of 1857), and are now used as garrisons for English soldiers. The castles were built by the same Mohammedans, and are often inside the ground of the fort. They, too, have suffered from the remorseless hand of time, and have been repaired and are now kept by the government for their historical value. The Mohammedans also built many and mighty tombs in the north, each succeeding Mogul trying to outdo his predecessor.

The general impression of northern India is that it is not a rich or attractive country, even under favorable conditions of government, but what improved agriculture might do for it would be a different story. However, turning south from Delhi, the wheat began to look very green and in places even rank. There are large irrigation districts by rivers, canals and tanks, but still the country is so big and so dry, and the sun so hot, that unless the rain comes famine appears. Irrigation by a team of bullocks drawing water from a well is still almost the universal custom. When I mentioned gasoline engines and wind pumps to a native, he said that so far, nothing had been found to compete in cheapness to men and bullocks. He further stated that gasoline was dear, repairs

almost impossible, wind uncertain and wind pump repairs expensive.

Turning from the north to the south, however, the country seemed more inviting and prosperous. It is all hot and dry, except the north, but they should have about forty inches of rain most years, and if they get it and it comes at separate times, they can get along with the added water pumped from the wells. Cholam, a cross between corn and sugar cane, we should say, is a great crop. The top seeds like sugar cane, and the people eat the seeds, living upon it entirely, like they do on rice. The stalk is fed to the cattle. We passed miles of cholam and then came to the cotton district. Cotton grows small, not over one foot in height, but is productive and profitable, for labor is very cheap and picking cotton is slow work.

The Mohammedans never conquered the south, only in spots, so the big tombs are not found; but the native 'rajahs of the old time built temples, which add to the historical interest of the south. Around Madras the country is very beautiful, the sea on one side and a very tropical foliage all about the other side. The city itself is scattered along the water front for nine miles and inland for four miles. The most crowded part is Blacktown, and here the people are packed in thick, and they are black, too, as black as a black cat painted black with black paint.

Madras, being the big town of the south, and the capital of the state called the Presidency, has all the machinery of district government, and the courts. A celebrated murder trial was on—two white judges and one black, on the bench. The attorneys engaged were all black, but one, while the prisoners, about fifteen, were guarded by black men with drawn swords. A clan had killed a government collector and that many of them had been caught.

The little country of Portugal—again coming to life and establishing a republic—was a great country in the old time and its men went out on the far seas in ships and made Portuguese settlements all over the world. Here they came, before Madras was, and the town was called St. Thome, from an old story that the blessed Saint Thomas himself came here on his mission of mercy, died and was buried and even sleepeth here "until the light break, and the shadows flee away."

Madras is a great educational and missionary center. They have here a university, colleges of agriculture, engineering, law, medicine, valuable library and museum, and a noted zoological garden. Here we saw the best lot of animals, except the cross lot at Jaypore, yet found in all our journey. There were cross and tame lions and tigers, a monstrous snake, a hippopotamus; and a great big gorilla, who looked very smart, but eyed us rather cynically, as much as to say that we must have fallen

from an old, old ancestry to waste our time running about the world at our own expense, instead of swinging joyously from the limb of a bamboo tree for nothing, where cocoanuts to eat were plenty. Here, too, was the brightest lot of monkeys, who, at their keeper's bidding, gave us a very courteous salaam, then danced with joy to the music of one of Richard Strauss' old time waltzes. (And to think of Richard, as I saw him in Geneva four years ago, putting on style—and getting bald.)

The most wonderful tree of all India is the banyan tree. Roots, looking like ropes, grow downward from the limbs, and when they reach the soil take root, so that a big spreading tree will look like it had dozens of props under it. The tree at Calcutta is the largest in the world; it is 139 years old; five feet up the trunk the circumference is 51 feet; at the crown the circumference is 997 feet. Height, 85 feet. We saw a church in Japan that was made out of one native tree; good sized building it was, too. The California, U. S. A. redwood trees probably furnish more lumber than any other trees in the world, and are the tallest, but the banyan tree has the most circumference and is capable of indefinite expansion.

We went out of Madras in the "dinkiest" combined day and sleeping cars yet. Somewhat dangerous, too, for the compartments held just two berths, upper and lower, and were about four by seven feet, six of them to a car. If one's

wife had any accumulation of wrath, it would be the ideal place to unload. We travel by night and sight-see by day, and have covered much territory in our month in India. One more stop before Tuticorin, the jumping off place, and that will be at Madura, where our Congregational friends have their good missionary plant, which we are to visit along with one of the most celebrated temples in all the world, and where we will look somewhat further into the manners and customs of these ancient folk, and that strange religion to us so unreasonable and so monstrous, but whose adherents are so numerous that you could hitch two to each man, woman and child in the United States and have enough people left to overpopulate Texas, which, a statistical friend once figured out, is big enough to furnish a grave for the whole human race.

We are starting our sixth month away from home, but we will at least have the joy of three summers—last summer, this summer and next summer—all in a row.

FROM MADRAS TO MADURA, THROUGH SOUTH INDIA AND OUT.

On the train from Bombay to Madras we fell in with a field worker of the London mission, a doctor who lived at Cuddapah. This mission is non-denominational, has 221 out-stations,

with a total Christian community of 18,357. He was on the rounds visiting the small hospitals, would sleep on the platform at the station, that night, he said, and bicycle nine miles into the country in the morning. Sleeping on the station platform, or under a tree, or at a rest-house which often is only a roof, is quite common with missionaries in India, while the natives sleep any place, in the street, on the sidewalk, on the ground in the park.

The doctors say it is not uncommon to fix a sick man or woman up in a comfortable bed at the hospital, and returning to the room find him lying on the floor covered with a blanket. So now most of the hospitals have tables for native beds, as the soft spring bed is not enjoyed by them. At some of the hotels we had boards over the springs, which made the bed rather hard for one not accustomed to it. At the solicitation of the doctor from Cuddapah we telegraphed the mission at Madura when we would arrive to visit them.

We went south from Madras. The sleeping car was partitioned off into two berth compartments and was fairly comfortable. Did not stop at Tanjore, where there is a celebrated temple and where scholars come to study Sanscrit, from their manuscripts on long strips of palm leaves. Trichinopoly also was passed, where there is a rock rising 236 feet from a level plain with a temple on top cut out of the solid rock. Our stop was at Madura.

The country of south India is quite level and well watered from the innumerable "Tanks" or water reservoirs, built by the princes and rulers of the old time. In a land so dry and warm, with such a meagre rainfall, the water storage is of vast importance, so many rulers and rich men, to commemorate themselves, made tanks, which are from one to hundreds and even thousands of acres in size, excavated to various depths (as deep as 15 feet) and banked all around by stone masonry, with broad entrance steps at one end. These storage tanks are usually filled in the rainy season, are often also fed from springs from below, and remain a constant blessing. The water is used for all purposes, cooking, bathing, drinking, irrigation. So south India is somewhat green all the year.

Madura is the ancient metropolis of South India. It was the seat of government of the old Pandyan kings, when the world was young in spots, in the times when the Mesopotamian valley was rich and fertile, when the Jew, the Roman and the Greek were contending for religious or philosophical ascendancy,—whose learned and lengthy disquisitions were all confused by the son of a carpenter.

Here, at Madura, one Tirumala Nayak, some two hundred years ago built a great temple and a palace. The temple is four square, with great terraced towers on each corner, some two hundred feet high, while inside, beyond the massive

stone gateway, are halls, colonnades, corridors, decorated cornices, figures in relief, and images of animals and beasts and birds, while priests and natives swarm around below, the air above is full of bats. Birds as large as our pigeons, fluttering and flapping their wings as they fly from one resting place to another. Like most all other animals, over here, they are sacred. This temple cost millions of rupees, years of labor—but what of that, it is the home and resting place of the gods, who in darkness and daylight come here to inhabit these images, and to bring a surcease of the world's sorrows to a troubled and dying generation. In the center of the big enclosure is the Golden Lily Tank, whose waters cleanse all dross.

Out a few miles is another temple, surrounded by a big reservoir, and preparations are now going on for a monster festival. Huge wooden rafts are being made upon which all the gods are to be given a ride. All the images from the big temple will be included in the outing. The Hindoos have numerous festivals; their religion is a busy one, and comes first, business and labor and all other frills of life are secondary and unimportant—beware of the displeasure of the gods.

The Christian missionaries have been a long time in southern India; the Catholics especially made this a point some two hundred years ago, and have built up a large following, have a big college and school and many communicants.

SCENES IN INDIA.

A. AT AMBER; B. MADURA MISSION; C. RETURNING FROM AMBER; D. ENTRANCE TO JAIN TEMPLE, CALCUTTA.

We stopped during our two days' stay at Madura with Rev. Chandler, of the Congregational Mission. The work here is various, four churches in town, college, schools, kindergarten, hospitals, orphanage. At the invitation of Rev. Zumbro we occupied the morning hour at the college in a short address. The students were all bright looking young men, some Christian, some Hindoo, some Buddhist. They were all very dark skinned, almost black, and gave careful attention to every word, to both matter and manner—the Hindoo is a natural orator—and at the close were politely complimentary. The college is not large, but is growing and expanding, students coming from many miles away. The kindergarten work is very interesting, the children are mostly picked up off the streets by the Bible women, as they are just let run by their parents, so they come when they please, but many get interested and come quite regularly. Their parents do not always know, and never care. There is also a young ladies' school, the daughters of converted native Christians, half breeds, native preachers and teachers. They are a clean, bright looking lot.

Everybody in India, except the rank outsider, goes barefooted. In a large bank, while in the cashier's office, we noticed a native come in, a large, hairy man, with a sarong about his loins, bare breast, arms, feet and legs. He put on a pair of spectacles and signed half a dozen checks, which we were near enough to see were

of four and five figures, gave them to the cashier, and passed out, being bowed to deferentially by the whole force. Evidently a man of substance in the financial world—but he didn't look it to me.

At Pasumalia, a suburb of Madura, the Congregationalists have a very large college and preachers' and teachers' training school, under the charge of Dr. Jones, who is, of course, a Welshman, and once, years ago, preached a sermon at our own Gomer town, so far away. We were fortunate enough to strike Pasumalia on their big day—the ordination and installation of some native preachers. We listened to three sermons in Tamil, the Indian language of the south. The natives are as fluent as an auctioneer, and seem very earnest. The good-sized church was crowded, with all sorts and conditions of people—most all very dark colored, men, women and children, who all seemed interested and attentive.

This mission, in the very heart of old superstitious south India, under the shadow of the most sacred of all the Hindu temples, is certainly doing a work that will tell in the long run. Dr. Jones is a big, strong, hard-headed Welshman, and has set his hand to this work these thirty years, and knows it, and fills the place. Rev. Chandler is still longer on the work, a strong, scholarly man, a worthy representative of the Christian religion. Dr. Van Allen, who has an up-to-date hospital, could

make a fortune in surgery in an American city; Rev. Zumbro, Rev. Wallace, and their families all are deep in the work. Certainly a visit to a mission like this at Madura, with all its many departments of labor, under such competent management, would convince the most skeptical that the foreign missionary work is a blessing.

Near a smaller temple in Madura we saw the old God Juggernaut Hindu car, now not allowed by law. It was formerly hauled in religious processions, and those who felt that they were under the displeasure of the gods, and could gain peace no other way, would cast themselves under the wheels, which was one way of death, as the car has six wheels, some twenty feet high, several feet thick, and so heavy that a human being would be crushed and flattened out under the great weight. Over the wheels the body of the car is elaborately carved, high and heavy. Parents formerly sacrificed children under the Juggernaut car, but this is one of the religious practices that the English government has successfully forbidden by law.

The child marriage problem has been somewhat improved by the raising of the age of consent to twelve, but we are informed that betrothals are still made between infants, and, in spite of the law, often fulfilled at ten and twelve. One of the missionaries had an employee who had one wife, of middle age, who

announced his intention of marrying another. It turned out that he was not, in fact, married to number one, but consented to be married to save annoyance and for the looks of the matter. Supposing the whole subject closed the missionary was surprised to hear the man reiterate his determination to marry number two, as, he explained, he had to, as they had been betrothed when the girl was a child, and now there was no other way to do. The missionary tried to present to him the Christian point of the sacred bond of matrimony, but he still persisted, and quit his employment. How did it come out? Oh, lovely, the man explained afterwards to the missionary, he got a job carrying mail and had to keep two ponies, and as he had two women each one could spend the day gathering grass for a pony, which is the day's stunt for the wives of India, and she brings it home on her head rejoicing at eventide.

At Tuticorin the land runs into the sea, and here we bade a long farewell to India. The great peninsula had been crossed and recrossed. Beyond the written history of man she has existed, a country of all climates, all soils, all vegetation; a mixed people of many tongues. Magnificent have been some of the periods in her life. Sad and deplorable were other times. The myriads of human beings who have peopled the land in the ages, have lived and died in happiness and sorrow as the

world goes, but have left but little, after all, for the benefit of those who follow. There are many problems of this life interesting to discuss—much to surmise for the future, but newspaper space forbids. We hear the long wash of the Indian Ocean on the sands of the receding peninsula, we are going south, to the isle of spices, where every prospect is supposed to please—famed Ceylon.

Some impressions one must needs carry away from every land, something that time brightens in the mind, of the whole of India it is with most travelers the Taj Mahal, the tomb of Shah Jehan's second wife, Mumtaz Mahal—which means "The Crown of the Palace." Of Shah Jehan it is said that though he shed blood ruthlessly he was the deepest lover the world has ever known, and he symbolized his love by the most beautiful building on earth, and, although betrayed to die in darkness and prison, he called always on Allah the Merciful. Shall he not find peace who loved much, suffered much, but created a beauty that will not fade away?

CEYLON, THE GARDEN OF EDEN

CEYLON MADE FAMOUS BY ITS TEA AND THE OLD MISSIONARY HYMN.

Colombo, Ceylon.

The principal business of man, for the few thousand years that he has been a resident of this earth, has been to chase his brother from one place to another, so as to get his land. This is somewhat surprising, when we consider that there were millions of unoccupied acres all around, just as good,—but not the same. Religion, or what was supposed to be religion, but was rather a difference in beliefs, was generally the cause of the strife. The old time people went upon the theory that the only way to show zeal in a cause was to bring everyone else to the same cause, or kill him off. The story of these contests is mostly what constitutes history. So when you go about the world, ruins, not made by time alone, are all along the way, to tell of vanquished peoples. To go over and possess the land was an old game when the spies went forth to reconnoitre Canaan and came back with the usual story of big fruit.

This island of Ceylon was once the center of a great nation—The Cingalese. The Hindu

came from the north, from India, and drove him southward on and on, by desperate war, until finally the land ended, and the sea began, and he gave up—and the Cingalese nation was no more. We know the ending dates, but not the beginning, for two thousand years ago Anuradhapura was a city sixteen miles square, and, as the record says, the people were as numerous and crowded together as ants in an ant hill, our own New York would be somewhat suburban in comparison, and London rather provincial, which would break "all, both" their hearts.

Ceylon is just south of India; one night by boat from Tuticorin lands you in Colombo, the capital. The island is shaped like a pear, a little over five degrees north of the equator, 266 miles long, from 32 to 140 miles wide, with a total area of 25,300 square miles,—about the size of West Virginia, on a guess. They used to raise lots of coffee in Ceylon, but a disease got into the plants, and killed them, so they turned to tea, and became famous for it; and now have gone into cocoanut and rubber trees. Colombo has a population of about 200,000, mostly natives. What strikes the tourist most forcibly is, of course, the vegetation, because it is rank, the weather is warm, hot in mid-winter, with plenty of rain, and trees and plants and flowers grow like dog fennel in a barnyard.

After a few days in Colombo we passed up to Kandy, a mountain resort where everybody

goes to cool off. It is a very beautiful and comfortable place. Here they have a tooth of the great prophet Buddha. It seems, from what we can learn by reading and travel, that when Buddha died his remains were sort of divided around, for we have been to several places where they had pieces of him; and we even noted the tree in Java under which his mother rested to give him birth, in spite of the fact that he first saw the light of day in India. Rather like the story of the great statesman, whom the biographical sketch in the home paper said, "was born in Ohio, while his parents were traveling in Europe." Buddhism is still the religion of the islanders; its 3,500,000 folks nearly all go to that church.

The town of Anuradhapura rather appealed to me, and, as it was only 150 miles up country, I gave it a call. This was the big town in the unremembered time, and for miles and still for miles around in the jungle are foundation stones, thousands of upright stones, which were house pillars, about a foot square, and six to ten feet out of the ground, and three to six feet under. While the remains of "Dagobas" and Tanks are still very conspicuous. The "Dagoba" is a monument to Buddha. In Ceylon these old ones were built of brick, and how many bricks still in the largest one of several big ones? Don't all speak at once. Listen, enough to build a wall ten feet high from London to Edinburgh, which as I remember is al-

most a day's ride by railroad. Believe it? No? Well, come over and see. I don't have to prove it. But it is still taller than St. Paul's cathedral in London and an ordinary courthouse would look like a colored man's happy home by the river, compared to it. On the tank proposition they have, in partial ruin, some thirty enormous reservoirs and 700 smaller ones, so they were some on water storage. Ceylon is remarkable for the beauty and variety of its flora; its buried ruined cities; its animal life, of which his lordship the elephant is king and who is still found wild in this country.

It is a generally accepted statement here that Adam our first parent, was for a long time a resident of Ceylon. We will give the two stories and you can believe either or neither as you please. When Adam and Eve were dispossessed of the Garden of Eden, the Angel Gabriel conveyed Adam to the island of Ceylon, in this far south sea. One of the evidences of this is that Adam's footprint is still visible on the top of a mountain known as Adam's Peak 7,420 feet high, and, of course, very difficult to ascend. In the meantime the story goes, Eve had been conveyed to Asia Minor, the spot now occupied by the blessed city of Mecca which is the burial place of Mohammed, on account of its historical association with our first mother. After a couple hundred years Adam, realizing that Ceylon, although not the original, was just as good, was by the accommodation

of that same angel, Gabriel, transported to Mecca and in due time returned with his erring but interesting helpmeet. And they lived here a long time very happily, as the mongoose kept the snakes away.

The other story is that Ceylon was the Garden of Eden, and that Adam's Peak has only one of our first father's many footprints on the island. That the animal and floral life, as supposedly of the first garden, could exist no place else save in Ceylon. That here was enacted the first great tragedy, "of man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woes."

The cultivation of tea is very profitable in Ceylon, and the soil and climate are suited to it. Tea grows on a bush, from two to five feet or so tall, and the leaves are picked and dried. The ground must be kept cultivated and free of weeds. There is much work about tea, trimming, picking, drying, packing. The tea is sold every Tuesday in Colombo at auction, where there are buyers from all the big cities over the world. The best tea goes to Russia, next to England, next to United States. The teas are bought and "blended" in London and other markets, the different grades being made up of the high and medium priced grades. An extensive planter told me that no one would like to drink the very best tea, it would be bitter and strong, the flavor is made to suit.

Rubber has come into cultivation very largely since the rubber boom, caused by the automobile industry. Two years ago rubber began to go up and kept going, "too good to last," said the planter, then down it came, and is now just one-third the price of about a year ago. Vast numbers of people who thought there was no end to rubber values lost money, as usual in booms. A Parsee acquaintance mournfully shook his head as he said, "I, too, lost rupees thirty thousand."

Ceylon is a crown colony of England, of course. After the big wars over here about two hundred years ago, between the French, Dutch and English, these islands were divided around, and England got enough of them to make a string around the world. They have not been an unmixed blessing, as it has cost blood and money to keep them, and the future —well, that can wait awhile.

When we consider that we were in Ceylon in January, the coolest and most favorable month, and that it was just too hot for any kind of comfort without an electric fan near you, the climate cannot be said to be very good for a white man. The native, who is used to it can get along, but he takes life rather easy. Wages are about on the same scale as in India, or a little higher, the young ladies carrying brick on their heads (ten at a time), get six cents in our money a day. In India only four is paid.

There is much native fruit, bread fruit, jack fruit, mangoes, mangosteens, bananas, cocoanuts, and all manner of spices. At the celebrated Peradeniya garden, four miles from Kandy, you find the whole kitchen outfit, including the "Cocoa" (extensively cultivated all over the island) from which chocolate is made; also, nutmeg, allspice, cinnamon, cloves, etc.

Buddhism being the universal religion, the celebrated missionary hymn referred especially to Ceylon, and for a jumping off story I will just copy the lines so well-known the world over:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o're our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

TRIP FROM COLOMBO, CEYLON, TO PORT SAID, EGYPT, NEARLY 3500 MILES.

On the map the Red Sea does not occupy much space, but when you travel from Colombo, Ceylon, to Port Said, Egypt, it looms up rather big. We left Colombo on Sunday morning to first cross that part of the Indian Ocean called the Arabian Sea, and, going almost due west, we reached Aden on Saturday morning, a distance of 2,130 miles.

Aden is on the southwestern end of Arabia, in Latitude 12 degrees north and as we had been several weeks much nearer the equator, expected cooler weather, but the wind from the long stretching sand deserts warms up the

whole journey from Ceylon to the Mediterranean, so that often the heat is very intense. But in our trip the north tempered the south and weather conditions were ideal, not too hot nor too cool, a thin duck suit by day and a sheet to cover you by night being comfortable. Aden is a town, but passengers are often not allowed to land, as the ship stops far out in the water.

The name Aden rather applies to the whole British occupancy—the peninsula, the isthmus, in all about 75 square miles. Aden stands in relation to the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea as Gibraltar does to the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, a gateway, where soldiers with guns keep guard to see who pass and re-pass. The town of Aden has varied in population in the years of the long past from 1,000 up, now having 41,000 people. Of course, it was well known to the Romans, who occupied it many years.

From here we soon entered the Red Sea, 1,380 miles long, from 100 to 200 miles wide. What makes the Red Sea red? That is what we tried to find out. First, the floating seaweed, masses of it going by, and in the water it looks as red as red paint, and makes the water around glow red. Second, at sunrise on the water, this morning the rising sun seemed to set the water on fire, but when the sun goes down the glow is all in the sky, not on the

water and night settles quickly, and the stars come out and seem so very bright. Again the water is very heavily charged with salt, adding to the density, and aiding in the red color. Another theory is that the Red Sea contains an innumerable number of small bugs and small fish, which at times come near the surface and as they are of a reddish cast, give the whole sea that appearance. You can take your choice; besides the Red Sea is not so very much redder than any other sea. Anyhow, like the story of the neighbor's missing kettle—they never got it; returned it at the time; and it was broken anyhow, as the old German story goes, when they got it in the first place.

Beyond the water on the north and east is Arabia, that land of the nomads, the fierce warriors who roam the deserts, whose history and literature runs into the unremembered ages. In the old time the Red Sea was the connecting link between the traders of the East and the West, the people of Egypt and Phœnicia, and those of India and the islands of the sea. From the vast stretches of Asia Minor and Egypt, from the old cities of Jerusalem and Damascus, from Cairo and the South, the camels brought their burdens to one end of the Red Sea to traverse its long waters to meet the ocean triremes for the Indian lands, and the Far East, with its many islands rich in all manner of precious stones, which, even to this day represents real wealth in the East.

At Aden our ship took on a big assignment of Mocha coffee, as the village of Mocha, from which the coffee is named is nearby, a little way up the peninsula. All the coffee seemed to be directed either to Hamburg, Germany, or Amsterdam, Holland. The Germans and the Dutch are both big traders in the East, and generally go after the best. Coffee is like tea, all blended —the high and low priced mixed up for profit.

At Aden we caught a glimpse of Arabian life. A lot of natives came on the boat selling strings of amber and shell. After the bargaining seemed over they gathered on the lower deck, and danced some of their wild Arabian dances, singing, swinging their arms, clapping their hands, whirling and whirling around. As they were as black as night and wore Arabian clothes, which are décolletté from both ends and altogether very simple and inexpensive, their entertainment was unique and they got quite a shower of small change from many countries. We noticed that people were rather liberal with small change that was no longer legal tender. Like giving worn out clothing, no longer needed, to the poor—it gives one the feeling of a benefactor without much expenditure.

In places in the Red Sea the water is shallow, the banks not far apart, so that the story of the crossing by the Israelites is not at all improbable. Napoleon tried the same thing at the same place and while he did

not meet the fate that overtook Pharaoh and his hosts, he had to turn back with all his soldiers to escape the water, made deep and stormy by a change of wind and the incoming tide. Across these shallow flats a passage had to be dredged for ocean steamers.

The history of the Suez canal reads like a romance. Here, for ages and ages, the Mediterranean Sea on one side and the Gulf of Suez and the Red Sea on the other, were divided by a sandy desert of only one hundred miles. Ships coming from all the world to each door, but goods had to be carried across by camel caravan or shipped thousands of miles around. There is evidence that some of the old rulers of Egypt attempted to dig a canal across these sands but failed to complete the work probably on account of war, as they were always fighting. Come to think of it, we believe history records that there was a complete waterway canal in one of the reigns past, made at great labor and expense, but which by neglect, filled up with sand and it was no longer usable.

It remained for a Frenchman, a consular representative at Cairo, to immortalize himself by this permanent work. Of course the English opposed it; the fact that a Frenchman was the instigator, would be enough, if for no other reason. But Ferdinand de Lesseps won out, swamped himself and the Egyptian government by the debt of it. Here is where John Bull came in. He bought up the shares at a

big discount which have since proved very profitable and loaned Egypt (which had no debt before the canal but was hopelessly involved afterward) an immense sum of money, and virtually took over the management of the canal and the government of Egypt, which England still has.

In stepping out upon the solid ground, at Port Said on the shores of the Mediterranean, after this eleven-day sea journey of almost 3,500 miles (more of a trip than crossing the Atlantic), we felt we had put the far East behind us. Japan, China, the Straits settlements, Java, the Malay States, India and Ceylon, whose different tongues, manners, customs, history, literature, religion, scenery, improvements, dress, products, arts, sciences, philosophies and conceptions of life and death, keep the traveler seeing, listening, studying, wondering, rejoicing and sorrowing—all these were past now, and behold, still to come before us the remains of the wonderful civilization of the Nile; those tomb-builders whose houses last until doomsday, even while nations rise and fall, and generations of men bow on and off the stage of life, cheered by their little applause, until Time's recorder loses his reckoning. Then after that, that little land bigger in history than any or all other lands, because when all else of the world was in darkness, here burned the Master Candle, that light by which all others are lighted—even the light of truth. Here, from Dan to Beer-

sheba, from the river Jordan to the Great Sea, He walked and talked and taught; the incarnation of what some millions find in Buddha, others in Brahma, others in Vishnu and Shiva, others in Mahomet, others in Mehintele, others in vague formed esoteric imaginings and mental or spiritual groping, such as fear moulds from vacant air or hope outlines from impressions unexpressed. When Peter was drumming over all this Jesus himself rather cut the matter short, which is always a good way to do.

EGYPT AND HER MONUMENTS.

CAIRO, THE ANCIENT CITY ON THE NILE.

It was morning when we sailed into the Suez Canal at Suez. From the top deck of the liner we all watched the big ship pass into the seemingly little ribbon of water that, as far as the eye could see, ran across the desert, with great banks of sand on either side, and beyond the banks, miles and miles of fields of sand. Along the sides of the canal, stations for power and light, every few miles, and small mud huts for the laborers, but nothing more.

We left Colombo, Ceylon, Sunday morning, reached Aden on Saturday morning, and only stopping a few hours, passed on, reaching Suez and the canal on Wednesday morning. The journey through the canal takes from 15 to 30 hours, according to how often and how long your ship is tied up for passing vessels. We got into the canal without delay, moved along steadily until almost night, when we began to meet big passenger boats, going the opposite direction, and they all seemed to have the right of way, so that we were tied to the posts at the passing places, where the canal is made wider for that purpose, every five miles, about half the night time. But it was very interesting. A

big electric light would gleam faintly in the distance, and then just naturally grow bigger and bigger, as the great ship approached, and all the water ahead took fire, like water does in brilliant sunset, and then the little lights appeared, like children clinging to the skirts and sides of the vessel; then she loomed up just passing, her band playing, her decks crowded with passengers going to that place from whence we came. They shouted and waved and we all returned the salute. Here she comes —here she is—there she goes—over and over—like passing years, bright with hope, brilliant in occupancy—out and passed, into the old ocean of time and night.

We were at Port Said when morning came, and here the ship takes coal, and the voyage changes for many. The anchorage was about a half mile out, although the water is some thirty feet deep in the harbor and most ships carry a few feet less. Again we seek the custom house. We have found custom officials easy to pass so far around the world, passengers' statements being accepted that they have no dutiable articles—such as tobacco, spirits, fire-arms. Tobacco is in many countries a government monopoly, and is heavily taxed to keep it out for that reason. Spirits the same. Fire-arms are not allowed the natives in any of the countries controlled by England, which includes a large number of states, as people who have no fire-arms cannot get up a

revolution. As we do not drink, smoke, chew or shoot, our troubles were soon over, except in the matter of transportation fees. We paid different people for removing baggage: first, from ship to custom house; second, from custom house to railway; third, from railway baggage room to train; fourth, from Port Said to Cairo, no allowance being made with ticket; fifth, from railway at Cairo to hotel; sixth, from hotel office to hotel room. At last we were, bag and baggage, at Cairo, the old Egyptian city so famous in history.

Egyptian civilization is the oldest in the world. Along the banks of the Nile river, which runs clear through Egypt and way up into Africa, man came, or was, in the oldest time known, and tilled the fertile soil and built cities and tombs and temples and monuments and pyramids, and erected obelisks and statues and pillars and columns, in such size and extent that in all the time since, 'mid man's stupendous structures and accomplishments, they have remained the marvel of the ages. Their work was possible only by slave labor, immense mountains of marble and stone, and a dry climate, so that they could build twelve months in the year.

Cairo is a city of almost a million people, 75 miles from the Mediterranean Sea, Port Said or Alexandria, and like many another place in the

East, is both old and new. It is the capital of the country, the meeting place of the local government, the residence of the high officials, home and foreign, the center of learning, education, ambition—the place where the great dead were buried, in whose museum are collected antiquities, such as pieces and fragments from temples and tombs in alabaster, marble, wood and stone, statues, mummies, implements used in life and death, in all shapes, kinds and varieties. From the Nile when low, or from her abandoned channels, from old temples and tombs, these things have been accumulated, until old Egyptian life is reconstructed in the museum. There is enough unchanged on the streets still of old Egypt, to keep the stranger interested. The camel is still the beast of all work, and you see him pulling, carrying, traveling—being led, driven and ridden, while the donkey is the slave of all, rich and poor, old and young, and such burdens as he bears would seem too much for his diminutive body. The population of Cairo is various, mixed: Egyptians, who have been born and raised, as their fathers before them, in Egypt; Arabians from the adjoining state of Arabia; Turks from all parts of Turkey; Italians, French, Germans, Nubians from Africa; a few English, a few Americans, many Greeks and Syrians, some Indians and Russians—in fact, the peoples of the world are probably more completely represented at Cairo than at any other city on earth.

Life is lively. The ten commandments are not given much attention, and night is as busy as the day. In the city are eleven big mosques, where the Mohammedans, who are largely in the majority, worship, and from whose towers, five times a day, comes the Muezzin's call to prayer. Here in Cairo, also, is the ancient citadel, the great castle where the rulers lived in the days of the greatness of Egypt. It is now used, of course, for a British garrison.

The visitor to Cairo whose time is limited, has more places to see than he is likely to get to, but there are, besides the mosques and Mameluke and Cailiff tombs, the castles, bazaars, bridges, buildings, three very interesting places, viz: the spot where Moses was found in the bullrushes; the museum; and the Coptic subterranean church, being the place where Mary, with the infant Christ, hid when she fled into Egypt, as she was told to do, to save the child from the murderous Herod.

Of the museum a volume could be written; indeed, the very catalogue is a large book. The most interesting object to me was the mummy of Rameses II., being the same as the Great Pharaoh, who built the temples and tombs at Luxor, 500 miles up the Nile, and who is best known as "the Pharaoh of the oppression."

The place where the infant Moses was found concealed in the rushes, is now on an island made by the Nile and one of its small branches in the outskirts of the city. A tree is grow-

ing on the spot to mark the place, but the Nile has encroached on the ground by years of washing waves, and it would not, at this time, be safe for a baby in a cradle, as the same would be carried out into the current of the river; for the Nile at Cairo is a wide and sweeping stream, a noble body of water, which has been of such value and joy to Egypt that the river became a very god, reverenced and loved as no other. For thousands of years a growing stream of visitors have visited this place, so important in Bible history.

The Coptic church is not far from this same place where Moses was found. The record seems authentic; the place of Mary's refuge is established beyond doubt. Among narrow streets walled in, turning and twisting about, you come to the entrance to the place. The rooms, now used as a church by the Coptics, who were very early Christians, are below the level of the street, what we would call subterranean. There are several rooms. The one pointed out as where the mother and child took refuge is small and dark—a fit hiding place, which must have been far away and unknown at that time.

We have been quite surprised at Egypt, and were not prepared to find her so new and yet so old. For countless ages the Nile overflowed once a year, some years, and the soil was made fertile by the deposit and the fallaheen (farmer) reaped crop after crop of the same thing off

of the same land. Some years ago, because of the fact that the Nile did not always overflow, and because the area affected was too small, and on account of the sun and heat of summer often causing crops to wither and famine to come to the people, a large system of irrigation was started. The work grew and extended, and now Egypt has the largest irrigation dam in the world at Assuan, with many large and small canals carrying the water all over the Nile valley, and the land, now blooming with the crops, is green and beautiful. Egypt raises about such crops as we do, but mostly wheat, sugar cane, rye, clover and flax; also a kind of broad bean in a pod, which the poor people use as food. There are thousands of acres growing of these broad beans, as they are very prolific. Three crops a year are harvested in Egypt of most all of the various crops, and it is estimated that the food product of the country has been increased nine times by the modern system and use of irrigation. The camel, the donkey, the bull, the water buffalo, the cow and the horse are the working animals for the farmers, and often hitched up mixed, such as a camel and a bull, a donkey and a cow. Farming is by hand, reaping with the sickle, as they did when Ruth gleaned in the field for Boaz, plowing with a crooked stick, getting the water out of wells (those who are not on irrigation lines) by the old wheel with pitchers. When the old prophet and philosopher, Solomon, was speaking of the

end of life, he mentions that the "pitcher shall be broken at the fountain." In other words, water will cease to be poured onto the growing crops and vegetation will cease. The Nile valley is not wide, only from 10 to 30 miles, but it is long, over 1,000 miles. The soil, in spite of ages of poor farming, is still very rich and good, and indeed, it looks so. Land is worth from $500 to $1,000 an acre and getting higher. We find our traveling business so busy now times that we must needs make our letters shorter, and we fear less interesting. As the boy who failed in spelling, blamed it on the new school house, so we accuse time and circumstance for our lack of composition. However, in our next we shall try to write of the most wonderful piles of stone on earth—the great pyramids, and of that old time enigma, the Sphinx. After that we go up the Nile to Luxor and Assuan, of which we hope to write. In the meantime, while with you the ice forms, the snow piles up, the wind blows chill and cold, here in the East the flowers are blooming "fresh and fair;" we sit and watch the sun go down on the old Nile and think, not only of the days that are no more, but of the countless men and women who have here tried to solve the oldest problem and still the newest and forever old and forever new—the problem of life.

ABOUT THE OLD, OLD PYRAMIDS.

Cairo, Egypt.

Egypt proper consists of an area of 400,000 square miles, a total population of 7,000,000, being a strip of land on each side of the river Nile, running about a thousand miles long, and from thirty to two hundred miles wide. Whether it was the first home of man or not is a disputed question, but it is undisputed that man has lived here beyond recorded time. There was a great civilization in the old time, differing completely from that of this day. A great religion, differing also in many respects from the Christianity of the present, except in the idea of One God. The rulers were mighty men, of great executive ability, broad conceptions, full of power, and clothed with almost unlimited authority. That feeling that makes the average citizen seek the town council, or the school board, or any office larger or smaller—some call it ambition, pride, egotism, patriotism, public spirit, philanthropy—whatever it is, has an astonishing force in the lives of men since Adam was disobedient. So the old rulers of this old land, to immortalize themselves and their deeds, and religion, and times, built pyramids, monuments, statues, tombs, avenues of sphinxes, representations of gods and men and beasts and birds and products and reptiles, representing themselves, their gods, their religion, their manners, and

customs, and from these stone records the old world has been reconstructed, dates, days, deeds, events, made plain and history made sure and steadfast. So it was a good thing for later times, after all, that all these things were made that were made, and that they were made of stone and not another material, for stone stands without much loss of the passing of centuries. This old time is so well known that it is all divided up into dynasties, and the different men named of each dynasty. And there are those, who have given their lives to seeking out this knowledge, who can tell the work of each man or group of men, from a time almost five thousand years before Christ until it was finished. Religion, which has been the large concern of man since the first, is very prominent in the records.

About six miles out of Cairo, along a broad and shaded road (some writers have given as the most beautiful on earth), the electric tramway follows alongside—you leave the minarets of the eleven mosques of the city glittering in the sun behind you, cross the long fine bridge over the historic Nile, and come to the three great pyramids at Ghizeh. Long before your car reaches them they loom up in the west above all surrounding objects; they seem close together from afar, and taper—one, two, three. The great pyramid, the largest of the three, was built by Khufu, or Cheops, the second king of the fourth dynasty, B. C. 3733, or 5,645 years

ago now, and he called it "Khut." His own name was found written in red ink upon blocks of stone inside of it. All four sides measure in greatest length about 775 feet each, originally about 20 feet more. The height is now 451 feet, originally 481 feet. The stone was brought from the other side of Cairo some ten miles away, and the contents amount to 85,000,000 cubic feet. The stones are set in on top of each other, narrowing gradually, until terminating in a flat space at the top of thirty feet square.

The second pyramid at Ghizeh was built by Kha-P-Ra, or Chepbren, the third king of the fourth dynasty, B. C. 3666, who called it "Wr."

The third was built by Nen-Kan-Ra, the fourth king of the fourth dynasty, B. C. 3633, who called it "Her."

Only a short distance from these pyramids stands the most celebrated stone figure of history—the sphinx. The length of the body of the sphinx is 150 feet; head 30 feet long; face 14 feet wide; from the top of the head to the base of the figure, 70 feet; the jaws are 50 feet in length. This figure was here when the pyramids were built, and is the oldest stone figure in the world.

Candidly, when I first saw the pyramids and the sphinx I was disappointed. That is common, of course, when expectation is great. However, I wandered around and examined all for some time, then, with the help of two Arabs

made the arduous ascent on the inside to the most remote tomb, which is one of those "stunts" that you would not miss for a thousand dollars, nor do again for ten thousand dollars. Day had gone when we returned along the beautiful road, and across the long Nile bridge to Cairo. The city seemed brighter and busier than ever.

"If you would view fair Melrose aright, go visit it by the pale moonlight," is true not only of Melrose, but of many other places and buildings and scenes. To see the Taj Mahal they say the proper spirit is needed. So, indeed, of these old pyramids—so we came again, the next day, when the novelty was over, when guides and donkey boys and camel drivers and Arab helpers were waived aside, and sat at peace and watched the sun go down on pyramids and sphinx. On one side was the desert, another an Arab village, the Nile winding through a maize of green beyond, and over there the big old city. Slowly the spirit of the place penetrated my consciousness, and the great stone piles grew towering to their proper size, and the sphinx looked old and careworn, and these, the companions of silence and slow time, the unchanging in a changing world, spoke to me. I shall not say all they said. But they went back to the time when the world was young and mostly unknown. There were a hundred thousand men—slaves then—who built a road, solid and broad, for almost ten miles, on which to

haul stone. On one end of the road was a great stone quarry, and thousands were put to work to get the stone ready to move. On the other end on a plateau some fifty feet high, the stones were piled up into a great pyramid, through toil made sore by the lash. Years came and went—the stone pile on the plateau grew—countless lives were sacrificed, men were starved, driven, murdered. It was finished at last, but no record could ever tell the cost in misery and treasure. The great builder, like all before and since, passed on. The robber came and took what value he could find. But one thing he did not find. Only when centuries had gone and learning and science became diffused it was reasoned that somewhere about the pile there was the key to it, and after measurements and calculations, the key was found, the door was opened—the stone was rolled away—behold! the remains of a king! the pyramid was a grave and a monument! It is an unheard story that never will be told. All the happenings of the years gone by—we have glimpses of it in the accounts of the wars, the rise and fall of dynasties, the changings of rulers and governments. Rolling the stones away brings some of it all back to knowledge. Oh, well, the sun has gone down, night has settled on the desert, these old piles stand silhouetted against a starry sky. It is an idea that to the ear of every person there comes the unheard melodies of the universe, sometimes in the old lane, or in the

orchard, or by the water, and that by the wondrous records of a long past the music grows clearer and plainer than at another time, "Therefore play on, ye soft pipes."

UP THE RIVER NILE TO LUXOR AND ASSUAN—THE GREATEST OLD RUINS AND THE BIG DAM.

Assuan, Egypt.

It was early morning when our train left Cairo for our trip up the Nile. You can go by train or by boat, but as boat is slow and expensive, and we like to travel fast and cheap, we took railway. It had rained at Cairo the night before, and the dust and sand were lying still for a while. Along the fertile land of the old river we passed, the fallaheen was plowing and reaping in his fields, with his camels, his cows, his bulls. The big pyramids glistened in the morning sun, Egypt was full of life—for Egypt is populated 750 to the square mile of fertile land, which is the largest population per square mile of any country on earth, even more than thick-settled little Belgium with her 620 people per square mile. Luxor is almost 500 miles up the river from Cairo, and it takes only fifteen hours to make the journey, so we landed about 10 p. m., having gotten the worth of our money and plenty of railway for one day.

As we had telegraphed ahead (no other way safe here now, as hotel accommodations are

limited and sometimes tourists numerous), our arrival was joyous, made welcome by innumerable porters and hotel aides. Work is divided in Egypt. The porter carries your baggage off the train, stops at the waiting room at the depot, where another porter or set of porters, using as many as possible, take it to the carriage, and another set at the hotel. You have them all to pay, and no use trying to beat the game, the season is short, and they are many and all have to live.

Luxor is the show place of Egypt. Cairo has many interesting places, is the home of the big pyramids, but Luxor is made up of Luxor, Karnak and Thebes, which make a combination of ruins of size and interest not equaled in the world in the same amount of territory.

The Luxor temple is really at one end of the town. About two miles away, on the other side of the present town, is Karnak. The great temple of Luxor and the great temple and other buildings at Karnak were at one time united by an avenue of big stone sphinxes. Now you can see the Luxor temple in the morning and go to the ruins at Karnak in the afternoon, and it is hard to believe that they were ever united and formed one set of temples for the honor and worship of the many gods and their satellites and the kings who built them. We shall take up these immense ruins when more time can be given the subject. The original structures were begun 3,000 years before Christ, and were

added to until almost the time of the Christian era, each king trying to outdo, in grandeur and size, and ornamentation what had been done before. The temples were of huge stone walls and columns, so vast that the stranger pauses in wonder and admiration, at the size of the stones and the writings and carvings on them. At an estimate, many of the stones in the walls and the foundations and tops are 10x10x20, 15x15x25, 6x6x30 feet square and oblong. The pillars, of which in Luxor and Karnak there are hundreds still standing, close together at places, rise to a height of over 100 feet, with diameters of from 10 to 20 feet, and all walls, columns, pillars, guarding statues, covered with writing and carving, from bottom to top, and from end to end, with the long full story of Egyptian life and death, from birth, all through life of youth, and family, and death, and on to the other world where the Ka lives on through endless ages. How they lived, their work and pleasure, what implements, utensils, tools they used, their learning and history, their animals, wild and tame, their household pets, and above and before all their gods and their religion. The religion of the ancient Egyptians was a complete and intricate system for guidance in life and death, and by these stones which are cut, carved, engraved, printed and painted, it is all read and understood by those who have the knowledge of the old learning. But it is not such stuff as can be told on

the back of an envelope, written for a paper while waiting for a train. But it seemed good for them, at least a part of them, for under it they did mighty works which even now are wonderful.

After the Luxor temple and Karnak ruins, next morning early we cross the Nile by a little row boat, mount our waiting donkey for the ruins of Thebes. Our donkey boy said, "him name Rameses," but as that old king has been dead so long we objected to the name, so one of the party suggested William Jennings Bryan, knowing our sentiments. "Is him good for beat?" asked the donkey boy, and with some chagrin we confessed that him was good, but not for beat, and so we called him Democracy. An unfortunate name, as the boy, whose English was limited, could only use the first three letters, and his articulation of the second letter sounded like the first letter in our alphabet. These old kings of three and four thousand years ago, had their tombs cut way down several stories deep into the solid rock, where their bodies were laid, and they were undiscovered for thousands of years. But in course of time the stones were rolled away, first came the robber, who took all of value, next the museum robber, who took the mummy, or the coffin, or both, for London or Paris or Rome or Cairo. These tombs, which are great and small, according to the greatness of the king, are four or five miles from the river, but nearer the

river and along the edge of the desert, are the ruined temple and palace, Medinet-Habu, and next the Rameseum or Memnonium of Rameses II; between the two, alone out in the green plain, are the sitting Colossi. These figures are twelve times the size of life, a foot for every inch of the person. They stand 69 feet from the ground to top, and weigh 1,200 tons each, which are the heaviest bodies the Egyptians moved, so far as known. They were carved out of the solid rock, near Cairo, almost 500 miles away and brought up the Nile. These statues were placed here by King Amenhotep III, the mighty monarch of Egypt, next to Rameses the Great.

To give the number of these old tombs, figures and monuments, the size and weights and ages, their exact position and time will interest the student or be the work of the scholar who has time. But we come and look it all over and pass on. In the time that man has lived he has filled the earth with the product of his handicraft, and no age or time seems to have had all the skill or ingenuity or force or persistence to commence and complete, but all ages have shown the works of the people in their day and generation, some more and some less. Here with this great mass of solid stone, slave labor and a dry climate, the work was big and lasting. It is good to come to Egypt after other places, not before, for Egypt is so mighty in monument that other places would be dwarfed.

Still following the Nile by rail we next day went as far as Philae, where a celebrated temple stands in the water, crossed the river above the first cataract, and came down to the dam and on to Assuan by river boat. Assuan is only a little over a hundred miles above Luxor, some 600 miles above Cairo, but it takes half a day to reach it by slow railway. The chief object of interest is the big dam, begun in 1898 and finished in 1902. Here this dam forms an immense reservoir, stretching south for 120 miles. This water is held back, and during the dry time let down into the river, from which canals, which are alternately filled, carry the water all over Egypt, greatly increasing its productiveness.

The dam is a modern wonder, it is one and a quarter miles long and has 180 steel slide gates. A large lock canal at the side allows ships to pass from lower to upper Nile.

At Assuan we visited a real Bishareen camp, where the aborigines of Nubia are now assembled to sell some of their products and work. They come fifteen days by camel through the desert. They are black and curly headed, a strange looking lot, and live the life of the savages of the long ago.

Thirteen days during the Prophet Mahommet's birthday the adherents of that faith have "big meeting." We were fortunate in attending the services at two places. About 10 p. m. we left the hotel at Assuan, passed through the

narrow streets where the bazaars were still doing business, and came to meeting number one. At a place where the street was widest, on one side two rows of men stood, six feet apart facing each other, some thirty in each row. At one end, in the center, was the leader, who, putting one hand up to the side of his face, like he had the toothache, began a chant, which ended in Al-lah. Those in the ranks then began, throwing their heads on one side to below the shoulders, and back again, said over and over and over, Al-lah! Al-lah! with the emphasis on the lah, so long and so many times that you wonder that they did not drop over by dizziness or fatigue. They kept it up, with more or less motion, and then would vary the words to the effect that Al-lah was good, and great, and only Al-lah. We passed on to the next meeting, about a half mile away, down a little street, in a sort of a court. Here were lined up the double lines of howling dervishers as before, but a few more of them, and some one would drop out and a new man take his place. They treated us with respect at both places and seemed like other religious folk, to be pleased to have company at their church. Some of the children, who had learned a little English in school told us what was going on, and then, holding out a little hand, gave us the word, which we have heard more than any other word since leaving home, "backsheesh!" We returned to the first place, now 11 p. m., to

find the jumping and bobbing still going on more than ever, and the boys said they "finish about two in the morning." If any who read this are in the habit of complaining because the preacher uses up an hour or so with his sermon, while they half dream and mentally wool gather in a comfortable seat, we call their attention to the strenuousness of serving Al-lah in the Orient, and hope they will hereafter not be impatient because of a somewhat tardy finish.

Returning from Assuan we again broke the journey at Luxor and next day made the long and dusty trip to Cairo. We had been up the Nile and down the Nile, and now from Cairo to Port Said, all aboard for Palestine. We left home in August and have had spring or summer ever since, but as we go through Palestine to Syria we will reach some Ohio weather likely. We met a man who enjoyed the stomach-ache over here, simply because that was the way he had it in Ohio.

ON THE WAY IN PALESTINE.

PALESTINE—THE LAND, THE CITIES AND THE PEOPLE.

FROM PORT SAID TO JERUSALEM AND A JOLLY TRIP IT WAS.

We sailed out of Port Said, Sunday night as the sun went down. We had been about two weeks in Egypt, gone up the Nile as far as Assuan, some 600 miles from Cairo, and went out of Egypt at the place we went in, Port Said, and, according to the usual plans, must come again and go again from the same place. Monsieur De Lesseps, who stands on a bronze statue at the entrance of his great work, the Suez Canal, bade us farewell. Port Said looked, from the sea in the sinking sunlight, like quite a fine city. She has about 50,000 population, badly mixed, and many bad without being mixed.

The night came on and the mighty wind arose. There were more passengers on board than there was room for, so they put themselves wherever they could. Our small cabin was the meanest little hole we had been poked into so far, but as the air on deck grew cold we all turned in. A small port hole gave some ventilation, and sometime during the

night—splash! go-bang! a great big wave came up against the ship, above the port hole, and we awoke in a flood. Fun? Yes, when it is all over. But not when it is going on. With the help of two cabin boys the water was bailed out of the room, and we returned to a watery slumber. But as the Frenchman said about his grief at the house when his first wife died—"zat was nozzing."

We reached Jaffa—called Joppa in the old time at 7 o'clock next morning, and looking out saw the sailors in the boats for shore bobbing up and down, up and down, so high up and so low down that we knew that of all the stories we had been told of the rough and rugged coast of Jaffa and the trouble and danger of landing from a ship, still the half had not been told. The two preceding ships, a few days before, had not been able to land their passengers, and we were about at the limit. The sailors are big rugged fellows, who throw you around like you were a cork on a fish pond, "jump, come on, no 'fraid!" and to add to the pleasure it began to rain like it did in Noah's time. The sea is always rough at Jaffa, no harbor, the wind and waves combine to dash the boats around, and you will never know all the joy of the job until you are grabbed from before, pushed from behind, and land against a crowd of sailor Arabs in the boat below. As I was heavier than they expected, of course they dropped me, but as I did not fall entirely into

the sea—no matter for them. Well, we reached land at last, wetter than McGinty ever was. but still in the game, which, to be frank, seemed a bit fierce.

Joppa of old was always called a rough and rugged coast, and there is great need of a safe harbor, but so long as the Turks control matters there is little hope for any large improvement. Joppa is now called Jaffa. The town looks rather good from the water, but is made up of narrow streets mostly unpaved and dirty. Here two particular things occurred which give it standing as a Bible historical place. One was the vision of Peter, on the house-top of one Simon the tanner, which house is still one of the sights. The other, the raising of Tabitha from the dead by Peter, which place is also shown. Here, too, Jonah, of whom you may have heard, embarked, and met the famous old whale.

We arrived at Jaffa at 7 o'clock, landed on shore at 9, went on to Jerusalem at 1 p. m. It is about 53 miles from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and as it is up hill most of the way, takes almost five hours. First-class tickets cost $3.00 each. Almost every foot of the way is full of interest historically. At Joppa, Hiram, King of Tyre, landed the timber for the temple from the Lebanon hills of the North, and brought it all along the road running near the railway. At Jaffa we found the first real Palestine oranges, very large, very good, a basket and eighteen

of them for one shilling, 25 cents. From Jaffa to Jerusalem is not only Bible country, but also the scene of some of the most important and exciting events in the Crusades. Here is Ramleh, where Joseph, of Arimathæ, lived, and then we come to the Plain of Sharon, green now in the rain and covered with flowers, narcissus, blue iris, anemones, roses of sharon, and lilies of the valley, and orange groves now in full fruit, and the trees as full as the old rambo apple trees in the most famous orchard in the world—the one on our old farm at home. Here is Timnath, where Samson set fire to the Philistines' corn, and Samson's cave, and the Valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the moon to stand still. The colored man who was arrested for illicit distilling, when humorously asked, his name being Joshua, if he was the man who made the sun stand still, replied, "No sir, I'se de man what makes the moonshine." Now comes Kirjath Jearim, Abinadab's home, where the Ark remained for twenty years. The place where Phillip baptized the Ethiopian is plainly seen, and it does not settle the question of baptism either, for the water pours out from a hill, and enough would gather in a short time to make a pool sufficiently large for baptizing by immersion, if dammed up, or enclosed, as it might have been at that time, but is not now.

It is up and up all the way to Jerusalem, our train passing along the side of the hills. The

fertile plain we passed through runs all the way from Haifa on the coast to Egypt, 120 miles, but only 20 to 30 miles wide. After crossing the plain of Sharon the hills are rather stony and barren, the country is not very productive. Still the shepherd tends his flock on the hills of Judea, you see him as you pass, in his sheep-skin coat. Olive trees are growing where nothing else will grow. The olive tree begins to bear at about twenty years old, and then gives fruit for over a hundred years, worth $8 to $10 a year. But the system of Turkish taxes on trees has been such that, as the tax was more than the income from the tree, the same was often cut down and sold for wood. A sort of killing the goose that laid the golden egg for the meat.

It was still raining when we reached town. The depot is far outside the wall, but soon David's tower came to view, we passed the old gate, and spread all our clothes out to dry at an inn kept by a German family. The Swiss are the greatest hotel keepers, you find them all over the world, and they always are good at the business. So long as we are at hotels kept by Germans or Swiss we can dry out, and eat, and sleep, with joy and gladness, no matter where we are in all the earth.

So now we are in Jerusalem, the city beautiful for situation, the center of the life and death of the Savior. The rain falls with a constant pit-pat, we see an odd looking lot of peo-

ple dodging along on the streets below, for people over here all show their religion by the style of their clothing, the kind of hat, the wrap of the scarf, the length of their hair, or other peculiarity. In spite of over six months of going into towns and out, we feel a keen interest in the next thirteen days, which will unfold Palestine somewhat, first Jerusalem, then down to Jericho, the River Jordan, the Dead Sea, then north a four days' drive via Nabulus, Nazareth, to Tiberias, Galilee, Capernaum, Bethsaida, across the lake to Semakh, train for Damascus, Baalbek, Beyrout, back to Port Said. That is a general view of our trip, but we expect to cover most of Palestine in that journey.

Eleven days on ship from Ceylon to Egypt gave quite sufficient time to re-read all the New Testament, which is certainly a good thing to do, whether you are on the sea or on dry land.

FIRST DAY IN THE HOLY CITY—WALKS ON INSIDE OF WALLS IN THE MORNING—TO BETHLEHEM IN THE AFTERNOON.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

When the sun comes up over the Mount of Olives, and lights up the minarets and towers of the ancient city of Jerusalem, and the motley throngs of all the nations of the earth crowd the streets, your idea that Jerusalem is a dead and decayed city is dispelled, for, although

you see some decay and poverty, as in all the east, there is much of life and business, and Jerusalem compares very well with many another city of the old east.

The population is nearly 80,000; about one-half Jews, more Jews coming every year, and the rest are Arabs, Egyptians, Europeans, Syrians, Abyssinians, Turks, Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Bedouins, and various other peoples. The city has been destroyed many times, and rebuilt on the same place, but in spite of changes and years, and the contentions for exact locations of events, it is still positive and generally accepted by all of whatever creed or race, that here was not only the center of the life of the two tribes of Benjamin and Judah, but also the place of many of the important events in the life of Christ, and somewhere near here the place of His crucifixion, burial and resurrection. Streets and houses thereon may change, cities may come and go and shift about, but the natural country remains, and the plains, and hills, and mountains, and valleys are still the same.

Here are Olivet, and Zion and Moriah, and the Brook Kidron and the Pool and the Garden, and only five miles away is Bethlehem in Judea, and over the other way three miles from Jerusalem is Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha and the tomb of Lazarus; beyond twenty miles is Jericho and the River Jordan, five miles further on is the Dead Sea, and

away some twenty miles more the Moab mountains, from which Moses viewed the promised land.

We started early for a half day's walk inside the walls of the city, for as of old, you must walk in Jerusalem, on account of narrow streets all up and down. Going inside through the old Jaffa gate, on the west, we soon reach "Via Dolorosa," the main street always, in the old and new city. All go first to the Holy Sepulchre. Over the place generally accepted as the spot where the cross stood, and the place of the tomb of Joseph (being near together) called Golgotha and the Sepulchre, the Empress Helene, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, who was the first Christian emperor, built, about sixteen hundred years ago, a big church, which has since been many times enlarged and added to and improved, and is now in the joint occupancy of the Roman and Greek Catholics, and the Armenians, who are much the same in creed and service. Every spot of His death and burial is marked exactly, here in the church; every incident of His death and suffering indicated, and on the walls are large paintings representing the same tragedy.

The tomb is now far under the ground, and a crowd is always in line to enter, especially now during lent, as there are at this time also a vast number of pilgrims in Jerusalem, from near and far. Some of these may have denied themselves for years saving for the trip, and

they carry their own bedding and food and travel on foot. Here, too, within this same church, is the site of Calvary. You enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre from a court off Via Dolorosa, and descend into the rooms below, where the tomb is. There is a large cellar, and in a small chapel is the tomb. The door is small, you can enter by stooping low, the room of the tomb is about 8x10 feet, high enough inside for one to stand erect. On one side is the place cut out of the rock for the body, as was the custom, around which the candles of the three denominations in occupancy are always burning. Under the same roof, but higher up and beyond is Golgotha. The various denominations have completely emphasized all the scenes and incidents of the life of Christ, and particularly marked those of the last night and day until the end.

An interesting part of the morning's walk was that part of the Via Dolorosa from Pilate's house to the sepulchre, where the stations are all marked. Where He started, and where He fell, and one Simon of Cyrene bore the burden, and where a daughter of the high priest, Saint Veronica, wiped His face, and on again, falling and walking, being fourteen stations on the journey.

We go a short way across the street to the big German church, from whose lofty tower the entire city and surrounding country can be

plainly seen. We annex a translation of the tablet on the wall of this church:

In the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen!

This sanctuary, dedicated to the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, is erected on the site, formerly occupied by the church of St. Mary, belonging to the Knights Hospitallers of the order of St. John at Jerusalem. The remains of the ancient building were for centuries lying about in a heap of ruins, until in A. D. 1869 the place was presented by the Turkish Emperor to the King of Prussia, afterwards William the Great, Emperor of Germany, and was taken possession of in his name by the Crown-prince Frederick William, afterwards the Emperor Frederick III. By command of William II, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, this church was erected in the years 1893-1898 and in his presence as well as of H. M. the Queen and Empress Augusta Victoria it was solemnly consecrated to the service of God on the 31st of October, 1898. Psalm 26, 8.

The street known as Via Dolorosa where He passed from Pilate's home to Calvary, is narrow now, not over fifteen feet wide, and runs in its full length from the Damascus gate to the Jaffa gate. Little shops, mostly kept by Jews, line the way, and all manner of merchandise is exposed for sale. It is all really close together; it is probably not over 1500 feet from Pilate's house to Calvary in the church. If the new place, called the Garden Tomb, should be the correct one, as some maintain,

the entire distance would be something like half a mile. Pilate's Judgement House is now the home of the Catholic Sisters of Zion, who have a church on the spot; here are parts of the old wall and the Ecce Homo Arch. (Behold the Man!)

On Mt. Zion, where James lived and labored (he stayed in Jerusalem while the other disciples went afar), is a large Armenian church and monastery. Here mass was being said, at the time of our visit, to a very large assembly. These monasteries are arranged to accommodate pilgrims of the faith who come to Jerusalem to visit the holy places, and at this place as many as eight thousand pilgrims are sometimes lodged at the same time.

At all the places we visited during the morning walk there were crowds of pilgrims, mostly of the peasant class. It was said of old that the poor heard Him gladly, and still they revere His name and places, for they bend and kiss the floor, and the walls, and the pictures of the saints, crossing themselves the while. We were at mass at several places, for religion is the dream of Jerusalem, and mass is said morning and afternoon every day in the year at some of these historical places.

In the afternoon we drove to Bethlehem, five miles south of the city. The road is a solid macadam or natural stone, winding up and down. We go into the valley of Gihon, pass several convents and monasteries, and come to

the Tomb of Rachel, a small building with a dome. "The Jews have the key," said the guide, "and we cannot enter, as it is only opened at certain times." "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." As we ascend the hill, before us we behold Bethlehem, in a semi-circle around the hill, now a city of 15,000 people, who work in mother-of-pearl, and olive wood and stone. Below and before are the fields of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned. On these hills David kept his father's flock, here the shepherds watched by night, and followed the star. On the way is the Wise Men's Well, still full of water.

Our idea of a stable is a wooden building above ground. Not so all over the world. In stony countries homes for men and beasts are often cut out of the solid rock, and such was the shelter in which Jesus was born. It was a natural cave on a hillside, made larger by cutting out more rooms. Over this cave now is a large church, where the Roman and Greek Catholics and the Armenians all have altars and say masses. This big church was also built by Empress Helena, in 327, A. D., at about the same time she built the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It has also been enlarged and improved by others since. It contains all that remains of Solomon's Temple, being four rows of marble columns. In the chapel of this church below the upper floor, is a silver star marking the exact spot where the Child was born in a stone

manger. Above are fifteen silver lamps, five Roman, five Greek, five Armenian. In the church on one side the Armenians were saying mass in Greek and Arabic, on the other the Romans were worshipping in Latin. The streets are quite narrow in Bethlehem, and the poor and blind are numerous, "Backsheesh" is heard all along from old and young.

In our travels we have never visited a place, where there were so many historical spots, and the names of many of them so very familiar. It is hardly possible to travel an hour and write of what you saw, for, in both Old and New Testament, this part of the land is frequently mentioned, and about it are many interesting events and great personages. It is necessary of course, in considering the aspect of things, to divest these hills and valleys of their cities and modern improvements, and go back to the scenes as they were.

The land is certainly pleasant to look upon, the hills are numerous but not high, and slope gently and are green with a sparse vegetation and many flowers. Beyond the church of the Nativity we went up a hill where we could plainly see the Moab mountains, and the Sinai range, whose distant peaks we had caught glimpses of from the Red Sea far away. There is much more to write than we will try to write, but a few short lines may give you some pic-

tures of the Holy Land, as it was and is, that you did not have before, which will not be amiss.

A TRIP AROUND THE OUTSIDE OF THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM ON A DONKEY.

Jerusalem.

The streets are all too narrow in Jerusalem for a carriage, or any other wheeled vehicle, and travel is all a-foot, but burdens are carried sometimes by donkeys. So in going about Jerusalem inside the walls we went on foot, and as it rained quite frequently the streets were rather muddy and sloppy. Jerusalem is not a very clean city, and decidedly dirty in some of the narrow and unfrequented streets. On the outside of the walls one can walk or ride a donkey. Well mounted on a good stout animal, in the company of a guide, we rode around the walls, not seven times like Joshua went around the walls of Jericho, but once, and the way was rough and stony, and much up and down.

Starting from the Jaffa gate on the west, we passed first the Damascus gate, that Paul went out of, and came to the Garden Tomb, now claimed by some to be the real Golgotha, because more surely outside the wall, and closely resembling "the place of a skull." Nearby is Jeremiah's grotto, where he composed his lamentations. Down hill we came to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and just near is the

A

B

A. ON THE ROOF WITH NATIVES IN SYRIA; B. OUTSIDE JERUSALEM WALL, NEAR JAFFA GATE; C. DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

Garden of Gethsemane. Here are the three rocks upon which the disciples were sleeping, and nearby the tree (or a tree in the same spot) where He prayed after returning to them.

The garden is now in charge of the Latins, it is on rising ground between the Valley of Jehoshaphat and Mount of Olives, and is very nicely planted with flowers, and well kept. The stations are all illustrated separately, and always pilgrims are going the way as He went it so long ago. Just near Stephen was stoned, and up there high is Stephen's Gate which led into the city, not far from the Golden Gate, into which He made His last triumphant entry. Turning the bend in the valley of Jehoshaphat we come to the tombs of Zachariah and St. James, and the tower the misguided Absalom built during his short term of power. Going on we come to the Brook Kidron, now quite a busy little stream, as the scattered branches have been turned together. Next and near is the Pool of Siloam, where Christ told the blind man to wash and who was healed. The people are still washing in the water to be healed of their various diseases.

Ascending we leave the valley of Jehoshaphat (across is the now Mohammedan village of Siloam), and visit the Potter's Field, bought with the thirty pieces of silver. Here the Greeks have a monastery, and in the catacombs below the Field are many tombs half filled with bones, the same that were found here in the

first place. The place of evil counsel, where Judas met the conspirators and where he afterward hanged himself, is further on, back of David's tower.

Near the Field, in the valley, was a pile of loose stones, and here is the story about them, which is a modern story: A wealthy Jew, being convinced of sin, desired when he died to be rolled down Mt. Zion, that his sins might fall from him by the wayside, and that his body be buried in the valley by simply being covered with loose stones. It was done, and hence the pile of loose stones. As the Jews go by they throw the scattering stones together, but the Mohammedans passing scatter them around again.

At the place where Solomon was anointed king, the pool of Gihon, we turned toward the city, passed the tower of David where he also was buried (now under charge of the Mohammedans, who accept the first four books of the Bible), and was shortly at the place from whence we started, having been on the donkey but two hours, and having completely surrounded the city, outside the wall, and passed in review many of the places of interesting events in the passion of our Lord.

It is difficult to comprehend that so much of our Bible history is in so compact a place. It is safe to say that eight miles square will include the principal territory of the story of the

cross, and no other like space of ground on earth has concerned so many people so long a time.

IN AND AROUND THE HOLY CITY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Jerusalem.

The ravages of time lay low all the proud handicraft of man—even his iron, and brass, and stone, and mosaic, and glass, and brick, in all their combinations of mosque, or temple, or church, or palace, no matter how substantial. But the hills remain—and as Rome was built on her seven hills they are there yet, and as Jerusalem was built on her four hills, they, too, remain. And while this spot or that may be the very place of Golgotha, or of the tomb, or of the last supper, or may not—time is disconcerting—it is indisputable that here, at least, on Mounts Olivet and Zion and Moriah He passed some of the few years of His life on earth.

Mt. Olivet stands away from the city, across the valley of Jehoshaphat; it is the highest of all the mounts near, and from its heights the whole country and city are in full view. The Germans and the Greeks each have big churches and monasteries on Olivet, and each claim a spot where the ascension took place. Mts. Zion and Moriah are all covered now with the city.

The history of the crusades is no doubt familiar to you all or should be. A movement started from the south of France, about nine hundred years ago, whose purpose was to take the holy sepulchre and the holy land out of the power of the Mohammedans. Peter, the Hermit, was the first great figure of the crusades, and the movement grew in size until all Europe and Great Britain were almost depopulated in the mad rush to join the armies led against the Turks. There were altogether some ten or eleven large bodies of soldiers who went East at different times, altogether many millions. Most of the armies met with defeat and disaster, from causes both from within and without. The climate, their unorganized and untrained condition, made them poor foes for a vast horde of fanatical Mohammedans, whose glory it was to die in the cause.

The final triumph was with the Mohammedans, although the crusaders gained some notable victories, and did conquer Jerusalem and occupy it for many years. They destroyed many old buildings of great value, and in turn built many Christian churches. When the Mohammedans returned finally to full power they built the Mosque of Omar—in honor of Omar, the Great, and put it on the site of the Temple, the wonderful building erected by Solomon, the son of David. This Mosque of Omar is now a Mohammedan shrine, and like Mecca must be visited for full perfection. It is very large,

very beautiful, with much white marble, semi-precious stones, fine mosaic work, glass, brass and bronze, the most exquisite rugs in all the East.

But the chief interest for the Christian in the mosque of Omar is the site, for here stood the Temple, which was the most perfect building of all time, before which is still the rock of sacrifice. Hiram, King of Tyre, whose architectural ability it is said has seldom been equaled, was the chief designer, and Solomon, the great king, the builder, whose ambition it was, as his resources were unlimited, to outdo the world, and make a perfect house. The Bible gives a full description. Nothing remains now of the original building, except a few large stones in the outer wall (the Jews' wailing place) and a few columns in the Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. The situation was certainly very excellent, high up on Mt. Moriah.

An ingenious German architect lived here in Jerusalem and passed most of his life in making a model of the Temple, and one also of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. By the aid of these models one can get a fair idea of these two structures, considered so very remarkable then and now.

The Jews still gather before the three big original stones in the outer wall and bewail their unhappy condition, their loss of power and prestige, and pray for the return of the blessings of the Lord, when Palestine, with all

her beautiful hills and valleys, where they were so great in the old time, will be given them for an earthly habitation and kingdom.

The place where the Temple stood is still a sort of a plateau. There was and still is a long entrance from the street, now covered like an archway. From this passage-way they tell you Christ drove out the money changers. The Mosque of Omar does not occupy all the ground floor that the Temple did. Ascending from the street you first come to the court of the Gentiles, then of the women, then of the priests, all now an open court paved with large stone squares.

You enter the Mosque, it is like many such buildings, a circular room, with a big dome in the center, with this difference,—the stone of the sacrifice is screened away from the multitude. You can go below and see how the Rock is suspended "between the earth and the sky?" (according to the Mohammedan faith), and returning we peered through the thick fretwork screen to behold the veritable rock, the place where Abraham offered up Isaac, the Rock of Sacrifice just before the inner Court of the Temple. In spite of paying $1.25 admission, and being under the escort of an officer of the Imperial Turkish Government, whose twenty years' service was preceded by his father's fifty years in the same capacity—several obsequious attendants whispered in an aside, a sotto voice as it were, "you please, kind sir, give me

backsheesh?'' No, not by the Red Hair of the Prophet's Beard, which cost me 22 cents at Delhi!

Around the court in the Solomon time were the priests' flats, and below the stables for the animals. This Mosque of Omar is the fourth building on the Temple site, and the fifth will be the one the Jews will build when they return and possess the land, according to prophecy.

The language of Jerusalem, of Cairo, of all Syria is Arabic. But the population is cosmopolitan, many French, German, Russian and Greek, and a few English and American people. Of the native people the Jews are the smartest. but the Syrians are the most progressive. The native Egyptian, Arab and Bedouin are not of this day and generation, and are not keeping up with the march of events. But the old East, like the old Japan and China, is somewhat passing away, there is so much movement of people from everywhere every place that all nations and places and peoples are growing more and more alike, which is a good thing in some ways, and not so good some other ways.

PICNIC DINNER ON THE JORDAN AND SUPPER IN JERICHO.

Jericho, Palestine.

In order that one trip may not stamp out the impressions of another it is well to write down a little as soon as possible, and so, here in Jeri-

cho, at the Jordan Hotel, I am writing on the washstand and must finish before dark, because there seems no arrangement for light, and we are weary of the tallow candle.

Out of Jerusalem we drove at about 8 o'clock this morning, and as our hotel was near the Jaffa Gate turned around the north wall, passed the Garden Tomb, the Damascus Gate, St. Stephen's Gate, into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, stopping again at the Garden of Gethsemane, turning off near the tombs of Absalom, Zachariah and St. James. Stephen was stoned near the Garden, and a number of pilgrims are kissing the rock, also at the garden these multitudinous pilgrims are kissing the ground where Jesus stood when betrayed, the old tree he prayed under, the three stones upon which Peter, James and John slept. The gardener is very kind, he gave us flowers from the garden. We gave him some pieces of local money, of which seventeen make twenty cents.

Across and beyond the slope of the Mount of Olives is Bethany, where Jesus loved to stay, near by is the tomb of Lazarus. Away, far across the hills and valleys of Judea by the Apostle's Spring to the Gorge of Cherith, down, down we went, and then up, and came to the Inn of the Good Samaritan. After the lawyer had asked Jesus what he thought was a hard question, He told them the story of how a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves who stripped him

and wounded him and left him half dead. A priest passed by him without offering assistance, also a Levite. (It is easier to pass by than to stop and help. We have known of men who even turned their head when the contribution box came around.) But a certain Samaritan helped him out of all his trouble, and put up two pence (about $2.00 which was a goodly sum then) and promised the landlord more. So on the road to Jericho, at the top of one of the hills, we stopped at the Good Samaritan Inn, and bought a bottle for Jordan water, and a reed pipe like David used with which to call his father's sheep. There were no I. O. O. F. members about, the innkeeper never heard of them. There is no Masonic lodge in Jerusalem, either, any more.

So we passed on to the wilderness of Judea, and came when about twenty-five miles from Jerusalem, to the Dead Sea, a water so heavy with salt, 25 per cent, that nothing can live in it, animal or vegetable, 1292 feet below the Mediterranean, the lowest water on earth. In these depths are buried Sodom and Gomorrah, and as the water is seventy feet deep now, they have little chance of ever being resurrected. Here into this Dead Sea empties the famous river Jordan, we go a few miles up stream to a Greek shanty, and unhitch for dinner.

Here the Jordan bends twice, some 40 to 80 feet wide, 5 to 10 feet deep, 72 miles from flowing out of the sea of Galilee. Here John the

Baptist lived and preached, and here he baptized the Savior. It is a sure enough wilderness, for several miles we had journeyed over barren sand, and about the river were scattering bushes.

Fifteen miles away are the Moab Mountains, but they do not look so far; the highest of the Moab range are Nebo and Pisgah. After lunch we passed Jericho for the pools of Elisha, and the excavations of old Jericho. A sycamore tree marks Gilgal, the spot where the twelve tribes made their altar with the twelve stones. So we reached Jericho at last at about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Jericho is twenty miles east of Jerusalem. There have been three Jerichos. The old, old Jericho, destroyed by Joshua, when his army went for seven days and the last day seven times around it and blew the ram's horn. The Jericho of the Romans, now lost, and the present Jericho, which is between the two and is a collection of huts and three hotels, in all a population of 700.

Elisha's pool still affords plenty of water, and it is piped around, and here is a small green spot where fruit and vegetables are raised. Caleb's story of the big fruit is easily believed after you see the oranges here—about the size of our ordinary cantaloupes.

For those who want to read what the Book says, we annex the Biblical references pertaining to this part of the country:

MOUNT NEBO.

Deut. xxxiv, 5. Moses died.

JORDAN.

Josh. iii, 14. Israel passed over.
Josh. iii, 16. Waters divided.
II Kings, v, 14. Naaman healed.
II Kings, vi, 6. Iron swims.
St. Matt. iii, 13. Jesus baptized.

GILGAL.

Josh. iv, 19. Israel camped.
Josh. v, 9. Why called Gilgal.
I Sam. xi, 15. Saul made king.

JERICHO.

Numb. xxii, 1. Israel encamped.
Deut. xxxiv, 3. "City of Palm-trees."
Josh. ii-i Spies sent. "Go to Jericho."
Josh. vi, 20. Walls fell.
II Sam. x, 5. "Tarry at Jericho."
II Kings ii. Elijah and Elisha.
St. Matt. xx, 34. Two blind healed.
St. Luke xix, 2. Zach. the Publican.

ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN.

II Kings ii, 21. Waters healed.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

Gen. xix, 24. Destroyed.

DEAD SEA.

Deut. iii, 17. "Sea of the Plain."

CHERITH.

I Kings xvii, 4. Ravens feed Elijah.

It is March first and the weather is very fine, warmer at Jericho than at Jerusalem, as it is lower down.

BACK TO JERUSALEM FROM JERICHO.

Before the sun rose over the Moab mountains, fifteen miles east of Jericho, where we passed the night, we threw open the upper window at the hotel and looked out. There was a babble of many voices, as all these eastern people are noisy about their work.

Between us and the Moab mountains was the river Jordan, a little south the Dead Sea, over there the springs of Elisha, and higher up was the Mount of Temptation. Elisha's first miracle was turning the water of these springs from bitter to sweet, and the water is still sweet, and used by all the people around. Gilgal, where the twelve tribes made an altar of twelve stones, is marked now simply by a sycamore tree. Modern Jericho is a poor Fellah village, with fertile ground around, a population of about seven hundred. The Dead Sea glistened in the distance.

When Moses stood on Mount Nebo to view the promised land, he beheld the same scene that Christ did when He was tempted of the devil on an exceeding high mountain, the places

being about twenty miles apart across the river Jordan, the plain of Jordan, and the wilderness. The place of Baptism on the river Jordan is almost between, that is, the spot where John baptized Christ, and where the Jews, coming from the East, crossed the river dry shod. The Jordan's source is at the foot of Mount Hermon, far north, above Galilee, and it empties and is lost like Sodom and Gomorrah, in the depths of the Dead Sea.

As we came down from Jerusalem to Jericho, like a certain man, we started up going back. Reaching a height, where the road is nearest the Mount of Temptation, and almost as high, we turned and looked at the sea, and river, and plain, and mountains beyond. We could see the church towers in the other direction, on the Mount of Olives, 20 miles away. The plain of Jordan is still fertile in spots, and capable of great expansion and productiveness, if in the hands of enterprising and ambitious people. In Christ's time Jericho, the second, was a large and busy city, for the Scriptures speak often of the coming and going between Jerusalem and Jericho. The wilderness of Judea, made famous by the preaching of John the Baptist, is also in view from our position.

When the people flocked down from Jerusalem to the wilderness to hear John they traveled about twenty-five miles each way, and over hill and valley, on foot, high hills, too, almost mountains, and correspondingly low val-

leys. Very few people take that trouble now to hear, even the Great man, or the bishop, preach. But the road and the river is now lined with peasants, still crossing themselves, drinking the dirty water (Jordan is always roiley), still kissing the holy places, always on foot.

Say three miles from Jericho we see from the high road, a monastery in a ravine, where Elijah lived in the cave, and was fed by the ravens. On up and down, we stopped to feed and rest man and beast, where so often the Apostles rested, that the place is called the Apostle's Fountain, where a cool spring bubbles up. This place is also mentioned in the Old Testament, as the dividing line between the lands of Judah and Benjamin.

Another hour or so we reach again the village of Bethany, now a small place, as it was of old. Here we stop to visit the tomb of Lazarus, and the site of the home of Mary and Martha. Bethany was certainly much lower down in the days of Christ than now, the years have filled it up, for we go some twenty feet down into the ground into the tomb where Lazarus lay for the four days, steep steps, turning down another flight, a dark little place, probably 8x10, but high enough to stand up in. The home of Mary and Martha was on somewhat higher ground, not far away, all about three miles from Jerusalem, around one side of the Mount of Olives.

We were now again near the city—the city that was set on a hill and cannot be hid—we pass the garden, the valley of Jehoshaphat, ascend the hill the temple stood on, pass Solomon's quarries, the site of the temple, the Damascus gate, that Paul went out of, so full of fight, and came home, that is, to our own hotel, at last, from where we had started about thirty hours before, having in the meantime gone down to Jericho without having fallen among any greater thieves than hotel keepers usually are in Palestine.

Just a little story now, of the Bedouin, in the time not far away. They inhabit the land beyond the Moab mountains, and the desert, but roam about, living as they can, a wild, free life, stealing from any one they can and from each other. The monastery of Marsaba, a Greek monastery, built on the rocky slopes of the Kidron valley three hours from Jerusalem, has never heard the sound of a female voice. The monks receive money for entertaining pilgrims and punctually pay their tithes at Jerusalem for the Great Patriarch. Once upon a time the head father started over the mountains for Jerusalem with the money, and when in a lonely spot met a Bedouin, who demanded the money or he would take his life. The father, who, our story teller said, had nothing to do but to think, and was good at it, evolved a plan in a minute. Certainly take the money, but first my good man, shoot holes

through my coat on each side, that my people can see that I did not give up without a struggle. Bang, two shots, and lo, there were no more in the gun, and the father, knowing the Bedouin was as defenceless as himself, sprang upon him, and in the end overpowered him, tied him, hands and feet, took the money on to the Patriarch, rejoicing, showing that a nimble wit is, like the mixed theologian said about a lie, a very present help in time of trouble.

JERUSALEM TO SHECHEM, THE STORY OF THE BIBLE BY THE WAYSIDE.

Nabulus, Palestine.

Palestine is a part of the Turkish government, indeed the whole country is not only politically but religiously Mohammedan, so such improvements as though railways or train lines or even good wagon roads are not numerous. There is a short line of rail between Jaffa and Jerusalem, 53 miles, all up hill. A through line is projected and partly built from Aleppo to Mecca, and you can go from Haifa to Beyrout by rail, via Damascus. But in order to see the real Palestine you must travel either by donkey or carriage and either way is slow and tiresome.

We left Jerusalem for a four days' drive to Tiberias, early in the morning, again passed the Damascus Gate, and out on to the old Damascus road, the same road Paul took on his journey

so determined to exterminate the new disturbers of the peace of the synagogue—the Christians. On the height just west of Olivet we stopped to view, for the last time the Holy City. Stretching out on her four mountains she glittered in the morning sun, a city set on a hill, beautiful indeed for situation. It is about forty miles from Jerusalem to Nabulus, the ancient Shechem, and all the way is Bible land, more places of interest than you can possibly note. The road leads past el-Bireh, called Beeroth in the New Testament, while to the right Bethel of old can be seen. There is Nob, where David ate the shew bread; Gibeon, where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and the moon to stay still on Ajalon; Mispah in the distance, where Saul was crowned King; Rama, the birthplace and last home of Samuel. At Beeroth the parents missed the Child and went back and found Him in the temple. At Bethel John had the vision; on Berg Gerizum the blessing was read; on Ebal the curses were read.

March in Palestine is the same uncertain month for weather as all over the world, and alas, our beautiful sun disappeared, angry clouds took their place, the wind arose, and rain, cold, March rain, came on and stayed with us almost all our first day of forty miles of rough driving. It is hill and valley in Palestine, up a long while and then down and up again, and so we go along. We would not pick

out such a day for a pleasure trip, but traveling as we do each day has its work and way and so we pull along, and, as the colored man said about the mule, "done nevah died yit." Toward night the clouds lifted and we came to Jacob's well, and the tomb of Joseph. Up there on the hill is Sychar, where Jesus met the woman and told her so much plain truth that she was converted and reformed, and in turn converted many others. At last we reach Nabulus.

This is a government "seat of a Mutessarrif," with a population of 25,000, all fanatical moslems. It is known in Genesis as Shechem. Situated between Gerizim and Ebal, it has a good supply of water, and hence has a fertile valley. The remaining adherents of the old Samaritans, now only 150 people, live in Nabulus, and have a church on Mount Gerizim. The hotel is stone, everything about it—walls, stairs, floors, all stone, so it was a cheerful place to reach after a forty-mile drive in a cold March rain and when we asked for a fire they seemed quite astonished, but soon brought in a basket of wood made out of the roots of an olive stump, and with the aid of some kindling and a pair of bellows soon made the old stove so hot you could hardly keep your hands on it.

It is usually a beautiful drive from Jerusalem to Nabulus at this time of the year (a little early this year), when the hills and valleys are green, and the wild flowers, especially the

poppy, brightening the landscape on every side. The olive tree grows on every hillside, just hundreds of them, and they are quite profitable. The wheat and barley now growing looks thrifty, in fact, Palestine is quite surprising to me in an agricultural way. Only so very much waste land, such stony hills and valleys. But thinking how long this soil has been called upon to respond to the scratching of the wooden plow, the wonder is that it will still produce. Traveling over the country one somewhat familiar with the new testament can see how Jesus adapted His illustrations, both in His sayings and in His parables, to the peculiarities of the land, for it is a country of deep valleys and still waters, of high mountains and stony places. Still you see the shepherd with his flock, and one may even fall among thieves, for we passed "thieves' valley" on our journey. Just reaching Nabulus we were halted for "Backsheesh," five cents for each horse entering the town.

Our caravan may interest some. There are four travelers, an English gentleman and his wife having joined us at Jerusalem for the trip. Each couple has a three-seated spring wagon, the pattern of which came from America. In the front seat the driver and guide (the latter changes about); in the center seat the passengers, in the back seat our light baggage and lunch from day to day. Behind, the horse feed is carried.

We have traveled with people of almost all countries, since beginning our world trip, and have found in each much to admire and enjoy. Folks are a good deal alike, after all, in this little world, and good sense, good manners, and good principles are not the attributes of any one people even if each has his own peculiarities, and it is a joy to find so much of good everywhere. The man with a hammer will be a poor traveler, and have an unhappy time, for he will not be neighbor to any man of any country.

FROM NABULUS TO NAZARETH IN PALESTINE. BY CARRIAGE.

Our first coaching day in Palestine was a rather severe one, covering the road from Jerusalem to Nabulus, about forty miles, which we made in a cold March rain. It was still raining when we left Nabulus, the next morning for a second day's drive. Our dragoman had paid the "backsheesh" demanded by the men who work the roads, one-half Napoleon each carriage, $4.00 in all, but nevertheless we were stopped twice by different sets of men, who also wanted "backsheesh," claiming they got no share of the other. The dragoman let the drivers talk it out, as they were Mohammedans, and such a lot of talk and gesticulating seldom occurs outside a ward caucus for constable.

In an hour we came to the village of Sebastiyeh, the ancient Samaria, which once gave name to the whole of Central Palestine. Here was the capital of the Northern Kingdom until conquered by Sargon, B. C. 722, after a siege of three years. It was in time rebuilt, and presented by Augustus to Herod the Great, who added many improvements. Here are also the ruins of the temple built by Herod the Great, and of the old church of St. John. It is stated that the head of John the Baptist was brought up from the Jericho plain and buried at Samaria. The old city stood upon a hill, sloping from all sides, and it must have been a desperate struggle to take it. The Americans have made extensive excavations at Samaria, and have found many fragments of ancient buildings, such as hewn blocks, shafts of columns, capitals, etc.

Going down and on we came to the plain of Dothan, where Joseph was sold by his brethren, and reached a piece of new road covered with broken stones, not many of which would go through a three-inch ring, with no top dressing, and so dragged along some two hours or more at a rather slow walk. At Jenin we stopped for the night. This is supposed to be the Ginea of Josephus, a small village of 1500 inhabitants. Entering the town the streets were just wide enough for a carriage, the three horses crowding together, and the whole street until reaching the hotel was under

water, from half to over a foot deep. Immediately the carriages were halted, before we had fairly reached town, by two big Arabs, who demanded "backsheesh" to fix the road. After the usual argument of much talk and gesture we were allowed to pass on, the men following. How it was settled we never found out, as time would not allow us to follow the outcome of all these dragoman and drivers' scraps by the wayside. We have been told on rather good authority that the new Turkish government is worse than the old—that it really takes more money to make the wheels go round.

Jenin is spelled Djenin, and is in the center of a fertile plain. The whole town and country about is mostly owned by a wealthy Pasha, who lives in a shanty in the town. A man of wealth in the East does not show it in his home, as some of the very wealthy in all these eastern countries live in poor little huts. This Pasha of Jenin has no son for his fortune, but is a man of many wives and still marrying new ones, and turning the old ones away. At Jenin we had a good view of the plains of Jezreel and Nazareth.

The morning of our third day opened cold and cloudy, but we hoped for sunshine, as our drive lay eighteen miles to Nazareth. The hills are so high in Palestine and the valleys so low that you can see twenty miles on each side, and the distance seems impossible so near do the

far-away objects seem. For instance on Mount Olivet the Dead Sea appears very close, the water is plainly visible, though twenty-five miles away. Jenin is all Mohammedan, except one family, who are Catholics, so the last noise of the night was the call to prayer, and we heard the same cry early in the morning. The Muezzin's call to prayer is not what we would call a call, it is a few verses from the Koran uttered in a loud, sing-song voice, up and down in volume.

On the right on our journey are the ancient Gilboa mountains, where Saul and Johnathan were slain at the foot of the village of Gilboa, and near is the town of Nain, where Jesus raised the widow's son. The action of Johnathan surrendering his heirship in favor of another, he being the heir apparent, is unparalleled, as men generally cling tenaciously to inherited position, especially when near the throne.

The ancient Jezreel stands beautifully on the side of a mountain, on our way, and recalls all the story of Elijah and Jezebel, and the awful death of that most dreadful woman. At Sulem, the ancient Shunem, stood the house of the Shunemite woman. In front to the east is Mt. Tabor, the mount of the transfiguration. We have now crossed the great plain of Jezreel, and ascending the mountain we wind around and around, finally reach the top, and before us, on the hillside and in the valley is Nazareth, the home of the Savior, of Mary and Joseph.

Nazareth is now a city of about 15,000 inhabitants, divided religiously into about 4,000 Moslems, 4,000 orthodox Greeks, 1,000 united Greeks, 2,000 Latins, 200 Maronites, 250 Protestants, balance mixed. The old town was more in the valley than the present, although all the hillside and valley is being slowly covered with houses, as the place is growing. The people work in the valleys at farming and in small shops, as of old, in town. We noticed them making knives and razors by hand. The streets are narrow, especially the main street and, of course, dirty. We climbed to the top of the mountain back of the town, and had one of those views of valley and hill only seen in Palestine. Far away to the west was the Mediterranean Sea, Haifa, Acre, Mount Carmel, where Elijah defeated the priests of Baal. To the east Mt. Tabor, Gilboa, Gilead, Moab, the Jordan valley, the valleys we had passed, green and beautiful, on all sides, and the many villages on the hillsides.

The carpenter shop where Joseph worked is now under a Greek church. In considering these eastern places we must remember that at the time of Christ it was the common custom of the people to make their homes in the sides of rocks and cliffs, and by cutting out a cave have a home, half made by Nature. Such was the place where the Savior was born in Bethlehem, such the shop of Joseph and His home. You go down several steps to the place, and

find simply a small cellar room. After Jesus had preached at Nazareth the people were angry at His plain truth and would throw Him from a mountain, so there are three mountains of precipitation, one each for the Greeks, the Latins, and the Armenians.

We visited the orphanage school of the Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East, an English mission, splendidly located on a high mountain, and found that they had seventy young ladies in school, all of the Mohammedan faith in the first place. Their surroundings and appearance indicate good care and good work, such as will have its effect on the coming generations. They sang for us an original song, which seemed to suit them so well, that we asked for a copy, which is as follows:

CHILDREN OF NAZARETH.

We are little Nazareth children,
And our Father placed our home
'Mid the olive trees and vineyards,
Where the Savior used to roam.

For the Lord, who loves the children,
And was glad to hear their praise,
Cares that Nazareth children know Him
Do His will and choose His ways.

Cares that they should keep in memory
All that sacred life spent here;
Try in heart to walk beside Him,
Safe and happy in His fear.

And we know that He is coming,
Every knee to Him shall bow—
And the joyous shouts to greet Him
Shall begin in Nazareth now.

Jesus, Savior, dwell within us,
Make a temple of each heart,
Pure and loving, true and holy,
For Thy service set apart.

PLACE WHERE JESUS SPENT MUCH OF HIS LIFE A MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT.

In Palestine.

It was a glorious spring morning in March when we went up the hill going out of Nazareth. Pausing at the top there was a magnificent view of Nazareth on the hillside and in the valley. The town looked very pleasant, has a naturally beautiful setting. It is supposed that Jesus passed most of His life at Nazareth, and no more lovely place can be found in all the world unadorned. From the high mountains on all sides He could see almost the whole occupied part of Palestine of that time, Mount Hermon, 9,000 feet high, up in the north, Moab in the east, Tabor, Gilboa, and other beautiful mountains and the valleys on all sides.

Soon going over the mountain we began the usual descent, and Nazareth was shut out from our view. Nazareth and Tiberias are connected by a roadway over hill and valley, a distance of about twenty miles, but we were six hours

making the drive, as some of the way the roads are simply tracks through the valley, heavy in the soft ground, while none of the way was the road very good.

Kafr Kenna is the village of the wedding at Cana, where Jesus performed His first miracle, that of turning the water into wine. The house where the wedding was held has long since passed away, but as there have been Christians in the town ever since the miracle, the spot is reasonably certain, so the Greeks have erected a church thereon.

Tourists have a rather amusing experience at Cana with the children selling lace of their own make. They are solicitious enough at Nazareth, and indeed many other places, but at Cana you simply cannot walk for them. They stuff the lace into your hands and pockets, crying, "Mister, please, six one franc," referring to the price of the doilies. It is said by a missionary that lace making cleaned up a whole village. The children were taught by the missionaries to make lace, but they brought it in very dirty and it was explained that such lace would not sell, and that they must keep it clean. To do so they first kept their hands clean, and the cleaning up gradually extended until the whole village became cleanly in all things.

Mount Tabor, the mount of the transfiguration, looms up very plainly from here, indeed, Mounts Tabor and Hermon are visible from

most places from Jerusalem to Damascus. We journeyed on, near the Horns of Hattin, well known as the Mount of Beatitudes, stopped for dinner on the rocks. Before us was the sea of Galilee, and all that implies. We journeyed on and in two hours came to the city of Tiberias. The sea of Galilee has four names, as of old—the sea of Galilee, the lake of Gennesaret, the sea of Tiberias, also known in the old time as sea of Chinnereth.

The sea is thirteen miles long, nine miles wide, and looks very beautiful from the hills from the south from where we approached. The Jordan river flows through it from north to south. This sea is 681 feet below the level of the Mediterranean sea, and is also fed by an extensive water shed, and many springs. The water is very good and fresh, and is used by all the people on the banks. There now are two towns on the sea of Galilee,—Tiberias, a town of 6,000, mostly Jews, and Semmakh, a Mohammedan village on the south, where the railroad touches that runs from Haifa to Damascus. In the old time the shores of the sea of Galilee must have been densely populated, with Tiberias, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, all on the immediate coast. In a row boat we visited all the old sites. The sea has the same reputation for sudden and violent storms now that it had in the time of the Savior, for it takes some two hours to cross from Tiberias to Capernaum, and two hours back, and the water

is seldom quiet so long. Even before we got back a good breeze arose, and our men hoisting sail had no further use for oars, but skimmed along swiftly under the evening breeze.

At Capernaum now there are ruins, piles of stones from the old Synagogue, some of which are identified as belonging to certain parts of the Synagogue. Here the Greeks again own the ground, and are excavating for buried evidences of the city and time, and will build a church soon. At Bethsaida, Chorazin and Magdala there is nothing but modern enclosing walls to mark the spots. It would not be necessary to call attention to all the events concerning the life of Jesus, and His work, that occurred on or near the sea of Galilee, for indeed one will find that in Mark and Luke there are many references to these places. Beginning at Luke x, xiii, however, the prophecy is significant, and has been wonderfully fulfilled:

13—Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon, which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes.

14—But it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment than for you.

15—And thou Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell.

It is even fulfilled so far that in these places there is not one stone standing upon another,

and Capernaum, which was a city of fifty thousand people, has now only the guardian of her ruins, one solitary Monk, who mournfully surveys the mighty ruins of a once busy and prosperous city.

The sea of Galilee is still full of good fish, many tropical fish, and fishing is still the main business of the residents of the present shore city of Tiberias. Coming we passed Ratma, the home of Philip and Andrew, over there at Magdala was the home of Mary Magdalene. When night came on and the moon rose over the mountains of the east, where only a few miles beyond the desert sands begin, the water was all lit up in a glow as by an evening afterglow from an ocean sun, and rising early we beheld the morning sunrise over Gabbelan, where the swine ran down, and the coloring of sky and earth is not more beautiful any place, at the same time, in all the world.

The fulfillment of the prophecy that the Jews will return and possess Palestine cannot be doubted by any traveler who sees the signs of the times and understands the Jew's manner of life and tenacity of purpose. Here and there, all about the land, are small Jewish colonies, farmers, whose land and buildings are better than others. We saw just one team of horses hitched to an American plow on all the way from Jerusalem to Tiberias, and that was on a Jewish colony farm. The land is fertile in the valleys, but some places the soil is scant and

other places there are innumerable stones in the way. On the farms owned by the Jews these stones have in many places, and where possible, been gathered together into fences and boundary lines.

Just now the farmers are all pulling the tares (weeds) out of the wheat. Some fields have many people in them at work at the tares, men, women and children. As they reap with the sickle, as Ruth did for Boaz, and winnow the wheat by hand, as in the ancient days, the only time to eliminate the weed seed from the wheat is before the harvest.

We are in Palestine in March, but April is the very best time, just before the harvest. But now the grass is green on mountain and valley, and the flowers are blooming like they do in Holland, in great masses, coloring all the landscape. To-morrow we go on to "the oldest city in the world," where the famous Ananias restored the sight of one Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, in a street called Straight, still the leading thoroughfare of the city.

FROM TIBERIAS TO DAMASCUS THROUGH THE LAND OF THE ISHMAELITES.

The sea of Galilee was quiet in the morning sun, as we went aboard a small steam launch, which was to convey us across the south half of the waters to the railroad at Semmakh. We have been very fortunate in not meeting with

any serious accident on our journey so far, but have had several interesting experiences.

When far out on the water of Galilee something went chuck, bang! and the launch shook like a reed shaken by the wind. A long-haired Russian priest was about to jump out into the sea, and our half dozen passengers were all somewhat alarmed, especially when the engineer threw the fire from the boiler into the water with great haste, and the steam began to blow off. Hitched to our little power boat were two other boats, one loaded with passengers, probably twenty, the other full of freight, with a few people on the barrels. A bolt had broken, so we drifted around on the sea about half an hour, until the proper repairs were made. As it was near train time the situation was not paricularly pleasant in view of sudden squalls and that there was only one train every day. But all came out without disaster, we proceeded and caught the Damascus train, and soon were climbing the hills beyond the Jordan.

The sea of Galilee is 681 feet below sea level and the Houran mountains are about 2300 feet above, so we wound up and up for a long time, looping the loop and looking back at our own track as you do while crossing the Rocky mountains. The train runs through the Yarmuk valley following the Yarmuk or Little Jordan river, reaching Deraat the Horean plateau, which is the old land of Bashan, where Ogg was

king. This plateau runs all the way to Damascus, about seventy-five miles. Soon the Lebanon mountains appear in the north, covered with snow. At the stations Turkish soldiers, heavily armed, were quite numerous. We passed through a deposit of stone lava which stretches away to the desert some three hundred miles.

This land beyond Jordan is the home now, and has been for many years, of the Bedouins and Druses, the descendants of Ishmael. It is a positive fact that their hands are against every man—even each other. Refusing all settled habitation, they wander around pitching their tents in the wilderness, stealing and trading, getting a precarious living as best they can. A dragoman told us of an argument he had with a Bedouin chief about their stealing in which the chief maintained that as they had always lived so, they would continue to do so, that it was not only their only and proper way of living, but was the way their God really wanted them to do.

Towns are not numerous on the way to Damascus, a few villages made of mud. The country on the plateau looks fairly well, save of course, where the rocks are. The sun was going down as we neared Damascus and the wind was cool, made so by the snows of Lebanon. Finally we entered the suburbs of the city, manifest by mud houses and many people and donkeys coming and going. At last we arrived

at the station, where there was an unusual commotion, as only one train a day arrives from each way. We were soon bumping along on the rocky streets of Damascus, which was old when Rome was young and time worn when Solomon built his temple.

DAMASCUS, THE OLDEST CITY ON EARTH, PEOPLED BY MOHAMMEDANS.

Clear and cold, not cold according to winter in Ohio, but cold for the East, the morning dawned in Damascus, and the call for prayer rang out from some three hundred mosques, for Damascus is Mohammedan completely, and has been so since the downfall of Christianity. The crusaders tried in vain to take this city.

The place has now about 200,000 inhabitants, is surrounded by fertile valleys on three sides and the Lebanon mountains on the other. It is a place where time has stood still. Until even lately all the great inventions and applications of the forces of nature have not been used, but now they have electric lights and a tram system. But they are not much used and for all practical purposes Damascus is as it always was, a primitive city, where all things are made by hand and the whirligig of time brought no great changes.

The street called Straight is still the most important in the city as it was when Paul sought out one Ananias, who opened his eyes,

after a temporary blindness, caused by his vision on the Damascus road. The house is still standing, or the cellar rather, a low underground room where the Greeks have a chapel. The house where Naaman the leper lived was not very far away, but the house is long, long gone, yet still the site is pointed out.

They have a monster mosque at Damascus, the audience room is about 430 feet long by 100 feet wide. It is on the site of an early Christian church, and is very elaborate and complete, with much fine mosaic, beautiful marble, the floor covered entirely with very extra Persian rugs, the gifts of devotees.

We viewed the wall where Paul was let down and out, after his sermon on receiving his sight had so disappointed the Jews that they were angry enough to take his life. The window shown is over a gate, which was closed then and is now, and is about twenty-five feet above the ground. The daughter of the Prophet Mohammed, Fatima by name, is buried here, and her tomb as well as that of the famous warrior, Saladin, is revered and kept sacred, but tourists are allowed to visit them for a small consideration.

An ancient family, impoverished by the impossibility of collecting money loaned to farmers, on account of the inadequacy of the Turkish laws, now allow visitors to see the inside of their fallen splendor for a small sum, and thus one can get a fair idea of the style of

the house and their manner of living. As in Japan and China the outside of the house bears no relation to the inside, and a mean and ugly exterior may shelter a beautiful interior, which we often found to be the case.

The streets here are very narrow and the shops are open and small, though some of them are rather extensive and have fine looking wares. In saddlery the stores are extensive, as riding horseback is still a favorite way of traveling. Fruit and vegetables are fine looking and plenty. The almond trees here are in full bloom now, a bloom like our peach bloom and they look too fresh and fair to be the product of the soil that has been responding to the plow since the world was first inhabited.

The city of Damascus, in spite of her great age, is growing. At one place where they work in brass some 600 people are employed, of ages ranging from five to one hundred years. These religions of the East, while they teach the love of children and of the aged, do not teach the care of them, or support of them when possible for them to get or do work; so all over the East you see babies and old men and women earning a poor living by their feeble work. The donkey and the camel are the burden bearers. As we passed along a poor overloaded donkey fell with his load, and the driver beat him viciously with a club, and then stabbed him in the shoulder with a sharp instrument. It is against the Mohammedan religion to kill,

but not against their practice to be inhumanly cruel. We stood aside as a camel procession passed, all loaded with timber, there being forty or fifty, all tied tandem.

Two very interesting places are the kahn or warehouses; large open places where surplus stocks of all goods whether new or old are kept; also the jewelry factories where they make and sell jewelry and you can see just how it is made and the materials used. It is of great interest just to go "nosing around" this old town, watching the people at their work and business and the street cries, "Oh, ye thirsty, the distribution!" called the water peddler in Arabic. "By eating of this" calls the fruit peddler, "an old woman will be young in the morning!" That cannot possibly be true, for if his fruit were as costly as the pearl that the Indian threw away, which was more precious than all his tribe, still all would be bought and more called for—even if the fruit was as plentiful as the bread of the hashish eater's dream, which filled the temple and blocked up the street. If by eating of the fruit one who is getting old, alas, too soon, could return again to the nimbleness of laddydom, willingly would he part with all those big copper cents, so strangely marked; that now are a burden like a grasshopper was to the Temple builder, that man who had more wives than Brigham Young ever had, and who was sick of love and sighing for apples.

A MOST INTERESTING TRIP FROM OLD DAMASCUS TO BEYROUT.

From the great elevation of the mountain we overlooked the ancient city of Damascus. It did indeed resemble a spoon, the bowl being around the big mosque, which was, almost a thousand years ago, a Crusader church; the handle stretching out toward the east—toward Mecca, where a long string of houses have been built along the road; and at the far end of the elongated street is the gate out of which the pilgrim procession annually goes to Mecca, hence the gate is called, The Gate of God.

A motley throng this procession is, made up of the people from all ranks and vocations of the Mohammedan faith, dressed in all the fantastic combinations and bright colored garments of these children of the Sun. The procession starts after a certain holy preparation of fasting and prayer, for fourteen days, during which nothing is eaten in the daytime. Dignitaries of the faith, high officials of the government, guards to keep the peace, the rich and the poor, high and low, join in the pilgrimage to honor the Great Prophet Mohammed, to visit his sacred town, Mecca, which pilgrimage takes from the punishment and adds to the joys in the world to come, and without which journey no Mohammedan is wholly perfect. The pilgrimage is made on foot, takes weeks going and

coming, and is mostly through the desert. But when completed is life's greatest asset, and a joy forever.

All sorts of fruits and vegetables grow in the valley around Damascus, and from the hills the picture is very beautiful—thousands of apricot trees in full bloom—two colors for the same fruit, pink and white. The domes of the three hundred mosques reaching high into the sky, the big mosque's minaret and dome above all else. The Pharpar river, that Naaman the Leper thought equal in healing power to the Jordan, winding along—the other river, Abana, right through the heart of the city—pure water from the mountain snows and springs for the healing and sustenance of the people. And to think that this city was old when the Roman Empire was founded; when Carthage was built on the horse's hide worth of land; when savages were beating each other in the morasses of what is now the German Empire; when what is England was a vast wilderness, before gunpowder, steam, electricity, Atlantic cable, telephone, wireless, all the conveniences and contrivances of modern life were dreamed of. Alas, how can only a part of the history of the people of the world ever be written.

It was morning again when we went out of old Damascus. Winding along toward the west we began to ascend the mountains called Anti-Lebanon. Up and on, now and then a depression where the land was farmed, and fruit was

growing, and what land there was seemed very fertile. Back there in Damascus were the tombs of Saladin, the great warrior, and of Fatima, the only daughter of the Great Prophet. Both ever honored and revered by the people. Before us, on the Lebanon mountains, were, according to tradition, older than the Justinian codes, the graves of Abel, Moses and Adam—the very spot where the first murder was committed. Slowly we passed up and over the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, and came to the beautiful valley between the Anti-Lebanon and the Lebanon mountains. Here at last was Ryack, where we change cars for Baalbek. It is only a few hours' ride up the valley—the farmers are planting the crops now in the old way—to Baalbek.

Four thousand or so years ago—think of it—a great temple was built at Baalbek, in honor of the God Baal, the Great God. This great temple was destroyed, but during the time between the first and third centuries of the Christian era—in order to increase the interest of the people for the Great God Baal, and in opposition to the new strange doctrine of Christianity, which seemed to be winning the people—the emperors erected a Great Temple, on the site of the old temple. This building was added to by several monarchs, and took many years—several hundred—in the building, in fact, never was entirely finished. This temple at Baalbek was so stupendous and expensive that the very

ruins have been for ages one of the marvels of the world. An approach of three flights of massive stone steps, 150 feet in width, led to an outer court, filled with massive columns and these again to an inner room of great dimensions, surrounded by immense columns and almost innumerable figures of gods. The pantheon—in honor of all the Gods.

The marble columns used in this temple were quarried at Assuan, in Upper Egypt, 600 miles above Cairo; transported on the river Nile to the Mediterranean Sea, thence by sea to Beyrout, and thence over the mountains to Baalbek. Think of the labor and skill required to just take these marble columns, 20, 30, 40 feet high, 3, 4, 5 and 9 feet in diameter, over just the two ranges of mountains, between Baalbek and Beyrout! The stones in the walls of the ruins at Baalbek are the largest ever used in the world, some of them 63x14x14 feet, which weigh over one thousand tons. The six big columns still standing here are 70 feet high by 9 feet diameter. The big temple was built on a foundation 50 feet high by several hundred square, of mammoth stones. The whole constituted a monster temple, full of wonderful work both as to the carving and the stone, and the world has never ceased to wonder how it all was possible.

When we visited the ruins of the old Egyptian temples at Luxor and Karnac, on the upper Nile, they were so immense that we thought they

certainly had been the most stupendous works of stone temples in all the world. But the Baalbek ruins dwarf them, particularly in the size of the stone used. An unfinished stone lies here now in the old quarries 73x14x14 feet. Can you imagine handling a stone that size, and even putting it up high in a wall? Baal of old was the Great God, and here was his big temple, the very ruins of which excite the wonder and admiration of countless thousands of people, as the years come and go. Baalbek of the present day is a town of 5,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on a hillside between the two ranges of Lebanon mountains. All kinds of grain and fruits are raised, and the people seem fairly prosperous and happy.

From Baalbek we returned to Ryack, the railway crossing town, and then on to Zahleh, a town of 20,000 people, back in the Lebanon hills. This town of Zahleh, with a big piece of country surrounding, is independent of the Turkish government; is under the protection of the Great Powers of Europe, and has been so for the last fifty years. About that long ago there was a great massacre of the Christians by the Mohammedans here, and to prevent such a calamity in the future the town and district were given independence. The town and country and people show the advantages they have had over their neighbors, the Turks. Many of the young men have gone to North America, and to South America and have prospered and

returned to improve their home place. The whole condition and air of the people shows more prosperity and happiness than elsewhere in Asia Minor, which condition is attributable to their independence. At Zahleh we visited a native family and learned of their real home life and work. They are an honest and hard-working people, and are strong and earnest in their moral and Christian life. In religion they are Greek and Roman Catholics, and some Protestants, as there is a growing and long established Protestant school at Zahleh.

We went on to Beyrout, on the Mediterranean Sea, a city of two hundred thousand people. This is a Turkish province, but has schools and colleges of various denominations. The Presbyterians have a girls' school here which is doing very interesting work. There is also a large Christian College which is quite prosperous and popular. A little leaven may in time leaven the whole lump.

A thousand years before the Christian era when an old Egyptian king conquered this old country of Syria, he had his men cut his picture and some records of his deeds high up on the rocks near town, where a river, euphoniously called Dog River (a half submerged stone resembles a dog) empties into the sea. Subsequent conquerors also cut their figures and dates in these old rocks, and here they are now to tell the story of wars for three thousand

years. Napoleon the third, Emperor of the French, added his name in his campaign here in 1863.

At Beyrout we took ship back to Port Said, from whence we had sailed two weeks before, having gone over Palestine, in at Jaffa, then to Jerusalem and all the surroundings there, and north through the country. A most interesting and instructive trip, and one that would be of great value to any one especially interested in the study of the Christian religion.

In all the ages of the life of man he has been active to subdue his neighbors in war, and when he won he has engrafted first upon the conquered people his religion, that has been the great thing. But introducing the new, something of the old has also remained. So in all the East we have everywhere a large assembly of gods, from all parts of earth.

There are now evidences everywhere that the last analysis of religion will be as the first—so long ago taught on the Nile—one God; who subsequently sent His only Son through Palestine to lead the world to the truth, which shall make them all free.

FROM PORT SAID TO PRETTY PARIS.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

There is an end to the longest journey, so, after our Palestine trip, we came again to Port Said to take ship for Europe, from whence we were to sail for America, the blessed land of the somewhat free, and the home of the comparatively brave. Port Said, which may be considered the head of the Mediterranean Sea and also of the Suez Canal, has the reputation of being "hell's half acre," so euphoniously named because of her wickedness, made so by the diversified peoples of all lands, who jump off here, going or coming. But in justice to the place we cannot say that we found Port Said any worse, or even so flagrantly bad, as some other places. These seaports are, as John Hay said about the river pilots, "pretty much all alike, one wife at Natchez under the hill and another one here in Pike." It seems that man, and some part of the woman creation, too, to be good and regular, must be in a settled habitation, where people live all the time, and too many of them do not come and go, so that they can regulate each other by what we call public opinion. The unconquerable

goodness of bad men, as well as the innate morality of woman by consanguinity, develops and comes out and is maintained best where life is settled, and personalities become impressed upon neighboring personalities. You are not only your neighbor's keeper, but you are somewhat what you are because your neighbor is also your keeper. (Now, that is enough of that!) So after a three days' wait for a sail that finally sailed along, we bade good-bye to the far-far East, and journeying westward, ho, west by north for five days, cast anchor in the bay of Naples, over whose placid waters Vesuvius keeps watch, smoking his pipe. It was our second pull into these waters, four years ago from the other way—but the beauty of bay and surrounding country and of towns and cities on the shores is still the same, no matter what point of view. And when the flower boats came alongside, such beautiful bouquets on long poles for five shillings (yes, one shilling, if you are wise and know the price) and the musicians in boats, men and women (all right, centimes, s'il vous plais), singing as only the children of the south can sing, and the same old song, "Ya-mah-ya-mah-tra-la-la-la-la-yah," we felt like the deacon did at the masquerade, in spite of inclination, that it would be unseemly to dance, besides—there was the rheumatism. But even five days on a rough sea makes earth good under your feet, and for a few hours we passed around again the busy sea city of south-

ern Italy, Naples, where people live outdoors, and life is lovely under the skies by the great sea. The next morning our captain raised anchor, so all day and all the next night we sailed along the coast and came, when the sun was high, to Genoa, the famous, where Christoforo Columbo, who stands in bronze near the waters he knew so well, first saw the light of day—and a happy and important day it was for you and me. Here we visited again the old palaces, the churches, the famous Campo Santo, the most celebrated city of the dead in all the world.

There is a narrow strip of country that runs along the Mediterranean Sea from Genoa, Italy, to Marseilles, France, called the Riviera. The mountains are back from the sea, and shelter this bit of land from the cold blasts off the snows of the Alps, and the water makes a shelter on the other side, so they have a mild and pleasant climate, especially fine, all winter. The towns and cities all along are famous winter resorts, and as the strip is about all town all along, there are thousands of people winter in the Riviera. Nice, France, is the center and here we landed, after almost all day on a train from Genoa, although the distance is less than two hundred miles. As in our journey around the globe we had encountered about all the obstacles possible, we here met a landslide to complete our happiness, and after three explosions of warning our train stopped, and we

all got out, walked a quarter of a mile through the mud around the landslide, which covered the track with earth twenty to fifty feet deep, and stood half an hour in the rain until another train backed up from the other side, to take us on, drenched and drabbled, but as the preacher said about the removal of the stubborn deacon by the angel of death, "for-tun-ate-ly."

Remember that in the Italian and French language there is no "i" only "e," so it is euphonious to say "Nice is nice." She forms a semi-circle around the sea, and all the big hotels face the water. In the middle of March the weather was beautiful, only a little cool in the mornings and evenings. Such a vast number of people, all nations, parade the wide cement walk that runs all along the water front. These are the world's prosperous, in all the fine feathers of fashion.

The south of France is rich in soil and sunshine, and they raise all sorts of vegetables for the European markets, and grapes for wine—oh, such lots of grapes—which they trim close to the ground. But the great crop about Nice is flowers—fields of flowers, like fields of corn in Kansas—and they fill the air with perfume and beautify the land like the plains of Jezreel in springtime. The flowers are shipped all around the continent—to Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, by special trains. Then they make perfumery here in Nice. The flowers are roses, daisies, violets, hyacinths, carnations, and when

you pass along and see them blooming, so many and so fresh and fair, you think of the blooming low-lands of Holland, and of the beautiful banks of Bonnie Doon, immortalized by the peasant poet. It is fourteen hours by fast express from Nice to Paris, right through the center of the French Republic—so we are away, but before we do we shall give you a little line that may concern the frivolous—which we will call, "a midnight trip to Monte Carlo, or seventeen dollars for one—once."

A MIDNIGHT TRIP TO MONTE CARLO.

Paris, France.

It has been my joy to visit most of the places on earth made famous by the great writers of the literary world—the poets in verse and prose—and there is the constant temptation in writing about them to grow what might be termed "eloquent and dreamy," like many of those who have made reputations by writing sentimentally. But I am a plain man (á la Truthful James) and, in writing, instead of a great mass of mental vaporings of imaginable possibilities, like to write about just what is—just what happened and how it all came about. So I am going to tell you all about Monte Carlo, not from the standpoint of the prince who broke the bank, nor from that of the bursted go-shoot-yourself chap in the story book. That story that anybody ever did or could break the

bank will seem very much of a joke after you have been there, and he who figures as a go-shoot-yourself hero, will remind you of the man who told his wife she made a fool of him, and she replied that it was no such a thing, she didn't do it—he always was a fool.

We stopped in Nice at one of the large hotels on the water front; the little hotels charge about the same as the good ones, so you might as well eat fresh food as stale, and keep well instead of getting sick—your money will be all gone when you get home anyway. Here we met again three Boston ladies, ship friends, whose conductor had been called home, and we all, five people, formed a party for a night visit to Monte Carlo. The reason for going at night is that the game is said to be much higher, the dresses more elaborate, the light lighter, the music sweeter, the whole atmosphere more lively. The trains go about every hour from Nice, so we started about 8 o'clock, just after dinner. Of course, all of us in evening dress—one puts on an evening dress over here as often as Uncle Dave used to take a load of wood to town, which was every "whipstitch." Four ladies and one gentleman. The Boston friends were one old lady, one middle aged, one young lady. We guessed them off as very rich from the fact that they rode very much in automobiles ($20 a day or trip) and never inquired the price of anything. I have gotten so in the habit of inquiring the prices of things before

taking, that when a friend referred to the beautiful moon, I said, "Yes, how much is it?"

Well, the train was late. About the time we should have been moving, a Frenchman and lady elaborately dressed entered our compartment. It is twelve miles from Nice to Monte Carlo, and they were in a hurry. The conduct of the lady reminded me of that of the fresh caught tigress in the collection of the Maharaja at Jaipur. Still we were delayed in starting. She scolded in indignant French every railroad official, or other man around in uniform. The gentleman filled the whole end of town with cigarette smoke, and repeatedly threw up his hands in sympathetic horror at the dreadful situation. The train finally stopped again. How strange that I should remember at this particular time, with scorn, that sainted teacher of elocution, who endeavored to express force and volume without loud articulation. But now we were off again and for good, and the tigress was stilled, and the silence was only broken by the nasal twang of our Bostonese friends, or the rejoinders in Ohio dialect as we discussed the same question that the friend did at the funeral after everything had been said about the deceased—the tariff question.

At Monte Carlo we went up the hill on an elevator, walked through a long colonnade, came out in the park in front of the Casino, now all brilliant inside and out, with light and music, and gaily dressed people, moving around.

We ascend the marble steps in the front, enter the large rotunda and turn into the room to the right. Here were some dozen secretaries; you advance when you can and present your visiting card. The gentleman secretary can talk English about like an Irishman could Greek, who said he "had never tried it, but bejabbers he wasn't afraid of it." Name, age, business, occupation, residences, where stopping, how long? After all was answered we received a card, as follows:

21-3-12
Cercle Des Estrangers
De Monaco

N. Cunningham, Nelson Wilber
et 4 Dames
No. 108.
Carte a presenter a
l'entree des Salons

(opposite side of card)
Valuable Pour la Journee
(Signature)
N. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Entering again the rotunda we turned to the right, showing our card to the gold-braided guard, and went into room one. How large the rooms are it is hard to tell, for the walls are all mirrors, but they are big enough to hold several

hundred people and there are several of them. The game of roulette is the main one. In the center of the table, say thirty feet long and eight feet wide, is a slightly sunken wheel, about two or three feet in diameter. Near the bottom are slots, slightly above which are numbers 0 to 35. On each wing of the table are large squares with numbers from 0 to 35. You put your money on any number you want to or cover two or four, or on the sides red or white. The croupier drops a little ivory ball the size of a common marble and spins the wheel. If it finally lodges in the slot that has the number on which you put your money you win many to one, if not, you lose. We have all read much of Monte Carlo, and the place is as interesting as you imagined. Hundreds of people standing around the tables playing, of all countries and conditions. Minors of either sex are not allowed, and we all laughed when our young lady had to give her age and the old lady (probably 70) had to answer "whom are you with?" There was not much conversation about the tables. Along the sides and in the corners of the rooms were elegantly dressed people in quiet conversation. Win or lose there was nothing to say.

The steady call of the croupier for you to make your bets—it is now complete—told how often and quickly the game was won or lost. One man near us tossed in for change a one thousand franc note ($200) and got fifty gold Na-

poleons, each $4.00. These he scattered on the numbers a few at a time, but in less than ten minutes his last one was raked in by the lonely wand of the croupier, and he retired. A very old lady sat near; in front of her was a big pile of gold pieces; she played the game strong and watched like a dog at a rat hole. She seemed to be doing well. Five francs ($1.00) is the least bet allowed. Our grandmother gave our young lady twenty francs to try her luck, just for fun. She asked me to place it for her. I put five franc on the seven. By the red hair of the prophet's beard, seven won! Before I knew it here were four Napoleons and the original five franc piece. We were all delighted, but grandmother said it was foolish to bet unless you bet something that amounted to something. The last time she played cards was for $2.00 a corner, but she did not care to fool with such stakes. She was a very sensible lady about most matters, a member of church, but some people would consider her type a little worldly. You will learn of many different views of life, my son, if you should go about the world much. Well, for fun we kept on, but luck was all in the start, so when the young lady was still $12.00 ahead she decided "to get her hat fixed" with the balance, so the game was over for us all. We could go on and describe many queer characters at play; some lost heavily, others won considerable, but it looked like "the house" got the big share, which of course it does.

It may be possible to break the bank, and it is also possible for a sheep to kill a butcher, but when you see the piles of gold and silver in front of the croupier, and see how often "the house" rakes in ten dollars where one is thrown out, breaking the bank does not look very easy or likely. We wandered from table to table, it was all the same at all of them, gold and silver eagerly put down by men and women; as many women as men, all silent, eager, anxious. Once in a while a winner goes away with the winnings, still oftener stays and loses it. Often you see the losers go away looking very much disappointed.

Our party left the brilliant place in all its brilliancy and caught the midnight train for Nice—we had seen Monte Carlo at night and it was very interesting.

In this little story there is no attempt to penetrate the inmost Monte Carlo. Behind all this light and music are doors where men stand with brass buttons on. I have some stories of what is above and beyond, where the rude outsider is not allowed and none shall pass but such as are qualified and have permission. Let us not go in, dear reader, there is foolishness enough out in the open. Here is quiet, well-dressed open gambling, made as respectable as it can be made, all the sin and sorrow covered as nearly as possible. I don't care anything about it—I have told you how it was—not what * * *

FROM THE CITY ON THE SEINE TO SCENES OF MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND.

On the Wing.

Innumerable were the twinkling lights of the great city of Paris, France, as we came again into her gay and thronged environs, for although it was early morning when we left Nice, wave swept on all her circular front, it was fourteen hours later when we reached Paris and the train ran at over fifty miles the hour all the way.

The people of Paris are like those of Tokyo, they do not mind a little rain; whereas in Tokyo they put on their elevated little wooden shoes, get out their bright paper umbrellas, in Paris they use the umbrella but mostly crowd the motor cars and 'busses, as one can go almost any place for from two to four cents, if you just know how. With the aid of a ten cent map we learned the auto 'bus lines, and for ten days traveled Paris with comfort and convenience at very little expense.

Paris is alive all over, day and night. It is the world's real capital, people come from everywhere, and mix up in the life of the town and the main streets are thronged all the time. The city covers an area of 20,000 acres and has a population of over 3,000,000. There is much to be seen in Paris, and she will interest you, no matter where you have been, nor what your particular interest is. The city is beautifully

laid out, on broad lines, many fine streets and shaded avenues, and parks, little and big. The river Seine cuts the city in two, navigable for small boats most of the way.

Paris is rich in history, in art collections, in monuments, in shops and stores, in environment, in theatres and amusement places and unique cafés. Even the celebrated cemetery Pere Lachaise, where the great dead are buried, is worthy of a day's time, yet the Pantheon, over by the Sorbonne, where Victor Hugo, Carnot, Thiers and other great men's bones await the great assembling, not to mention the tomb of the Imperial Napoleon, must not be neglected. In what majestic grandeur sleep the world's great dead: Grant at Riverside, Garfield at Cleveland, McKinley at Canton, Napoleon at the Palace Des Invalides by the Seine, Lincoln at Springfield, Washington at Mount Vernon, Frederick the Great at Potsdam, the Hohenzollerns at Charlottenburg, the Medici at Florence, the famous English all in Westminster Abbey; yet the flat stone at Philadelphia for Franklin, or the avenue of cryptomeria trees at Nikko for the Prince, or the "broken column by a waterfall" at Pere Lachaise, all but emphasize the philosophy of the epitaph, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

France is fair to look upon as we glide through in the early spring, the villages are well kept, the cities are clean and the land is closely farmed without waste, the roads are

smooth and solid. When one has gone to about all the sights in Paris—and you must go more than a week for just a glance—there are still the historic places, such as Versailles, Fountainebleau and the cathedral towns and country places.

On account of the determined coal strike in England we decided to sail for home via Cherbourg, as we had no desire to get "tied up" in England's metropolis, London. The city of London is interesting when all is well, but the "innocent bystander" is better out of the way when all is turmoil. So across the great city of Paris we scooted in a taxi, and found a special train going to Cherbourg to catch the Krohn Prinz Wilhelm II, of the North German Lloyd line. And that takes about all day. It was old Normandy we passed through, where "maidens still wear their Norman caps, and kirtles of homespun." Here the farming looked prosperous, and the villages old and quiet, and the sky was pierced by many a spire, whose high cross showed the religion of the people.

It was almost night when our two thousand sacks of mail, not less than four thousand bushels, were transferred from lighter to big ship, and we steamed away from the outer water. Just near stood a new ship, the Olympic, one of the largest and finest ships afloat, almost 900 feet long, almost 100 feet wide, with thirteen stories. Over at Southampton was the sister ship to the Olympic, called the Titanic and she was to sail in a few days for America. Never

before had such magnificent ships been launched, so long, so wide, so strong, so unsinkable. We scrutinized this great ocean monster; she was indeed a beauty, and her sister ship was, if possible, more beautiful. Little did our party think as we all waved good-bye to the Olympic, that her magnificent sister, the Titanic, following in a few days, would never reach the other side, but find a watery grave with over sixteen hundred precious souls and all her valuable cargo. And there were some we knew, too, fellow tourists, whose names we sorrowfully read in the death list of the ill-fated ship. After all, "on what a slender thread hang everlasting things!"

The Atlantic is rather what the English call "nasty" in the spring and winter. The wind throws the waves high, and the cold air is full of spray, and inside is more comfortable than outer deck. People returning are not as friendly or interesting as those going, for the story is told, and plans are all of home and work. But at five hundred and fifty miles a day, the speed of the big mail boats, the three thousand miles of water are soon crossed, and you see, by the dawn's early light, the high hand of the Liberty maid on Bedloe's island, and the sky scrapers of the great city beyond.

Home at last! Eight months ago from the other side of our land we embarked for the East. 'Mid alien folk and unfrequented lands, where the half-clad and the unclad, the ignor-

ant and bigoted, the crowded and poor, the old-old places, where man first made his home, amid the world's yesterday, we came again to the home of the world's today and tomorrow.

No better place for the returning pilgrim then the capital of his country, the beautiful city of Washington, D. C.

Full of appreciation for the privilege of our world journey, we stood upon the steps of the capitol at Washington, saw the mighty houses of our government about the city, the giant shaft in memory of Washington, the slow rolling Potomac, and thought of all the days of glory of our land, her great men and her great women. There are other lands, where sun and moon and stars are bright, and trees wave in the balmy breezes, where men of strength and courage have lived and died, and all the good of life is cherished—but to me, and for me, there seems, on returning from so far, but one country and one flag—America—the stars and stripes!

Native Amusements

THE "SHOW" IN JAPAN.

Yokohama, Japan.

We were at Osaka just in time to attend the annual maple and flower dances at the town hall. These dances are rather a moving and acting out of historical incidents of the old time, a representation of life as it used to be. They are carried on by any number of young ladies, from one to a dozen, and are very graceful, much fan weaving and bowing, but not much dance to my notion. But you cannot understand the amusements of a foreign people at first sight.

We attended a theatre which began at 6 p. m. As we did not get there until about 8:30, and only stayed two hours, and of course did not understand a word, we had to make a guess of what it was all about. The play, we were told was short, only taking six hours in all, and was an historical tragedy. The dressing was very strange to our notions, and the dialogue, which seemed quite animated at times, was long. But the arrangement of the theatre, the conduct of the people, and the orchestra, were all before us. We had chairs in the gallery. Everybody else was squatting down on their feet, the whole orchestra circle and parquette was divided into

little squares, containing four people, a railing about five inches high making the division, and the people all squatting down on the floor, eating, drinking, chatting. There were long waits between acts, for the stage setting is very much changed every time, and if people get in a hurry they go back to see how they are coming on, or raise the drop curtain and peep under. Everybody does about as he pleases, and the show goes on and on, some interest and applause here and there, but constant eating and drinking. The little waiters skip around with tea, cakes, fruits, sake, beer, anything you want, and people go and come, and visit, and so they all have a good time and smile and laugh and bow, and the comedian laughs, the lady faints as the villian dies, and the ushers hold a mat between him and the audience that he may walk off the stage without us knowing that he is no longer dead, and the curtain goes down on the scene, and several at the front go up and look under the curtain to see what is happening back there now. Meanwhile the orchestra, behind a screen, keep up a chant and thumping, mournful and discordant, but no one seems to care.

THE CHINESE THEATRE AT HOME.

Hongkong, China.

If the play is the thing whereby to catch the conscience of a king, as so wise a man as the Prince of Denmark (who, like a great many

other wise men, probably never lived at all), seemed to think, the play is also the thing whereby to see and learn the customs and manners of a foreign people. National characteristics are exhibited no less by the play than by the work of the people.

After a knowledge of grand opera at Paris. problem plays at London, concerts at Berlin and Geneva, bull fights near Gibraltar, spectacular opera at Munich, historical drama at Kyoto, Geisha dances (representing Japanese history) at Osaka, we gave attention to the Chinese theatre at Hongkong, which is a little more up-to-date than elsewhere in China, but is fairly representative of the best in the land.

The theatre we attended at Hongkong opened on a side street, and was well located in the heart of the Chinese quarter of the city. The building was new, having only been built this year. You enter a sort of court, where you buy the tickets and pass in. There are a dress circle and two galleries, all seated with common wooden chairs, differing from the Japanese, who all squat upon the floor. Our attendant interpreter had forgotten to reserve chairs, so we had to occupy seats in the second gallery, at the enormous cost of fifteen cents each, but they were really, for our purposes, the best we could have had. The people eat and drink and talk all the time during the first couple hours of the play. Boys pass around selling fruit, cakes, and any kind of drinks. The stage is at

the end of the room, a plain elevation, no scenery whatever, or any kind of a program, and any one can go upon the stage if he wants to, the actors, who are singing or talking, paying no attention whatever to the company. The orchestra of about six pieces keep up an everlasting tune, and only when they stop for a rest, can you tell what the actors are saying. Children, loafers and policemen wander about the stage whenever they please, and never, on this evening, were the players and musicians alone on the stage. The play on this occasion, as our man explained, was a sort of combination of comic opera, drama and what the French call "review," that is, political satire on present conditions. Here is the plot: The daughter of a great mandarin and her maid were walking in the garden, so they sang, or rather chanted, of all the trees and flowers of the garden. They encounter a poor beggar, whom they tried to drive away, but like all poor beggars he would not go. He in turn sang of the beauty of the daughter of the house, the smallness of her feet, the length of her hair, the grace of her person, but took himself off at last. In fact we could plainly see that he was no beggar at all, being a very comely young man, fairly well dressed. This play began right after dark and continued until midnight and our version would come under the ban of "mayhem literature." The mandarin himself now appears with his wife. He wears a long beard, is digni-

fied and portly, reserved and authoritative. You must remember that Chinese ladies never appear on the stage, the female parts always being taken by men trained from youth for that work. To the old mandarin the maid and daughter sang of their visit to the garden and of the beautiful poor young beggar. His highness complained at the irregularity of the meeting, but sent for the young man, to whom he sang a long story of his house, and then granted him money for his education, with the promise that he should marry the daughter, if he would prove worthy and carry off some of the scholastic prizes. The next day is the old mandarin's birthday. He enters in state, with flowing robes, his wife along with him, but not having much of a part. The daughter and maid bow down to the ground to honor him. Now enters a blind musician with his agent. The maid and the agent have a scrap as to the price of the birthday music, but it is finally arranged and the blind musician puts his "dulcimer" before him. That is what it looked like. We had one at home in the attic and used to pound upon it rainy days. Here, says our man, is the climax of the play, and I noted more attention and less noise from the audience. The blind man starts his chant, which glorifies the mandarin and his house, then becomes broader, of the history of the nation, of her beauty, arts, sciences and religion, of her politics—digs, hits and take-offs—loud laughter and evident en-

joyment. The audience gets serious, the song now is weird. "Ah," says our friend the Chinaman, "so very ridiculous and funny." When we left at about 11 o'clock the song was still going on, but we learned that it was finally ended, and that the poor beggar got the mandarin's daughter (for one of his wives at least) and that he was not a poor beggar at all, but the son of a great prince.

Hotelward we went. The Chinese streets were still full of light, the shopmen were working busily.

The Chinese work day and night, and save their money.

The Chinese drama does not try to deceive by flimsy tricks. The property man goes about the stage among the actors, fixing and changing things, such as chairs and benches, and when a man is killed, he gets up and goes away, like a dead man should, and does not walk off behind a short mat held in front of him, with his legs sticking out, as is the manner in Japan.

Of such world-old stuff as love, patriotism, religion and politics, is the drama made in China, as everywhere, for adults are forever like children. Life is not abundant enough but that they must have fancied or imitated life.

The main objection to the Chinese theatre is the noise, but they seem to hear what they want to of the play.

There is this about both the Chinese and Japanese theatres—their plots evolve about the historical and intellectual—and the display of the human form has no part in either—maybe because in the Orient nakedness is so common that it is a pleasure to see people fully clothed. Like the farmer's horse that was so used to seeing automobiles it scared him if they did not occasionally go by.

When one goes about the world and compares manners and customs with those at home, he becomes more and more enamored with his own country, and yet—

THE DRAMA IN THE FAR EAST.

The Native Malay Theatre.

Djocjakarta, Java.

The development of the theatre or the modes of the entertainment of a people goes just as far as their intellectual advancement and no further. The intricate problem plays of America or of the large theatres of the continent would be much out of place many other places, where the audiences are not so cultivated in that form of expression, nor so learned in polite language. The Malay who lives in Java or the Federated Malay States, is not far advanced intellectually, is very superstitious and still clings to the primitive belief in evil spirits and their great power over their lives. So their "show" has to do with the invisible powers of the air. We first witnessed the native dance at Batavia, Java, where a number of young women

moved gracefully to slow music, advancing and retreating, snapping their fingers, and slightly moving their bodies. It seemed very monotonous and uninteresting, but at the big market day in Djocjakarta we gave the show more attention. A canvas tent was up, at one end of which a man, whose face was painted so that he somewhat represented his satanic majesty, was doing the genuine bally-ho act, telling of the wonders of the show soon to be (we supposed). We gave the driver ten cents, which was sufficient and more to admit both of us, and entered the tent. There were no seats, no stage, but at one side three ladies pounding on tom-toms of some kind represented the orchestra. A lady appeared gaily dressed, advanced by a small dance step, and took her place at one side; soon a gentleman appeared, went through the same motion, then a lady and finally the bally-ho man himself, who seemed to be the real star of the show.

The man became more busy, he stepped high and shook his feet in the air, shook his head, his body—he was painted to represent Old Nick, and we gathered, from his actions, that he was defying all the evil spirits that might be in the neighborhood. The four, two men and two women, then went through the same slow dance we had seen danced at Batavia, advancing forward and back, moving their feet, hands and bodies. In addition to the various motions, which are to entertain and dispel evil spirits at

the same time, they chant Malay Pantuns. A literary friend has published a criticism of the Malay Pantuns, and as it will give a good idea of their dramatic poetry, we take the liberty of annexing it.

The following is rather above the average:

Dari mana datang lintah,
Dari paya turun ka padi,
Dari mana datang chinta,
Dari mata turun ka hati.

"From whence come the leeches. From the swamp into the rice fields. From whence cometh love? From the eyes down into the heart."

The Criticism.

A Pantun is a Malay verse containing four lines which rhyme alternately. It usually conveys some trite adage and nine out of ten of them have been expressly and purposely made for the use of lovers.

Although it would be difficult to overestimate the extraordinary effect which these apparent trifles exercise over the Malay mind, still even a very slight study of the most popular Pantuns reveals at once the fact of their imperfect construction from a purely literary point of view. Possibly, however, if they were more perfect in composition they would be less popular than they are.

Let us see what we can make out of one of the best known local Pantuns.

Tanjong Katong ayer nya biru,
Tempat budak chermin mata,
Dalam sa'kampong lagi kan rindu,
Ini kan pula jauh di mata.

The above is a fair example of the extreme looseness in construction which so many Pantuns offer. "Biru" is supposed to rhyme with "rindu," whilst the word "mata" is simply repeated, no attempt being made to find an alternative word and the ugly tautological effect is allowed to stand out in all its crudeness. The first two lines of pantun very often mean little or nothing, merely providing a basis for the rhymes and it would certainly puzzle most of us to find any sense in the first half of the above specimen. The pith of the foregoing pantun lies in the last two lines. "In a Kampong oh, how I long (for her) though at present (she is) far from my sight." The words in brackets being understood. "Ini kan pula" is poet's license for "now."

Here is another very loosely constructed specimen:

Api-api di pagar dusun,
Anak Raja bermain dadu.
Ayuhai adinda kirmkan rachun,
Tiada kuasa menangong rindu.

The translation is: "The light surrounds the orchard, The Rajah's son is playing dice. Oh, beloved, send me some poison, I can no longer bear this separation." I hope the experts will

not carp at my translation. I am aware that "Menangong rindu" does not mean "bear separation" but I prefer the rendering given above to a more literal one.

The rhyming in this pantun is rather crude, but one may well ask what on earth has the statement that the Rajah's son plays dice by torchlight to do with the suicidal tendencies of the gentleman who asks for poison?

We now come to a somewhat better specimen:

Sudah kapas menjadi benang,
Benang menjadi rambu kain,
Sudah lepas jangan di kenang,
Sudah menjadi orang lain.

Not only is the rhyming of the above excellent, but the first two lines lead gracefully up to the subject. "What was cotton has become thread. What was thread has become cloth. Do not sigh for the one who has left you. He has become changed into someone else."

Another excellent example is as follows:

Brapa tinggi gunung melintang,
Tinggi lagi asap api,
Brapa tinggi puchok pisang,
Tinggi lagi harap hati.

The above hardly needs translation, it is so obvious and simple: "High as is the mountain range, higher still rises the smoke. High may be the Pisang steam, but higher still rise my hopes."

A typical, but somewhat obscure pantun comes from Java:

Jangan suka makan kandundong,
Kandundong makan di pering picha,
Jangan suka dengar lagu kronchong,
Lupa makan lupa keredja.

The reference to the juicy kendundong fruit is made for the purpose of providing the rhymes and further contains a suggestion of something pleasing to the senses. But why the "broken plate?" The two second lines are translated: "Do not listen to the sound of the Kronchong (a stringed instrument). You will forget to eat and forget to work."

THE NATIVE INDIAN DRAMA.

Jaipur, India.

"Jaipur" seems a better way to spell the name of this town than "Jaypore," as it is always pronounced as if spelled "Ji-pur." This is not an old city, as only two hundred years ago the Maharaja, who lived at Amber, decided to build a more modern town, where the land is level, Amber being on a mountain side. So, being somewhat scientific, he had his new place regularly laid out, with broad streets crossing each other at right angles, each main street being one hundred and eleven feet wide. The buildings are of red sandstone, and where sandstone was not used the stucco used was painted pink, so Jaipur has ever since been known as "The Pink City."

Here we studied the drama, as exemplified at the Jaipur opera house. Jaipur is enclosed in a

wall, the gates of which are regularly closed at nine o'clock p. m., and not opened until 6 a. m. Our hotel was outside of the wall. We passed through the carefully guarded gate going in just before they closed, and drove up the main street some half a mile, turned down the main cross street and were in front of a big, dark-looking structure, with one lighted opening about six inches square, which was the box office of the playhouse. We had previously purchased two tickets, which the guide said cost from one rupee to five, according to the location. But knowing from previous experiences in the Far East that we would have the same seat, no matter what we paid, we gave four rupees for seats for self and guide. The outside door was opened at our approach; we stumbled along to the left about twenty feet in the dimly lighted passageway, then turned to the right and landed in front of the entrance door. The hall was dark, only a few flickering gas jets burning.

It was built by the father of the present Maharaja, who was a gay old lad, and loved the light life, especially the drama. It is about the size of an ordinary town hall, seated with benches, those in front having backs. The stage is about 20x30 feet, with a drop curtain that is a perfect picture of the Garden of Eden before the trouble, with Adam and Eve and all the beasts of the forests and fields, birds and fowls of the air, every variety of tropical tree, plant and flower shown thereon.

But, excuse, the big show is not half out, in fact, not commenced, as there was quite a difference in time on the two sides of the wall. We sat in silence in the semi-darkness on the front seat. Scattered back were a few dusky forms in various kinds of dress and undress, also in the semi-darkness and silence. But that is the manner of the Hindu. He is the son of quietness, the lover of silence and slow time. Not to move, nor speak, nor shift around, nor rubber—it is the way of the East. After a season, the gas chandelier was lit, also the orchestra lamps. A bell rang, and then rang again—still no move of the curtain. It was just 10 p. m. when the bell rang the last time, and Adam and Eve and all the animals and birds were rolled up on a roller, and the show was on.

The stage setting was like unto a comic opera by home talent, given for the benefit of the missionary society. There were four young ladies and two young men on each side of a tinfoil throne, on which sat a play Rajah. Here is the play given, with much shrill singing and declaiming, accompanied by "music" from a seven-dollar melodion in one wing and a tom-tom drum in the other.

The great Rajah was holding a festival, having a sort of good time. The girls and boys were singing his favorite songs. A cynic sang him a song which was to inform him that a holy man, whom he had trusted with much of his estate, was cheating him. He did not believe

it. He summoned the holy man, who appeared in all his lack of clothes and covered with ashes made from the manure of the sacred cow. The Rajah heaped additional honors upon the holy man. Much more singing. Two farmers appear and sing of their grievances; the holy man, they claim, is unjust to them and is also cheating the Rajah. "Then I, myself disguised," said the Rajah, "will go into the fields and find out the truth."

It all came out in the end, the holy man was unholy; in fact, a common grafter. He was dismissed in disgrace, his ill-gotten gains confiscated and the conclusion of the whole matter is that it does not pay to be dishonest, that the truth will come out; that the gods will be displeased and in the end destroy the offender, even should he be as sacred as a holy man.

All this our guide told as it was going along and added the story of the play last given. Listen:

There was a prince who inherited a great fortune. He had lands and cows and monkeys. But he was good-hearted and careless, and became involved in debt. He sold all, but still it would not discharge his debt. He then sold his children, and finally, as a last resort, he sold his wife. Still not sufficient. In his despair and humility he confessed his inability before the gods, and offered himself as a sacrifice for the unpaid portion. After a long season of penitence and suffering the answer came—it was enough. He had done all he

could—he was faithful and honest. His debt was forgiven and his wife and children restored, for the gods were satisfied.

This is a very old story in India; whether its fundamentals were copied from the tribulations of our friend Job or whether the other way, we are not sufficiently scholastic to venture an opinion.

On the outside of the theatre, the syce (coachman) had unhitched his horse and was sound asleep on the ground. He was finally aroused, and all things made ready in time. Reaching the gate the keepers were asleep, but were awakened by the guide yelling like an Apache Indian on a charger in the moonlight. The pass is right—pass on.

Let us summarize the expenses of the adventure:

Ekka for agent to go buy ticket, 4 annas; two tickets at 2 rupees each, 4 rupees; carriage for self and guide, 3 rupees; tip for guide, 1 rupee; tip for agent who bought tickets and "made arrangements," 8 annas; tip for syce who went after permit to go out of gates after hours, 4 annas; tip for Rajah clerk for permit, 8 annas; tip for guard at gate to get out, 6 annas; tip for driver of carriage, 4 annas; tip for hotel porter for staying up, 4 annas. Total amount, ten rupees and six annas; that is, 33 cents ten times and two cents six times—$3.45 gold.

The drama cuts a very small figure in the life of the Far East. Whether Hindu, Moham-

medan, Buddhist, Shinto, Parsee or sect of all or either, religion is intimately and particularly connected with the daily life of the people from sunrise to sunset. Rites, performances, ordinances, offerings, festivals, invocations, sacrifices, parades, worshippings, blessings, cursings, implorings—something all the time. Often it is spectacular, so that the need of representations of the dramatic is not felt.

All life is one grand drama, the earth and air are full of strange and mighty gods and their satellites. How to sufficiently honor Vishnu, the preserver, or how to propitiate Siva, the destroyer, or his dreadful wife, Durga—called Kali, the slayer, the blood-drinker—or administer to the wants and desires of the thousand and one genii, who ride in the night, who inhabit bulls, cows and monkeys, and might at any time overwhelm the unfaithful—this fills up the imagination. Of what need could the drama be to a people of such a religion. Yet they are not without all philosophy, for over the tomb of the Greatest Mogul of them all, the restless Akbar, carved in Arabic characters, are these words:

"Said Jesus, on whom be peace, 'The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there.'" Yet he was not a Christian.

HOME FROM WORLD TRIP.

[From the Bluffton (Ohio) News of April 18, 1912.]

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Cunningham returned from their trip around the world last Saturday noon. They traveled on land and water about 30,000 miles and were gone about eight months. During this time they visited many of the principal cities and most noted places of the world, seeing strange sights and stranger people. Their journey around the globe was during the year when the eastern and southern lands, and the isles of the sea are at their very best and when the climate is the most enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham were very fortunate in not meeting with any accidents and suffered very few inconveniences and delays. They both enjoyed good health and the whole journey was not only one of pleasure but one of special interest from an educational standpoint.

The excellent travel letters of Mr. Cunningham were universally read and greatly appreciated. The writer is a keen observer and has splendid descriptive powers.

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